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May, 1927

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THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

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Published every month by George H. Doran Company. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City. John Farrar, Editor: Amy Flashner, Assistant Editor. Canadian postage, 3 cents a copy, 36 cents a year. Foreign postage, 6 cents a copy, 72 cents a year. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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All Mss. should be typed, addressed to the Editorial Office of THE BOOKMAN, *and accompanied by postage. All inquiries and changes of address should be mailed to the General Offices, 244 Madison Avenue, New York.*

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

A BOOK which will find its way to many boudoir tables is "Her Majesty: the Romance of the Queens of England" (Dutton) by E. Thornton Cook. Whether it be opened or not, its costume of old rose, black, and gold is certain to enhance the value of any preconceived plan of decoration. Yet once the first page is turned, there is history made alive and a stately array of queenly figures from Matilda of Flanders, who wed William the Conqueror, down to the well remembered Alexandra who came across the sea from Denmark to share the destinies of Edward VII. One does not have to have a taste for court functions, royal intrigue, or ostrich plumes to enjoy this story of those who lived with dignity and courage, sometimes playing a rôle quite foreign to their talents; the author maintains that there "never was a wife who has not influenced her husband for good or evil", and in each chapter introduces a woman as well as a queen.

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Those who have sat with their backs to the throng and gazed at people in the mirror lined wall of a European café find that the glass lends a fascination to the sights. Such oblique interpretations of life and the things of life, when done in literature, gain much charm from the reflecting medium. Lewis Mumford was singularly successful in "Sticks and Stones" in using architecture as an index of American civilization. His new book "The Golden Day" (Boni, Liveright) treats imaginative literature and philosophy as a key to culture. Inasmuch as these constitute the essence of culture, Mr. Mumford is looking directly at objects—and shows that he misses the mirror. Here and there, as when Mr. Mumford uses books for children as an indication of American ideals, some of the sparkle of the former volume appears. The one book was something more than brilliant; the present is somewhat less than profound.

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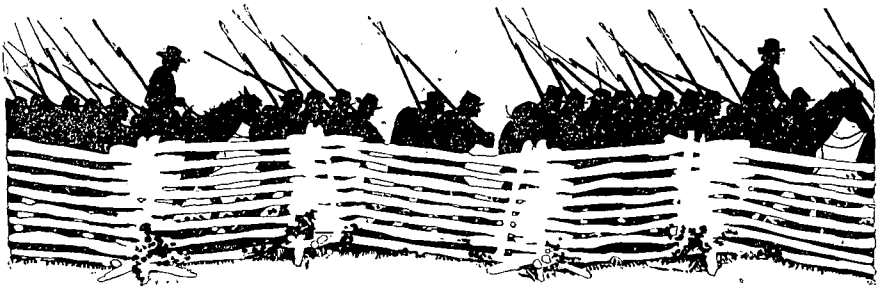

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(*Continued from page VIII*)
ing essayist still remains sufficiently the lace-maker in stitching up an anthology, a family likeness, or an essay, so that we personally feel that this, Lucas's fifty ninth book, justifies, say, at least a sixtieth!

With succeeding pages, C. E. M. Joad's "The Babbitt Warren" (Harper) evinces more and more ill temper of the irascible and indignant kind. Mr. Joad has never been to America, but he here judges it by newspaper paragraphs, reports of acquaintances, and the importations of American custom to be experienced in England. Mr. Joad is down on such American inventions as automobiles, seven tap bathtubs, and the movies; and advertising does not escape his cudgeling of the world nuisance and guide to hell, America. One really wonders if the writer of such a book expects it to be taken seriously.

Of late years the rapidly increasing list of E. Keble Chatterton's books about the sea, sailing ships, nautical adventurers and their mighty deeds — the latest is "Windjammers and Shellbacks" (Lippincott) — has gained for him a high place among contemporary historians of bygone maritime epochs. In the new volume he records the true stories of lesser known but actual and valiant sailor men and ships, the supreme daring, trials, and exploits of explorers, intrepid wanderers, skippers, and able seamen, for the most part of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The sources of his materials are original manuscripts left by oldtime captains and reliable first hand information, which does not prevent the greater portion of the book from being as exciting and well nigh as incredible as fiction. The fine text is adorned by a frontispiece in color and thirty rare old prints.

Although in his brief biography, "Charles Darwin" (Greenberg), Leonard Huxley, the son of Thomas Huxley, attempts to shed no new light on the work and genius of the great scientist, he succeeds in satisfactorily outlining the latter's major achievements as naturalist, botanist, geologist, and evolutionist. The volume follows a general chronological plan in sketching Darwin's career, and Professor Huxley gives us several reverent recollections, retained from boyhood, of his own meetings with the then aging celebrity. The chief value of the little book seems to us its practicality as an elementary guide for those who contemplate beginning to study Darwin's tremendous contributions to modern scientific thought.

"The Little Room" (Dutton) is papered in silver; not only the walls, but the ceiling also. For it is a background to Guy Pocock's versatile and intimate world. To reflect and re-reflect his personal tastes in pictures, books, music, and all the associations that a livable room can give, is the sole object of this leisurely essay. By a process similar to that which he describes as the method of the leitmotif in music, he impresses one with singular repetitions of the comfort — the contentment — of a personal fireside. It is a small book for casual rumination.

A century ago George Bancroft, writing of the ultimate end of literature, said: "It is desirable that the condition of man in every age should be shown . . . that human nature should be studied under all her aspects." This is the foundation, both social and economic, on which V. F. Calverton builds his book, "Sex Expression in Literature" (Boni, Liveright). Only thus can changing sex attitudes be made explicable. It is a "long and lovely journey" that he takes us; from the romance that spelled Elizabethan England, down through the viceless Victorians, through the mauve insurgency of the ubiquitous nineties, to the alleged release of today, when it would appear that the motto of the Restoration, "Virtue is an Ass!" revives again. Mr. Calverton's theory sounds plausible, and is conducive to argument, which is always to the good. It is treated with clever distinction; it is everywhere readable, despite the use of the unusual word. The author's final summary is of that sanity toward which, we are led to hope these latter days, the whole creation moves: "Sex will become a part of life, but not the whole of life, an expression of life, but not the art of life."

(*Continued on page XXVIII*)

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MAY, 1927 VOLUME LXV, No. 3

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

FALSE FACES

"IS *that* Will Durant?" If layout men could follow their advertisements into the homes of the land and hear how frequently this and comparable questions are asked, they would spare us unnecessary disenchantment and not jeopardize the sales of good books by printing the authors' pictures. There is nothing greatly wrong with Mr. Durant's appearance; as a matter of fact, he has a daring and insolent pair of eyes that immediately attract attention. But consider his youthful look and his inadequate pedagogical goatee. For the very simple reason that multiplied thousands of readers have already with the mind's eye envisaged a more impressive Durant, his actual likeness, seen with the physical eye, cannot be other than disappointing. Those who have read "The Story of Philosophy" either personally or by proxy would prefer to keep inviolate the picture which they themselves have derived.

What has been said of Durant applies equally to a host of other literati. Mencken of all men should never have been photographed. It is doubtful that Christopher Morley's pictures have appreciably aided the sale of his books. Stephen Vincent Benét looks too credulous to be considered shrewd. Winston Churchill, to many, resembles a badly spoiled boy. Isa Glenn in the garb of a Filipino doesn't seem quite successful. Warwick Deeping's pipe leaves a greater impression than his amiable face. Joseph Hergesheimer —

Yet others readily occur who stand photography with great ease and even thrive under it. Sherwood Anderson's rustic muffler must have sold more books and won more devotion than his writing. Anne Parrish has no doubt prompted more than one dramatic monologue. Zona Gale probably helped to put over the Literary Guild of America; while Edna St. Vincent Millay is rather to be chosen than any daughter of Vassar. Irvin S. Cobb's picture is a trade mark.

So it goes, and so it points to one lesson: Publishers must in this day be most discriminating. Before the photograph of any woman author is placed in an advertisement it should

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be presented to a board composed of Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg, and Rube Goldberg. If these men adjudge it worth printing either because of its impressiveness or its comicality, let it be run. Prints of men intended for publicity use should go to Neysa McMein, Rose O'Neill, and Milt Gross. If these judges reject them, the publishers should forego them. This simple plan will solve much of the present difficulty, and, more important still, it offers an excuse for two more organizations in America.

IF A MAN BITES A DOG

WHEN Georg Brandes visited New York early in 1914 he found us a strange and intolerable people, for, he said, one is interviewed and one must have an opinion ready on every conceivable subject. If he had returned this year just before his death he would have found us even more avid for his pronouncements — not because he was Brandes but because we have developed to a hypertrophic degree this faculty of wanting men who have gained prominence in any one field to express their views, preferably upon a subject about which they know nothing. This penchant of ours has prompted Henry Ford to go as deplorably far afield as he has.

It is not unreasonable to suppose the reporters largely guilty for this ridiculous situation in America. Commissioned by irascible city editors to get something, whatever the cost, they fall upon "Daddy" Browning or Senator Heflin or Lady Cathcart with any question which happens to come into their minds. Nay, it is not so haphazard. Reporters know that what Ford thinks of history or of Italy's future will make good news, whereas what he thinks of his rear axle is trade stuff and of limited interest. As a matter of fact, news in America has come to mean the statement of an authority in one field on a subject in quite another field. John Roach Straton gets no great attention when he preaches on Aaron's rod; he gets, or did get, a great deal when speaking on the paleontological evidences of evolution. The late Bryan made poor copy on the tariff and free silver after the first wind of his fame had lain, but he rated a whole file of newspapers and some immortality when he delivered himself on natural selection. Even Edison is forced to celebrate his birthday by talking of religion.

Of course everyone knows that the reporters are only indirectly to blame. We ourselves are chiefly at fault, for this is only another way we have of exacting tribute from greatness. We take a celebrity's opinions as habitually as we take cereal or coffee or fruit in the mornings. That the celebrities often make themselves ridiculous is not to be marveled at, nor are they in any sense to blame. We must have their opinions. They are our intellectual zoo. By their fame they have surrendered their normal connections with society, and we require that they speak their minds unabatedly. Brandes was right. It does not do for one to be famous in America until one has acquired at least certain rough and ready ideas on this, that, and the other.

BAITING THE WRITER

SAD, sad the day when rejection slips are no longer with us. Already Loren Palmer of "The Delineator" has expressed his determination

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never again to read unsolicited manuscripts, and to rely only upon literary agents for the material he wants to carry. That, of course, may not represent any great change of policy, or rather it may signify merely a statement of what has been the policy of "The Delineator" and other magazines ever since the present writing rage got under way. Nascent authors have long suspected that their stuff never received the attention it merited from the hands of magazine editors. The icy rejection slip — impersonal, stern, unanswerable — did much to perpetuate this feeling. Of course there isn't one whit of justification for this suspicion. Manuscripts are read. Furthermore, that line about not implying any criticism of the literary merit of the piece is often honest. The rejection slip has only this quality: it is a composite statement of what is really true in the majority of cases.

The action of "The Delineator" was inevitable, for an unprecedented avalanche of manuscripts descends upon publishers and magazines today. In a day when writing was a profession and not a pastime or commercial pursuit, it was possible for magazines to give patient attention to everything submitted. But the past ten years have witnessed an increase in writing novices exceeded only by the increase in bootleggers. The wonder is that some method of unnatural selection has not been forced upon us sooner. In most literary contests the less acceptable are weeded out before the final judges are burdened. Athletic meets are conducted upon the same principle. Why, then, should not magazines have the right of seeing the best? A national oratorical meet, with no county elimination contests, would be a bunglesome affair at best. Really the judges could not be blamed if they erred somewhat abominably in their award. Of course the problem with magazines is to find the proper selective agencies — agencies which are conscientious and not merely commercial.

It may be urged that with the passing of the rejection slip one of the finest incentives to triumphant writing will be gone, that much of the fight and spirit will be taken out of the game. No man is on the high road to commercial literature until he has become more or less of a paranoiac. He must be persecuted, not actually, but acutely in his own mind. It is not necessary that he suffer in a garret but only that he fail to be appreciated. There is a modicum of truth in this line of thinking. But even if the rejection slip goes there will remain sufficient impedimenta to make the game interesting. The rejection slip presents perhaps the most innocuous rebuff we receive from a heartless world; its passing is sentimentally deplorable and one spur to success may actually be gone. However, the task of surviving in an increasingly competitive world of literature should be adequate in the days ahead to make up for any stimulus that is likely to be lost.

A MAN'S MAN

"After that greeting he sat back, his face in grim repose . . . he asked me in corrugated English whether I had been in Italy before. While I was answering him, a uniformed porter brought in the evening papers, on which he pounced as if he were a managing editor . . ."

THIS is a part of Francis Hackett's excellent depiction of Benito Mussolini in the still more excellent Fascist number of "The Survey Graphic".

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Nine months of labor, a careful selection of material, and no little effort to secure able contributors went into the collation of this issue. Certainly the editors could have done no better with more time and greater effort. They have drawn together informative articles and some of the best illustrations and drawings that could possibly have been assembled. It is difficult to speak of their achievement except in terms of the sideshow hawker.

Back to Mussolini, for everything goes back to him. If Hackett has not caught the spirit of the man and congealed it for the casual inspection of posterity, we do not want to know wherein he has failed. He has dealt with him as a man and not as *Il Duce*. Whatever epiphenomena may attend Mussolini's further doings (and it does not seem unlikely that he will prepare the way for another catastrophe), the fact remains that he is a dramatic figure. By feats as incredible as Samson's, by sheer madness and employer efficiency, he has won his way to a place of almightiness in the modern world. The average American does not care that he is dangerous to the peace of the world and that there will some day be absurd proposals to hang him for precipitating a war. They like him because they have been bored by an absence of drama among the men of public life, and Benito has of late supplied this drama. With Roosevelt off the stage and Wilson carried out, with Clemenceau retired to the life of an anchorite, with Lloyd George rummaging about for enough votes to restore his fame, we have been sadly lacking in anything to challenge us and satisfy our vicarious craving for masculinity.

It is not because he has slain Bolshevism in Italy that Mussolini is admired on these shores; it is because he has resurrected heroism and given us something vague and strong to worship. The chances are that if Bolshevism had come into being with Mussolini as *entrepreneur*, there would be just as much sneaking admiration for the man among the bourgeoisie as there is for him now among proletarians, sociologists, and disciples of freedom. What able minded fellow has not dreamed of ruling the world behind a frowning countenance? What statesman has not conceived of his work, to employ Hackett's inimitable phrase, as a mere "psychological pantomime"? We have pleasure in regarding Mussolini as an entertainer. The only trouble is that some day we may have to pay the fiddler.

THE RIGHT TO BE BAD

THE lie should be given to those well intentioned adults who insist that youth today is no different from youth yesterday; in other words, that the younger generation is nothing more than a replica of the older one. Of all the slander which youth resents the worst is the claim that youth is just like age. There have arisen a host of elders who appoint themselves to defend and vindicate youth, to blame its present deplorable state upon the older generation, to say that the spirit of present day youth is fine and warlike and altogether unimpeachable.

The amount of truth in these contentions is of no importance for the moment. What these elders should be told is that youth delights in thinking itself different and it finds no satisfaction or pleasure in a defense which would make it out a *doppelgänger*

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of its progenitors. Perhaps it does really want the privilege of sin and not the pleasures thereof. Spare youth further insistence upon this idea, for unless adult protectors stop assuring themselves that youth is innocent, they will most assuredly drive youth to sin.

Let no man leap to youth's defense, for in so doing he begins to see similitudes between two generations. They are there but they are by no means so prominent or so numerous as is generally supposed. And if they were both prominent and numerous youth would not care to hear of them. Perhaps after all it is well that the elders be allowed to console themselves even at the expense of the dignity of sophomores and seniors. Actually how different present day youth is, only time and history can tell.

WHAT RISK ORIGINALITY

DISSIDENT souls continue to clamor against the standardization of American life, overlooking all the while the fact that this standardization proceeds from forces inherent in the modern world. We have no more control over these factors than bison had over the elements which cut short their hopes of perpetuity. The efficiency of civilization springs from our ability to make a given number of objects after a specified pattern. The machine requires a standard, and no deviation therefrom. Woolworth and Ford have greatly blessed us because they have mastered standardization. Cheap commodities result from unabated machine production. That is to say, Ford does a thing well by doing it in a certain immutable way, the efficacy of which way has been demonstrated.

Suppose Ford should attempt for one month to be original in what he sought to do. The result would be admiration from a few impecunious artists and far visioned sociologists, but considerable destruction to his business. The same thing applies to virtually every business institution. The company knows how to write letters which will provoke no replies, or letters which will bring in trade. It has tested methods which procure results. Along comes a tyro who injects originality. What good does he do? His greatest achievement is to bother his superior with the task of pulling him back into the path of rectitude.

Originality within inexorable limits is of course permissible. A copy writer for Johnson and Johnson baby powder has the right, to a degree, of choosing the biennial adjective. Beyond this he must not go. If he attempts a sincere expression of his ideas in his attempt to sell baby powder, he incurs a risk and involves the firm. If he takes the business seriously, he will feel frustrated and persecuted. But nothing can be done about it.

It is quite impossible for the great unwashed ever to hope for sincere self expression in business enterprise. Modern life demands, nay, relies upon standardization, and there's an end on it. The really bright young man will not make an example of himself by attempting to mix originality with industrial pursuits, but will take a ream of paper home with him in the evening and write stories or diatribes which he never hopes to publish. Ultimately, however, he will whip these into shape for some particular magazine policy, draw his check, and have some leisure in which to meditate upon the gross standardization of our life.

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AFTER LYCEUMS AND CHAUTAUQUAS, WHAT?

By Eduard C. Lindeman

"To improve conversation by introducing worthwhile topics into the daily intercourse of families, neighbors and friends." — Josiah Holbrook in Number 139, Old South Leaflets; 1829.

LYCEUMS and chautauquas are unmistakably on the wane. One of the more prominent chautauquas has, according to press announcements, crawled under the sheltering arm of an "endowment". It is asking for five millions of dollars for the purpose of spreading the chautauqua idea and method to the untouched millions. The usual sequence — demonstration followed by nation wide extension mixed with cultural advancement and slices of democracy leading subsequently to the raising of some more millions of dollars, et cetera, et cetera — makes this current proclamation appear to be the genesis of something, whereas there are fairly good reasons for believing it to be an inverted epilogue. But perhaps we are inclined to bury our institutions too soon. At any rate, the chautauqua and its cousin the lyceum have had honorable histories and these need to be noted and respected.

Josiah Holbrook of Derby, Connecticut, possessed what might be termed a nuclear personality; he was a lively, incubating centre who caused events to happen. He was the father of the American adult education movement. Indeed, it may not be too extravagant to designate him as America's first educational propagandist.

In 1829, when he wrote the lines which appear at the beginning of this essay, he was engaged in organizing lyceums in New England for purposes of a "universal diffusion of knowledge". By 1834 three thousand of these community organizations had come into existence; the local bodies affiliated with county lyceums; county lyceums were later considered parts of state lyceums; and in the end the lyceum movement was brought under the ægis of the National Lyceum, whereupon the movement expired. Its life was short but while it lasted the lyceum was certainly our first and sprightliest intellectual urge.

Although the two facts may not have the slightest connection, it is interesting to note that this indigenous people's movement in education terminated at approximately the same time that states began to pass laws making it possible to support education with public moneys. (The Massachusetts tax law for the support of public schools was enacted in 1834. Horace Mann became state superintendent of education in 1837.) But the lyceum was so potent an agitation that its offspring include the paid lecturer and the lecture habit, lecture bureaus, forums, correspondence schools, literary societies, university extension, and chautauquas.

The two direct derivatives of Josiah Holbrook's enthusiasm are the modern lyceum and the chautauqua. The lyceum of today has little in common with its New England prototype. Daniel Webster presided over the Boston Lyceum; he was home talent.

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Together with his neighbors he discussed the major topics of the day: tariff, education, national banking, slavery, et cetera. The modern lyceum may be described as a miscellaneous gathering of people who pay to hear an imported speaker or entertainer who makes lecturing his profession. Approximately five million people in small towns and villages constitute the annual audience for such performances.

Chautauquas (not to be confused with the summer school at Chautauqua, New York, or with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle) are more highly organized, glorified lyceums. The differences are slight: lyceums function for the most part during the winter months and predominantly in villages and small towns; chautauquas reach approximately the same types of communities and the same number of people during the summer months. Chautauquas are organized in circuits and travel from town to town carrying their tents and other equipment. Both the lyceum and the chautauquas present programs of lectures, music, and entertainment to communities for the most part cut off from the main streams of communication. Both are indigenous to American soil, are peculiarly American institutions, and as such must be considered in any attempt to understand and interpret our life and culture.

Institutions consolidate into custom and hence continue long after the conditions which brought them into being have altered. Lyceums and chautauquas belong to our pioneering days and those days are over. Many of our American institutions which now need to be abandoned or revamped arose out of the compulsions of isolation. The circuit rider, the itinerant evangelist, the camp meeting, the lyceum and the chautauqua, were responses to the needs of people who lived lonely, detached, insular lives. Railroads, automobiles, movies, radios, are rapidly changing us into a mobile, highly stimulated race of people. Isolation is no longer the chief desideratum in the formation of our institutions.

One of the byproducts of our increasingly urbanized, mechanized civilization is a new type of social structure, a new community life. We no longer live in neighborhood groups; on the contrary, we tend to drift into interest groups. We associate with those whose interests are allied with ours; indeed, we get our status, our social setting, not as individuals but as members of trade unions, chambers of commerce, secret societies, et cetera. Daniel Webster himself would find it difficult if not impossible to secure an audience for the discussion of the high problems of state of our time. Our focus is elsewhere. We may still allow ourselves to be inveigled into listening to a lecturer but we wish to reserve the right to select both him and his subject. In short, the lyceum and the chautauqua were the issues of a simple and more broadly democratic age which no longer exists.

The lyceum and the chautauqua as now organized and promoted are professionalized and commercialized institutions. The professionalized lecturer must by reason of his trade produce diminishing returns. He may begin with educational intentions but he invariably ends as an entertainer. His appeal, if he succeeds, is always to the lowest common denominator in his audience; those who will not submit to this common lowness drop out, so that ultimately the audience for the professional lecturer becomes

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by selection that portion of a community which enjoys platitudes, oratorical tricks, and the sound of many voices — in short, that portion of the community which has ceased to think independently. Those who make profits from these enterprises respond quickly to this selective process. They give the public "what the public wants", which is inspiration, innocuous information, and refined vaudeville. John S. Noffsinger's analysis of three thousand lyceum lectures ("Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas") reveals that fifty three per cent belonged to the category designated as inspirational — "mother-home-heaven" messages. He continues: "The lecturers, in the overwhelming majority, are professionalized speaking troupers, those who can moralize heavily without touching real moral issues, who can philosophize entertainingly, be very deep and yet amusing, who can sound the broad note and always end optimistically. Here are found the political hack, the lame duck office holder and the misfit clergyman. They 'glad hand' oratorically and collectively. Now and again there is an exception, a celebrity in the public eye who is a drawing card; he is sincere but his managers see to it that he eliminates all but the human interest. . . . Sometimes an artist of recognition may appear . . . but very, very rarely; much more often there will be ukulele sextettes and yodlers." A movement which caters to such tastes may perpetuate itself by clever advertising and high pressure sales methods on a purely commercial basis but it scarcely deserves to be catalogued among educational agencies.

Education loses its vitality whenever it surrenders its freedom. The modern lyceums and chautauquas are for the most part commercialized, profit making organizations; because of this fact they will sacrifice independence whenever it interferes with income. The tale which Carl D. Thompson told in "The New Republic" (December 17, 1924) under the caption: "Is the Chautauqua a Free Platform?" reveals the ways by which a lecturer may be tamed — or dismissed. Here was a speaker who wished to present to the American people the claims of public ownership in the sphere of electrical power. In St. Cloud, Minnesota, it happened that the principal guarantors of the chautauqua were also the heaviest stockholders in the Northern States Power Company. Mr. Thompson was not allowed to speak in St. Cloud. If, as Mr. Thompson himself says, "literally millions of our adult population attend these institutions and depend very largely upon them for their information and education on public problems", this instance will indicate why the millions are bound to grow less.

As a matter of fact, numerous evidences go to show that it is not only chautauquas and lyceums which have begun to decay but that the lecture habit itself is gradually breaking down in many sections of the country. Several British lecturers who have for years regarded our smaller communities as their happy hunting ground have admitted frankly that their audiences grow smaller each year. This is a happy sign. Or perhaps it isn't? It may merely mean that the persons who used to attend lectures are now remaining at home to hear the Happiness Boys over the radio or are spending their evenings observing the residents of Hollywood behaving in fantastic fashion on the silver screen of the movies. But this cannot be the complete answer. We are

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reading more books: an increase of almost twenty per cent in book production since the season of 1921-22; pamphlets, newspapers, and periodicals have more than doubled in circulation since the war; some two hundred thousand persons are enrolled in university and college extension courses; thirty thousand and more workers are attending classes organized by trade unions or labor colleges; another million young people are attending evening, part time, and continuation schools; three folk schools for adults have come into being during recent years; discussion clubs are springing up in all sections. These are but a few of the indications that something in the way of education which is more than passive listening to lectures is in the making. Dr. Frederick P. Keppel estimates on the basis of recent studies conducted by the Carnegie Corporation that more than three millions of adults in the United States are engaged in some form of continuing education.

The foregoing paragraph gives us clues to the coming phase of adult learning. The gist of the matter seems to be this: grown up Americans are coming to realize that they must continue to be intellectually alert if they are to live dynamically in this modern world. When this realization sinks deeply enough, they in turn begin to appreciate that a three or five day lecture going spree once each year is insufficient. If they intend to be contemporary in something more than a superficial sense, they need to exercise their minds in sustained study. There are at least two ways in which this can be achieved and enjoyed at the same time: by intelligent reading and organized discussion. Both of these processes can become experiences of pleasure as well as profit. But considerable collaborating and experimenting will need to be done before the new adult education becomes a reality rather than a mere verbal symbol.

In the first place, adults who wish to keep on learning and enjoying the process will need better books and periodicals. Authors, editors, and publishers will assist at this point. "Better books" does not mean books written in one and two syllable words. The implication of the term is this: books and essays purporting to acquaint the adult learner with the modern world need to be written from the point of view of the reader's experience and not from that of the author's specialized interest. We have all along assumed that the way to learn was to fill our minds with "subjects" in the hope that in some mysterious manner our minds would organize the miscellaneous mass and put it to use at the proper time. The new theory of learning reverses this process. Its assumption is, in effect, that real learning proceeds from experience outward: that learning is not "building in" but rather "leading out".

In the second place, adult learning of the variety implied in this essay is much more likely to succeed if it is accompanied by a lively, exciting interchange with fellow learners. Organized discussion carried on in small groups gives the learning process a social setting — transforms learning from a dull, arduous affair into a cooperative adventure. But group discussion is, like adult education itself, a tricky term; discussion may degenerate into mere exchange of opinion and prejudice without forwarding the real learning process; indeed, it is almost sure to follow this path if discussion procedure does not derive

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from dependable method. In one sense, organized discussion is to adult education what scientific method is to science. And happily adult educators in various places are at work in this field of experimentation. Non-academic institutions of learning aiming to meet the needs of adults who wish to learn, not for the purpose of capturing "credits" but for the sake of expanding their personalities and illuminating their lives — institutions like the New School for Social Research in New York — ought to multiply. But in the end adult education will, like all other "new" educations, become dull and stereotyped if it places its faith in institutions. Its genius lies in a wide collaboration between all agencies of enlightenment.

Nothing is more dangerous to a movement than its movers. The new intellectual ferment in American life will soon fall into sediment if its promoters promote too vigorously. We seem to be on the verge of a real enlightenment. There are genuine qualities involved in this modern revolt against dulness and ignorance. But superficial and jesuitical qualities are also involved. Not all of those who are now going forth shouting adult education are to be reckoned as educated adults; many of them are mere emotionalizers and advertisers who have found an outlet in something which may conveniently be called "new". Adult education should be allowed to develop roots in the peculiar forms which characterize American life. It will work toward regeneration if it is permitted to evolve as a people's movement, and it will soon evaporate into thin intellectualism if forcing methods are employed.

After summarizing numerous errors and fallacies in education, Francis Bacon came to the conclusion that "that which must dignify and exalt knowledge is the more intimate and strict conjunction of contemplation and action". In other words, we need to be educated with reference to those factors in modern life around which our activities circulate. We need to know how to discover new meanings for our extremely practical modes of living. Indeed we must bring this practicalism which so definitely characterizes us to new levels of rationalism. Yes, and then to higher levels of æsthetic insight and appreciation. This is the mission of adult education: to orient individuals in the midst of a civilization which has already drifted so far that wealth is more prized than wisdom and numbers more valued than fairness and beauty.

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FIVE RISING STARS IN AMERICAN FICTION

By Charles W. Ferguson

BY this ungainly title I wish to designate a bevy of novelists who within the present season have risen to envied heights in a crowded firmament. Of the five, three had no reputation beyond their immediate relatives a year and a half ago. From meagre beginnings and after some measure of suffering, they have leaped into national fame — examples of the rule of youth, of the suddenness with which reputations can be made and abilities recognized in latter day America. They have lent credence to the American tradition that yon tow headed boy may one day be president, for with their first novels they have reached overnight pinnacles which Stevenson and others were years in scaling.

It matters little that the majority of these stars have reached their zenith and will begin to descend when their next novels appear, that another is luminous but undoubtedly seasonal, that only two are more or less fixed. It suffices that within a time when more good books are being written in America than bad ones in England, these novelists have wrung from weary critics a bold admission of worth, have sent these same critics yelping on the trail of new and adequate adjectives. Without hawking or pandering, they have placed their wares upon the counter and seen them gobbled up through pure desire. In a sentence, they have done what thousands of others would like to do.

One other achievement must be chalked to their credit: these new young novelists have fused new blood into a body of writing which a year ago threatened decadence. From the whigmaleeries of young intellectuals they have turned to a more serious chronicling of the inner mind. From the unprofitable whanging of Rotarians they have turned to the beam which is in their own eye. They have chosen subjects far more difficult and amazing; hence they are leagues more interesting than those naive sophisticates who a year or two ago were supplying us with accurate photographs of the village mayor and his repressed daughter. They have answered the question, After unalloyed realism, what?

Notice the audacious task Eleanor Carroll Chilton assigned herself in "Shadows Waiting". She essayed to write a "melodrama of the mind". In less capable hands the result would have been a messy phantasmagoria, yet this young woman with a first effort and a gallant flourish has rated the genuflections of widely distributed critics. As for her background, Miss Chilton is the daughter of an illustrious sire. Her father represented West Virginia in the upper house of Congress before fist fights were so common in either house and when "senatorial dignity" was not a derisive term. She herself received the heart of what passes for educational advantages in this day. She attended Miss Masters' School at Dobbs Ferry, Dana Hall, and Smith College, from which she was graduated in 1922. Later she sojourned in London and Oxford for

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two years, doing independent research in the British Museum, becoming saturated in mediæval romance and Greek mythology. Her interest in Greek mythology, however, started when she began to read, and her work in mediæval romance had little or no effect upon the intensely modern novel she has written; nor had her interest in the church fathers or in comparative religions, though her knowledge of Christian history is quite evident in many passages of her work. She has no philosophical career to flaunt, yet in "Shadows Waiting" she has attacked the question of reality in a way as plaguing and assiduous as it could possibly have been. It was in answer to the problem, What is reality? that she wrote her book, but I doubt that many readers will ever suspect her purpose.

For two years she kept secretly brewing an idea. She made no notes, put no pen to paper, until one day at eleven o'clock when she was doing something else the spirit came upon her and she felt strangely moved to write the first sentence of "Shadows Waiting". After that she worked smoothly, indefatigably. Ten hours, sometimes twelve, she wrote each day for six months, then hied her novel off to a publisher. Today, after her period of splendid madness, she is in the care of a physician and her novel is discussed wherever discriminating readers congregate.

What is chiefly interesting about her book is the fact that it was not written for an audience. She felt that few would be interested, and she was more or less right in what she thought. "Shadows Waiting" will never pass "Beau Sabreur" in copies sold, but, none the less, an audience has arisen in America to appreciate what Miss Chilton so capably wrought. She wrote a book for herself and found thousands awaiting it. Her book was written with enviable disregard for prevailing tastes, and not in protest against these tastes but quite sincerely.

Why, then, has her book met with success? Apart from the fact that the prose is supremely good to look upon, the explanation lies partly in the fact that she has caught and made articulate what so many of her readers would like to say. Her prose, it is true, is sufficient. It is so able that it never needs to rely upon poetic devices for its effect. But, what's more, Miss Chilton, born in 1898, has something to say to our generation, or something to say *for* our generation. In a queer admixture of the ancient and modern in character, she has dealt with life's problems in no way that will please the righteous but in a manner that will prompt admiration in the ungodly.

I fail to see the beauty in her work unless by beauty we mean a symmetry of prose. She has dealt harshly with life, has penetrated its putative mysteries with irreverent mind, and she has set down the insecurity and banality of existence in a most unflattering way. She deals with neurotics, but many of us approach neuroticism. Her characters are covered with a sheen of unreality, yet their nudity is all the more obvious. She has given us a glorified mental realism. By her slight concern for circumstances, she has been able to deal with inner facts and attitudes. Her book is thoughtful and provocative, and not one for babes and sucklings. She is not a young novelist who will "bear watching"; she will bear reading. If the John Day Company ever decide to blurb their books, I should like to try my hand on one for "Shadows Waiting".

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John Gunther had considerably more theatre to mark his rise to fame. In him dwell the romance and glamourous experience which we sedentary Americans heartily admire. The day "The Red Pavilion" was published, Gunther was "dodging bullets in the desert back of Damascus and wiping fleas off my face". Could one pick a more strategic position to occupy the day his novel was released?

Previously Gunther had in desperation thrown up a good job in Chicago, the scene of "The Red Pavilion", and gone to London in search of high adventure. He was soon hired by his old employer, the "Chicago Daily News", and sent upon assignments in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. His novel was accepted first by an English publisher and became within a few weeks a best seller in the British Isles. On January fourteenth the House of Harper won the competition and imported it for American trade. Swinnerton heralded it abroad and Walpole chimed in, though with not so much enthusiasm. In America Ernest Boyd has been its most reliable advocate.

If the author's background yields itself to publicity, the time and method of his writing the novel are no less dramatic. He wrote "The Red Pavilion" for amusement during a two months' holiday on a small island in the Mediterranean, called Porquerolles.

I vacationed strenuously for two days and then started a novel. I didn't have a title, a character, or an idea. But somehow it came out. Two friends were with me. They started writing novels too. It became a race. Metaphorically speaking, we set up a large blackboard, and on the blackboard every idea, phrase, suggestion, name, or other item mentioned in conversation was set down. This was common property. I fear I grabbed off more than my share. Anyway, I won. That is, I finished the R. P. before the others finished their manuscripts.

I suspect that there must have been an erudite chemist on that island, for Gunther's training doesn't justify his knowing as much of chemistry as "The Red Pavilion" shows. The story is light, a bit futile, but it is extremely learned in many of its passages. Richard is the young advertising man who makes experimentation with test tubes his avocation. Shirley is his former wife who returns for one week — the week the story covers. The title comes from Francis Thompson, "the red pavilion of my heart".

All the characters are taken from the sophisticate bohemians of Chicago. (It will be a revelation to many readers to know that there are bohemians in Chicago.) By far the most original conception is that expressed in Leon Goodman, who writes bad poetry and longs to suffer. He has a penchant for terrible methods of death and finally decides, after a demonstration of impotence in the presence of a girl who has at last managed to lose her virtue, to commit suicide by poisons which Richard gives him. Before his purpose is accomplished, however, he is run down by a bus and dies ignominiously in a hospital.

Shirley and Richard turn out to be star crossed, and Richard, to save his dignity, at last deserts Shirley, for it was Shirley who had flown before. In Shirley, Gunther presents an artist every whit as good as Gottlieb is a scientist. What she says of her hands, for she is a sculptress of no mean reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, will linger in the reader's mind and doubtless influence his conception of art. I have never seen a better statement of the manual philosophy. I have visions of countless readers discovering their hands for the first time when they have read "The Red Pavilion". On the whole the book is easy

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to forget, yet many of its events and ideas enter the fibre of one's experience and recur long after the book itself is forgotten. The author has done an odd piece of work, an uncanny thing, but he has done it well enough to merit the chorus of praise he has received both here and abroad.

Ernest Hemingway is another expatriate who has written a first novel this season. He lives in France, partly the scene of his novel. He visited the United States last in the spring of 1926 and now declares himself eager to come back here to live. He was born in Illinois, the onetime habitat of Bruce Barton, Stuart P. Sherman, and Franklin P. Adams. His boyhood, however, was spent in Michigan. He has published previously a volume of short stories under the title, "In Our Time". Most of these were written from Paris and reached American readers only indirectly through "The Little Review", "The Transatlantic Review", and "This Quarter". "In Our Time" brought him wide critical renown and paved the way for "The Sun Also Rises", which has passed its fifth printing in America.

His father was a physician. In childhood it was his wont to accompany the old gentleman on calls and many of his experiences are reflected in his short stories. Indeed, "The Sun Also Rises" is quite obviously written from his peregrinations in France and Spain. He has a keen reportorial eye, trained from long newspaper experience and a congenital ability to observe and record accurately. He took an active part in athletics. In preparatory school he was a football star. Like Cohn, the butt in his novel, Hemingway was an amateur boxer and, unlike Cohn, one of some distinction. Before the United States entered the war, he went abroad with the American Ambulance and later enlisted in the Italian *Arditi*. He was wounded three times and was decorated by the Italian government for a distinguished war record.

By far the most interesting thing about "The Sun Also Rises" is its title, for the average reader delights in knowing that it comes from that most pessimistic book, Ecclesiastes. Mr. Hemingway uses it to connote that general futility which exudes from the tale he tells and the life he depicts. His cast is made up of young expatriates who stay drunk most of the time and consequently say a great many very funny things. We have the pleasure of drunks without having to take them home. As one colossal round of sin, his novel is excellent and makes superb reading for a dry American audience. Bret, or Lady Ashley, as she is alternately called, is a most amusing and pathetic character who can't pin her affections definitely upon any one man. All the characters are treated with the sympathy they deserve. The novel as a whole affords good weekend diversion. It leaves the impression that the author must be a very wild fellow, a gourmand. Yet the fact abides that he is a respectable chap under thirty, with one wife and two children, and anxious to return to the United States of America where prohibition supposedly reigns supreme.

Leonard Nason also writes from France. His novel, "Chevrons", which has taken its place alongside "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" for the accuracy and realism of its war depiction, deals with his experiences in the service of America during the World War. He was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, three years before the Spanish American War and was

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attending lectures in Norwich University when the war to end war came. He enlisted in the 18th U. S. Cavalry and gained immediate promotion to the rank of a sergeant. This branch was soon changed to the 76th Field Artillery and in consequence Nason became a sergeant over a set of old troopers who proceeded to make his life miserable until reductions and transfers in France weeded out the old troopers and left him ranking sergeant.

His first battle was at Château Thierry. He was an observer and liaison sergeant. He was wounded at Château Thierry, or, as he confesses, probably scared stiff. He didn't care what they called it as long as they didn't send him back to the front. But hospital life got intolerable and he went back to his command, not waiting for authority. He reached his regiment on the night of the St. Mihiel drive, went through it, hiked to the Argonne, and was shot through the belly by a sniper October 4th.

That ended the war for him. Its activities were no more, but he was to suffer as acutely as Sergeant Eadie did on that interminable journey of the cow train that carried him once more to a hospital. For Nason's ship was wrecked on the beach of Fire Island, about two hundred yards from shore, New Year's Day, 1919. "That was a sad morning", he says. "Fifteen hundred wounded men, most of them cripples, shipwrecked, and a howling gale. . . . We went through hell for four days. All we could think of was that after going safely through the perils of submarine and mine, and having braved the dangers of an unpleasant death by shell, grenade, and bullet, it was too damned hard to be drowned right in New York harbor."

Immediately upon his discharge from the army Nason returned to Norwich, and was graduated in 1920. He married the same year and took a job adjusting claims for an insurance company. Finally, after the arrival of his first daughter, "the clothes that my wife's family had given her and those that mine had given me when we were married began to wear out". He declares that he spent several days of the company's time in deep thought, whereupon the idea that he might write took hold upon him. He had written in college. In fact he had once been kicked out for an unduly frank discussion of the military department. He bought a book on "How to Become an Author" and from it took the one idea that he must write of what he knew intimately.

The result was an immediate magazine success with war stories and later his book, "Chevrons", which led him once more to France for the acquisition of material. Meanwhile, through his poetry he had become known also as "Steamer" on the Chicago "Tribune". When "Chevrons" came along, its worth as a war depiction was immediately recognized and Nason's financial problems were more or less solved. Since its appearance his stuff has been in demand. Though he still lives in France, he says he knows a better country and he plans an early return to these shores.

It sounds seditious to say that the humor is the feature of "Chevrons". Yet I believe it is so. When I read it one idea kept bearing down upon me: the absence of patriotism among soldiers. It was grim business that Sergeant Eadie had to do, yet he did it with rare good humor, and in the most hazardous moments he could not forego stooping to steal a dead major's field glasses. The theme which runs throughout is the manner in which wound stripes were regarded by those who

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had none. Sergeant Eadie was finally compelled to tear them off, for his battalion could never be quite convinced that he had been legitimately hit.

I suppose no young writer of the present day has been admitted so readily to the seats of the mighty as Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and I rejoice that competence can draw so much publicity as her career indicates. What the critics have to say about her reads like a page of Fleischmann's yeast indorsements. I am not sure but that she has been confused in the minds of some with a vanishing cream. Certainly it cannot be gainsaid that she has written the strongest novel of this vermilion decade. Some are disposed to dispute with Cabell and Mencken in their intemperate comments upon Frances Newman. There will always be those who dissent from the world's view of John Erskine. But I do not understand how anyone can fail to agree that "The Time of Man" is beyond the touch of critics. It is native, but that is incidental. It is written beautifully, but that is not the whole of it. It possesses what, for want of time and a better vocabulary, I would call influence. "The Time of Man" does things to you when you read it.

Miss Roberts is a Kentuckian by birth and rearing. Her father's pioneer ancestor came into the state through the Wilderness Trail with one of the early Boone expeditions. After graduating from high school she spent several years trying to get strong. She then had an opportunity to go to the Colorado Rockies to live, and went eager for experience. She lived there several years, happy and lonely, climbing and walking in the early mornings, coasting in winter, knowing birds, chipmunks, and beavers and many sorts of people.

In these years I presume "The Time of Man" must have taken shape, for Ellen Chesser had that self sufficiency which is bred in mountains and in loneliness. I never felt as sorry for a woman in my life, nor did I ever want more to be like one. On many a page I wanted to swoop down upon her home, abduct her in my high power car, and put her down in the Hotel Commodore. But how silly I should have been, for she was beautiful (as a character) in longing, probably ten times more beautiful than she would have been in realization. I feel, too, that Miss Roberts must have had that same longing those years in Colorado. She went, at last, to the University of Chicago, where she studied philosophy and language, receiving a Ph.B. degree in June, 1921. Now her home is in California.

She has published heretofore a volume of verse, "Under the Tree". Her publishers tell us, and I wish they hadn't, that she would rather have written "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings" than any other line in English. Why should she, when she has written so many better lines? It is as though Dreiser had expressed envy of:

> The man worth while is the man who can smile
> When everything goes dead wrong.

It is impossible to close without the obvious comment that the ladies have led the field in serious work this year. In a sense, the women have chosen heads, the men tales. They have shown, by and large, more originality, more energy, and certainly more courage.

Now that I have taken the trouble to read the books and write the article, I may be indulged certain private views regarding these various stars. It should already be apparent that I regard Miss Roberts as a constellation.

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She could be Orion, or the Milky Way, if you prefer. I like to think of her as the Milky Way because, should the light of that group fade, we should never be aware of it for 35,000 years. Already Miss Roberts has thrown off enough light to keep her in the firmament for many a year to come. Only one thing can diminish her popularity with the future generations: her book will probably be required in classroom reading and that means that children will be taught to hate her. Miss Chilton, I like to think of as Sirius, for astronomers tell us that this star is really two but that distance destroys the space of several million miles between its component parts. This suggests that Miss Chilton will never be fully comprehended by our generation, but she will always be looked upon with admiration, and a few will descry her dual qualities.

Nason seems to me somewhat analogous to the North Star. He is reliable, and he will probably stay in one place while others revolve about him. Hemingway and Gunther must be seasonal, very luminous in their time, Mars and Mercury perhaps, but destined to descend periodically and rise again. Their luminosity is not so great as that of the distant stars, but it appears to be greater, for they are closer to the earth. They will be pointed out by admirers and looked upon quite favorably whenever their time comes to appear.

Mass production has had its evils, yet it has given us a new literary cosmogony, an enlarged and ever more expansive firmament. If anyone doubts that the old stars had better look to their lights, let him read and ponder the season's contribution to American fiction.

NEW YORK

By Charles Norman

O THOU New York, towering above the bright
Unimmaculate cities of the world,
Hurled firmly into the air like a god's song
Strongly begun and frailly ending in
Thin towers of magnificent array:
Daytime and starlight have made beautiful
Dull stone and struck it tingling, and the soft
Lofty sky expanse of wind blowing there
Fairly, has eased the brittleness, and time
Chimes over thy towers with the marvelous
Hushed bells of sunset and moonrise, and stars
Faraway spinning through infinite wind
Dimly.
O thou New York, men having made thee
Sheerly beautiful, stand thou forever.

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AN IMPURE ART

By Stark Young

TO SEE anything as art means that you do not see it as a duplicate of something in life. It means that you see it as complete in itself. You judge its truth by its intentions, its essential idea. It means that you allow it to be free of its material, and perceive that it uses the material — as Corot does a landscape, El Greco a human body, Beethoven a state of mind or mood — to express an idea, a soul; that it does what it chooses to do, forcing the material to its own purpose, which is to find a form for a content.

What makes the theatre so difficult to see as an art is the impurity of its medium.

For purity, music and architecture come first among the arts. They profit most from the advantage that is enjoyed by an art in which resemblance plays no part and the medium can express pure idea or quality. They are obviously the most ideal of the arts. The musician through tone, tempo, pitch and rhythm, establishes designs or bodies or patterns that are the essence and the soul of the experience that he wishes to create. The architect employs line and mass to create a form that is free of every likeness and is judged by nothing outside of architecture. Painting is in general less free. Certain modern painting has essayed pure color forms free of all likeness and expressive in themselves. But painting fundamentally touches on likeness; it derives from our definite visual experience, and follows the world around us, in which we see forms as embodied in reality rather than as abstract. These forms are stubborn facts which we have seen and to which we relate all our conceptions; in a visual art they are not easily dispensed with. Where a musician can give us despair and loneliness itself, a general and essential experience, a painter can give us the experience only by means of a definite phenomenon, an instance out of life through whose representation a lonely despair may be aroused in us. The poet is free only after a fashion; he takes his subjects from life, so much of which consists of external facts, and he must to some extent at least be faithful to them. He is, furthermore, less free than the musician or the architect owing to the fact that his medium — words — is bound faster than theirs to actual associations, to connotations. The sculptor, architect, and composer have of course to contend with something of the same thing in familiar and remembered forms and motives, but any one of these arts is pure compared to the theatre.

What pigment is to a painting and sound to music, the acting or the décor is to the art of the theatre. But the actor complicates matters by being an artist himself, using a distinct and additional medium — his personality, body and voice, to create his idea. He gives himself to the whole creation but he remains himself as well, or he would not be an artist and therefore not a fit medium for the whole idea. The designer too is an artist working through his own medium of the décor. His service to the theatre depends on his being himself an artist in his own

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art. There is a further complication. The actor and the acting constitute the medium by which the characters and their actions are converted into the art of the theatre. The actor is a medium, as oil pigment is Corot's medium; the material is the personage that is portrayed, as the valley of water and trees and light is Corot's material. The acting is a medium, the human action and character portrayed is the material. But the actor conveying a man to us is himself a man. John Barrymore acting Hamlet is a man as Hamlet is. What the character does is a piece of human behavior, and what the actor does is behavior. Art and nature, which is which? Where does one leave off and the other begin? Which is the material, which the medium? To make the distinction is not easy. Only in the theatre does so much intervene between the artist's idea and his expression of it.

To know that every work of art is complete in itself and free of its material is the beginning of any understanding of art. About music and architecture everyone feels this freedom by mere instinct and by experience with what these arts have offered him. Nobody thinks Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" good because some of it sounds like a cuckoo, nobody would object to Bach's "Coffee Cantata" because you hear no grinding, roasting, and boiling. Only a simpleton would praise a building because it looked like a tree or a hat; and an idiot say that he wanted Bernini's façade of St. Peter's built to look more like nature. Even in painting there are thousands who allow Botticelli to distort the anatomy of his Venus, raising the hips and lifting the body onto the balls of the feet, tilting the head to one side, in order to secure the idea that he wishes to create in terms of design — a certain vision and an intellectual poetry that we know as his — and for the same end we will allow him to flatten, to blanch into pallor, his leaves and trunks and to outline with gold these unrealities in the form of trees. Of trees, indeed, the painter may take what elements he chooses. He may render them faithfully, in a sort of noonday prose like Rousseau; or as a flat pattern in a mural composition like Giotto; he may turn them as Gainsborough does into textures like those of tapestry; he may follow Corot and make of trees only a home for dew and morning; or like some old Chinese painter he may set down the trees in a line whose quality expresses serenity or solitude or whatever idea the painter wishes. In every case you judge the painting by the tree only in so far as the painter's intention was resemblance or duplication of the tree. Only to judge the degree of success in the likeness, where likeness was intended, may you look from the work of art to the model or material.

But we can at least try, trusting in instinct and practice to help us. At the least we can keep from holding theories that will cut us off from what a theatre work has to say; we can at least avoid theories and conceptions that set up obstacles to our response and enjoyment. If you say that Mansfield was bad in "Peer Gynt" because as the peasant youth he did not move and act like a peasant, you do one of two things — you either, because of some objection on artistic principle, hold yourself back from what you like, which is a limitation in your theory, or you find an argument for not liking what you fail to see or understand, which is only plausible obtuseness.

The wise thing to do at such a moment is to remind yourself that all arts rest on essentially the same basis, that

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what makes sense about one makes sense about another, so far as fundamentals go. In your Mansfield impasse, then, ask yourself if your objection, namely that the artist did not contrive a likeness, would hold in other arts. In painting, for instance, is Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" bad because these Jews of the first century are dressed as Venetians of the sixteenth? Or is the sculpture of the Egyptians inferior because it is not anatomical? The answer is that in each case, the painter, actor, and sculptor, according to his genius and his special art, made what use he chose, and at his own peril, of his material.

If you miss an actor's idea because you could not read the language he employed and so fall back on mere recognition, it is your misfortune rather than his. On such a basis you will never know anything about art, for the history of any art is a history of man's states of mind and spirit, not of the objective world around him. On such a basis you will have no conception of the theatre as an art. You will land in a mere muddle of resemblances and recognitions; you will be confused between life and the theatre, and stumble into contradictions about naturalness and artifice, and you will be blind to such ideas as need a new method or form to express them.

MAY AFTERNOON

By Helen Poteat Stallings

THAT was the day the wind came by
  Over the farthest hill.
That was the day the wind came by,
  I can remember still.

Gold was the sunshine among the trees
  Faint were the bells on the hill
Gold was the sunshine among the trees,
  I can remember still.

Down by the river the sand shone white,
  Blue violets in the grass.
Over the cascades the waters rushed,
  Silent we watched them pass.

There was a light that flamed in your eyes
  Warmed by the gold afternoon,
Breathless we stood where the wild mint grew
  Bewitched by an ancient tune.

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THE HALF PINT FLASK

By DuBose Heyward

Illustrated by H. O. Hofman

I PICKED up the book and regarded it with interest. Even its format suggested the author: the practical linen covered boards, the compact and exact paragraphing. I opened the volume at random. There he was again: "There can be no doubt", "An undeniable fact", "I am prepared to assert." A statement in the preface leaped from the context and arrested my gaze:

"The primitive American Negro is of a deeply religious nature, demonstrating in his constant attendance at church, his fervent prayers, his hymns, and his frequent mention of the Deity that he has cast aside the last vestiges of his pagan background, and has unreservedly espoused the doctrine of Christianity."

I spun the pages through my fingers until a paragraph in the last chapter brought me up standing:

"I was hampered in my investigations by a sickness contracted on the island that was accompanied by a distressing insomnia, and, in its final stages, extreme delirium. But I already had sufficient evidence in hand to enable me to prove —"

Yes, there it was, fact upon fact. I was overwhelmed by the permanence, the unanswerable last word of the printed page. In the face of it my own impressions became fantastic, discredited even in my own mind. In an effort at self justification I commenced to rehearse my *impressions* of that preposterous month as opposed to Barksdale's *facts;* my feeling for effects and highly developed fiction writer's imagination on the one hand; and on the other, his cold record of a tight, three dimensional world as reported by his five good senses.

Sitting like a crystal gazer, with the book in my hand, I sent my memory back to a late afternoon in August, when, watching from the shore near the landing on Ediwander Island, I saw the "General Stonewall Jackson" slide past a frieze of palmetto trees, shut off her steam, and nose up to the tenuous little wharf against the ebb.

Two barefooted Negroes removed a section of the rail and prepared to run out the gang plank. Behind them gathered the passengers for Ediwander landing: ten or a dozen Negroes back from town with the proceeds of a

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month's labor transformed into flaming calico, amazing bonnets, and new, flimsy, yellow luggage; and trailing along behind them, the single white passenger.

I would have recognized my guest under more difficult circumstances and I experienced that inner satisfaction that comes from having a new acquaintance fit neatly into a preconceived pattern. The obstinacy of which I had been warned was evident in the thin immobile line of the mouth over the prognathous jaw. The eyes behind his thick glasses were a bright hard blue and moved methodically from object to object, allowing each its allotted time for classification then passing unhurriedly on to the next. He was so like the tabloid portrait in the letter of the club member who had sent him down that I drew the paper from my pocket and refreshed my memory with a surreptitious glance.

"He's the museum, or collector type", Spencer had written; "spends his time collecting facts — some he sells — some he keeps to play with. Incidentally his hobby is American glass, and he has the finest private collection in the state."

We stood eyeing each other over the heads of the noisy landing party without enthusiasm. Then when the last Negro had come ashore he picked up his bag with a meticulousness that vaguely exasperated me, and advanced up the gang plank.

Perfunctory introductions followed: "Mr Courtney?" from him, with an unnecessarily rising inflection; and a conventional "Mr. Barksdale, I presume", from me in reply.

The buckboard had been jogging along for several minutes before he spoke.

"Very good of Mr. Spencer to give me this opportunity", he said in a close clipped speech. "I am doing a series of articles on Negroid Primates, and I fancy the chances for observation are excellent here."

"Negroid Primates!" The phrase annoyed me. Uttered in that dissecting voice, it seemed to strip the human from the hundred or more Negroes who were my only company except during the duck season when the club members dropped down for the shooting.

"There are lots of Negroes here", I told him a little stiffly. "Their ancestors were slaves when the island was the largest rice plantation in South Carolina, and isolation from modern life has kept them primitive enough, I guess."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I will commence my studies at once. Simple souls, I fancy. I should have my data within a month."

We had been traveling slowly through deep sand ruts that tugged at the wheels like an undertow. On either side towered serried ranks of virgin long-leaf pine. Now we topped a gentle rise. Before us was the last outpost of the forest crowning a diminishing ridge. The straight columned trees were bars against a released splendor of sunset sky and sea.

Impulsively I called his attention to it:

"Rather splendid, don't you think?"

He raised his face, and I was immediately cognizant of the keen methodical scrutiny that passed from trees to sea, and from sea back to that last wooded ridge that fell away into the tumble of dunes.

Suddenly I felt his wire-tight grasp about my arm.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing with his free hand. Then with an air of authority, he snapped: "Stop the cart. I've got to have a look at it."

"That won't interest you. It's only a Negro burying ground. I'll take

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you to the quarters tomorrow, where you can study your 'live primates'."

But he was over the wheel with surprising alacrity and striding up the slight ascent to the scattered mounds beneath the pines.

The sunset was going quickly, dragging its color from the sky and sea, rolling up leagues of delicately tinted gauze into tight little bales of primary color, then draping these with dark covers for the night. In sharp contrast against the light the burying ground presented its pitiful emblems of the departed. Under the pine needles, in common with all Negro graveyards of the region, the mounds were covered with a strange litter of half emptied medicine bottles, tin spoons, and other futile weapons that had failed in the final engagement with the last dark enemy.

Barksdale was puttering excitedly about among the graves, peering at the strange assortment of crockery and glass. The sight reminded me of what Spencer had said of the man's hobby and a chill foreboding assailed me. I jumped from the buckboard.

"Here," I called, "I wouldn't disturb those things if I were you."

But my words went unheeded. When I reached Barksdale's side, he was holding a small flat bottle, half filled with a sticky black fluid, and was rubbing the earth from it with his coat sleeve. The man was electric with excitement. He held the flask close to his glasses, then spun around upon me.

"Do you know what this is?" he demanded, then rushed on triumphantly with his answer: "It's a first issue, half pint flask of the old South Carolina state dispensary. It gives me the only complete set in existence. Not another one in America. I had hoped that I might get on the trail of one down here. But to fall upon it like this!"

The hand that held the flask was shaking so violently that the little palmetto tree and single X that marked it described small agitated circles. He drew out his handkerchief and wrapped it up tenderly, black contents and all.

"Come," he announced, "we'll go now."

"Not so fast", I cautioned him. "You can't carry that away. It simply isn't done down here. We may have our moral lapses, but there are certain things that — well — can't be thought of. The graveyard is one. We let it alone."

He placed the little linen covered package tenderly in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat with an air of finality; then he faced me truculently.

"I have been searching for this flask for ten years", he asserted. "If you can find the proper person to whom payment should be made I will give a good price. In the meantime I intend to keep it. It certainly is of no use to anyone, and I shan't hesitate for a silly superstition."

I could not thrash him for it and I saw that nothing short of physical violence would remove it from his person. For a second I was tempted to argue with him; tell him why he should not take the thing. Then I was frustrated by my own lack of a reason. I groped with my instinctive knowledge that it was not to be done, trying to embody the abstract into something sufficiently concrete to impress him. And all the while I felt his gaze upon me, hard, very blue, a little mocking, absolutely determined.

Behind the low crest of the ridge sounded a single burst of laughter, and the ring of a trace chain. A strange panic seized me. Taking him by the arm I rushed him across the short dis-

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tance to the buckboard and into his seat; then leaped across him and took up the lines.

Night was upon us, crowding forward from the recesses of the forest, pushing out beyond us through the last scattered trees, flowing over the sea and lifting like level smoke into the void of sky. The horse started forward, wrenching the wheels from the clutching sand.

Before us, coming suddenly up in the dusk, a party of field Negroes filled the road. A second burst of laughter sounded, warm now, volatile and disarming. It made me ashamed of my panic. The party passed the vehicle, dividing and flowing by on both sides of the road. The last vestiges of day brought out high lights on their long earth-polished hoes. Teeth were a white accent here and there. Only eyes, and fallen sockets under the brows of the very old, seemed to defy the fading glimmer, bringing the night in them from the woods. Laughter and soft Gullah words were warm in the air about us.

"Howdy Boss."

"Ebenin' Boss."

The women curtsied in their high tucked up skirts; the men touched hat brims. Several mules followed, grotesque and incredible in the thickening dark, their trace chains dangling and chiming faintly.

The party topped the rise, then dropped behind it.

Silence, immediate and profound, as though a curtain had been run down upon the heels of the last.

"A simple folk", clipped out my companion. "I rather envy them starting out at zero, as it were, with everything to learn from our amazing civilization."

"Zero, hell!" I flung out. "They had created a Congo art before our ancestors drugged and robbed their first Indian."

Barksdale consigned me to limbo with his mocking, intolerable smile.

The first few days at the club were spent by my guest in going through the preliminary routine of the systematic writer. Books were unpacked and arranged in the order of study, loose-leaf folders were laid out, and notes made for the background of his thesis. He was working at a table in his bedroom which adjoined my own, and as I also used my sleeping apartment as a study for the fabrication of the fiction which, with my salary as manager of the club, discharged my financial obligations, I could not help seeing something of him.

On the morning of the second day I glanced in as I passed his door, and surprised him gloating over his find. It was placed on the table before him, and he was gazing fixedly at it. Unfortunately, he looked up; our glances met and, with a self consciousness that smote us simultaneously, remained locked. Each felt that the subject had better remain closed — yet there the flask stood evident and unavoidable.

After a strained space of time I managed to step into the room, pick up a book and say casually:

"I am rather interested in Negroes myself. Do you mind if I see what you have here?"

While I examined the volume he passed behind me and put the flask away, then came and looked at the book with me. "'African Religions and Superstitions'", he said, reading the title aloud; then supplemented:

"An interesting mythology for the American Negro, little more. The African Gullah Negro, from whom these are descended, believed in a God you know, but he only created, then turned his people adrift to be preyed upon by

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malign spirits conjured up by their enemies. Really a religion, or rather a superstition, of senseless terror."

"I am not so sure of the complete obsoleteness of the old rites and superstitions", I told him, feeling as I proceeded that I was engaged in a useless mission. "I know these Negroes pretty well. For them, Plat-eye, for instance, is a very actual presence. If you will notice the cook you will see that she seems to get along without a prayer book, but when she goes home after dark she sticks a sulphur match in her hair. Sulphur is a charm against Plat-eye."

"Tell me," he asked with a bantering light in his hard eyes, "just what is Plat-eye?"

I felt that I was being laughed at and floundered ahead at the subject, anxious to be out of it as soon as possible.

"Plat-eye is a spirit which takes some form which will be particularly apt to lure its victims away. It is said to lead them into danger or lose them in the woods and, stealing their wits away, leave them to die alone."

He emitted a short acid laugh.

"What amusing rot. And I almost fancy you believe it."

"Of course I don't", I retorted but I experienced the feeling that my voice was over-emphatic and failed to convince.

"Well, well", he said, "I am not doing folk lore but religion. So that is out of my province. But it is amusing and I'll make a note of it. Plat-eye, did you say?"

The next day was Thursday. I remember that distinctly because, although nearly a week's wages were due, the last servant failed to arrive for work in the morning. The club employed three of them; two women and a man. Even in the off season this was a justifiable expense, for a servant could be hired on Ediwander for four dollars a week. When I went to order breakfast the kitchen was closed, and the stove cold.

After a makeshift meal I went out to find the yard boy. There were only a few Negroes in the village and these were women hoeing in the small garden patches before the cabins. There were the usual swarms of lean mongrel hounds, and a big sow lay nourishing her young in the warm dust of the road. The women looked up as I passed. Their soft voices, as they raised their heads one after another to say "Mornin' Boss", seemed like emanations from the very soil, so much a part of the earth did they appear.

But the curs were truculent that morning: strange, canny, candid little mongrels. If you want to know how you stand with a Negro, don't ask him — pat his dog.

I found Thomas, the hired boy, sitting before his cabin watching a buzzard carve half circles in the blue.

"When are you coming to work?" I demanded. "The day's half done."

"I gots de toot' ache, Boss. I can't git ober 'fore termorrer." The boy knew that I did not believe him. He also knew that I would not take issue with him on the point. No Negro on the island will say "no" to a white man. Call it "good form" if you will, but what Thomas had said to me was merely the code for "I'm through." I did not expect him and I was not disappointed.

Noon of the following day I took the buckboard, crossed the ferry to the mainland, and returned at dark with a cheerful wholesome Negress, loaned to me by a plantation owner, who answered for her faithfulness and promised that she would cook for us during the emergency. She got us a capital supper, retired to the room adjoining

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the kitchen that I had prepared for her, as I did not wish her to meet the Negroes in the village, and in the morning had vanished utterly. She must have left immediately after supper, for the bed was undisturbed.

I walked straight from her empty room to Barksdale's sanctum, entered, crossed to the closet where he had put the flask, and threw the door wide. The space was empty. I spun around and met his amused gaze.

"Thought I had better put it away carefully. It is too valuable to leave about."

Our glances crossed like the slide of steel on steel. Then suddenly my own impotence to master the situation arose and overwhelmed me. I did not admit it even to myself, but that moment saw what amounted to my complete surrender.

We entered upon the haphazard existence inevitable with two preoccupied men unused to caring for their own comfort: impossible makeshift meals, got when we were hungry; beds made when we were ready to get into them; with me, hours put into work that had to be torn up and started over the next day; with Barksdale, regular tours of investigation about the island and two thousand words a day, no more, no less, written out in longhand, and methodically filed. We naturally saw less and less of each other — a fact which was evidently mutually agreeable.

It was therefore a surprise to me one night in the second week to leap from sleep into a condition of lucid consciousness and find myself staring at Barksdale who had opened the door between our rooms. There he stood like a bird of ill omen, tall and slightly stooping, with his ridiculous nightshirt and thin slightly bowed shanks.

"I'll leave this open if you don't mind", he said with a new note of apology in his voice. "Haven't been sleeping very well for a week or so, and thought the draft through the house might cool the air."

Immediately I knew that there was something behind the apparently casual action of the man. He was the type who could lie through conviction; adopt some expedient point of view, convince himself that it was the truth, then assert it as a fact; but he was not an instinctive liar, and that new apologetic note gave him away. For a while after he went back to bed, I lay wondering what was behind his request.

Then for the first time I felt it; but hemmed in by the appalling limitations of human speech, how am I to make the experience plain to others!

Once I was standing behind the organ of a great cathedral when a bass chord was pressed upon the keys; suddenly the air about me was all sound and movement. The demonstration that night was like this a little, except that the place of the sound was taken by an almost audible silence, and the vibrations were so violent as to seem almost a friction against the nerve terminals. The wave of movement lasted for several minutes, then it abated slowly. But this was the strange thing about it: the agitation was not dissipated into the air; rather it seemed to settle slowly, heavily, about my body, and to move upon my skin like the multitudinous crawling of invisible and indescribably loathsome vermin.

I got up and struck a light. The familiar disorder of the room sprang into high relief, reassuring me, telling me coolly not to be a fool. I took the lamp into Barksdale's room. There he lay, his eyes wide and fixed, braced in his bed with every muscle tense. He gave me the impression of wrenching

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himself out of invisible bonds as he turned and sat up on the edge of his bed.

"Just about to get up and work", he said in a voice that he could not manage to make casual. "Been suffering from insomnia for a week, and it's beginning to get on my nerves."

The strange sensation had passed from my body but the thought of sleep was intolerable. We went to our desks leaving the door ajar, and wrote away the four hours that remained until daylight.

And now a question arises of which due cognizance must be taken even though it may weaken my testimony. Is a man quite sane who has been without sleep for ten days and nights? Is he a competent witness? I do not know. And yet the phenomena that followed my first startled awakening entered into me and became part of my life experience. I live them over shudderingly when my resistance is low and memory has its way with me. I know that they transpired with that instinctive certainty which lies back of human knowledge and is immune from the skepticism of the cynic.

After that first night the house was filled with the vibrations. I closed the door to Barksdale's room, hoping a superstitious hope that I would be immune. After an hour I opened it again, glad for even his companionship. Only while I was wide awake and driving my brain to its capacity did the agitation cease. At the first drowsiness it would commence faintly, then swell up and up, fighting sleep back from the tortured brain, working under leaden eyelids upon the tired eyes.

Ten days and nights of it! Terrible for me: devastating for Barksdale. It wasted him like a jungle fever.

Once when I went near him and his head had dropped forward on his desk in the vain hope of relief, I made a discovery. He was the *centre*. The moment I bent over him my nerve terminals seemed to become living antennæ held out to a force that frayed and wasted them away. In my own room it was better. I went there and sat where I could still see him for what small solace there was in that.

I entreated him to go away, but with his insane obstinacy he would not hear of it. Then I thought of leaving him, confessing myself a coward — bolting for it. But again, something deeper than logic, some obscure tribal loyalty, held me bound. Two members of the same race; and out there the palmetto jungle, the village with its fires bronze against the midnight trees, the malign, beleaguering presence. No, it could not be done.

But I did slip over to the mainland and arrange to send a wire to Spencer telling him to come and get Barksdale, that the man was ill.

During that interminable ten days and nights the fundamental difference between Barksdale and myself became increasingly evident. He would go to great pains to explain the natural causes of our malady.

"Simple enough", he would say, while his bloodshot eyes, fixed on me, shouted the lie to his words. "One of those damn swamp fevers. Livingstone complained of them you will remember, and so did Stanley. Here in this subtropical belt we are evidently subject to the plague. Doubtless there is a serum. I should have inquired before coming down."

To this I said nothing, but I confess now, at risk of being branded a coward, that I had become the victim of a superstitious terror. Frequently when Barksdale was out I searched for the flask without finding the least trace of it. Finally I capitulated utterly and

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took to carrying a piece of sulphur next to my skin. Nothing availed.

The strange commotion in the atmosphere became more and more persistent. It crowded over from the nights into the days. It came at noon; any time that drowsiness fell upon our exhausted bodies it was there, waging a battle with it behind the closed lids. Only with the muscles tense and the eyes wide could one inhabit a static world. After the first ten days I lost count of time. There was a nightmare quality to its unbreakable continuity.

I remember only the night when I saw *her* in Barksdale's doorway, and I think that it must have been in the third week. There was a full moon, I remember, and there had been unusual excitement in the village. I have always had a passion for moonlight and I stood long on the piazza watching the great disc change from its horizon copper to gold, then cool to silver as it swung up into the immeasurable tranquillity of the southern night. At first I thought that the Negroes must be having a dance, for I could hear the syncopation of sticks on a cabin floor, and the palmettos and moss-draped live oaks that grew about the buildings could be seen the full quarter of a mile away, a ruddy bronze against the sky from a brush fire. But the longer I waited listening the less sure I became about the nature of the celebration. The rhythm became strange, complicated; and the chanting that rose and fell with the drumming rang with a new, compelling quality, and lacked entirely the abandon of dancers.

Finally I went into my room, stretched myself fully dressed on the bed, and almost achieved oblivion. Then suddenly I was up again, my fists clenched, my body taut. The agitation exceeded anything that I had before experienced. Before me, across Barksdale's room, were wide open double doors letting on the piazza. They molded the moonlight into a square shaft that plunged through the darkness of the room, cold, white, and strangely substantial among the half obliterated familiar objects. I had the feeling that it could be touched. That hands could be slid along its bright surface. It possessed itself of the place. It was the one reality in a swimming, nebulous cube. Then it commenced to tremble with the vibrations of the apartment.

And now the incredible thing happened. Incredible because belief arises in each of us out of the corroboration of our own life experience; and I have met no other white man who has beheld Plat-eye. I have no word, no symbol which can awaken recognition. But who has not seen heat shaking upward from hot asphalt, shaking upward until the things beyond it wavered and quaked? That is the nearest approach in the material world. Only the thing that I witnessed was colored a cold blue, and it was heavy with the perfume of crushed jasmine flowers.

I stood, muscle locked to muscle by terror.

The centre of the shaft darkened; the air bore upon me as though some external force exerted a tremendous pressure in an effort to render an abstraction concrete: to mold moving unstable elements into something that could be seen — touched.

Suddenly it was done — accomplished. I looked — I saw *her*.

The shock released me, and I got a flare from several matches struck at once. Yellow light bloomed on familiar objects. I got the fire to a lamp wick, then looked again.

The shaft of moonlight was gone. The open doors showed only a deep blue vacant square. Beyond them

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something moved. The lamp light steadied, grew. It warmed the room like fire. It spread over the furniture, making it real again. It fell across Barksdale's bed, dragging my gaze with it. *The bed was empty.*

I got to the piazza just as he disappeared under a wide armed live oak. The Spanish moss fell behind him like a curtain. The place was a hundred yards away. When I reached it, all trace of him had vanished.

I went back to the house, built a rousing fire, lit all the lamps, and stretched myself in a deep chair to wait until morning.

Then! an automobile horn on Ediwander Island. Imagine that! I could not place it at first. It crashed through my sleep like the trump of judgment. It called me up from the abysses into which I had fallen. It infuriated me. It reduced me to tears. Finally it tore me from unutterable bliss, and held me blinking in the high noon, with my silly lamps still burning palely about me.

"You're a hell of a fellow", called Spencer. "Think I've got nothing to do but come to this jungle in summer to nurse you and Barksdale."

He got out of a big muddy machine and strode forward laughing. "Oh, well," he said, "I won't row you. It gave me a chance to try out the new bus. That's why I'm late. Thought I'd motor down. Had a hell of a time getting over the old ferry; but it was worth it to see the niggers when I started up on Ediwander. Some took to trees — one even jumped overboard."

He ended on a hearty burst of laughter. Then he looked at me and broke off short. I remember how his face looked then, close to mine, white and frightened.

"My God, man!" he exclaimed, "what's wrong? You aren't going to die on me, are you?"

"Not today", I told him. "We've got to find Barksdale first."

We could not get a Negro to help us. They greeted Spencer, who had always been popular with them, warmly. They laughed their deep laughter — were just as they had always been with him. Mingo, his old paddler, promised to meet us in half an hour with a gang. They never showed up; and later, when we went to the village to find them, there was not a human being on the premises. Only a pack of curs there that followed us as closely as they dared and hung just out of boot reach, snapping at our heels.

We had to go it alone: a stretch of jungle five miles square, a large part of it accessible only with bush hooks and machettes. We dared not take the time to go to the mainland and gather a party of whites. Barksdale had been gone over twelve hours when we started and he would not last long in his emaciated condition.

The chances were desperately against us. Spencer, though physically a giant, was soft from office life. I was hanging on to consciousness only by a tremendous and deliberate effort. We took food with us, which we ate on our feet during breathing spells, and we fell in our tracks for rest when we could go no farther.

At night, when we were eating under the high, white moon, he told me more of the man for whom we were searching.

"I ought to have written you more fully at the start. You'd have been sorry for him then, not angry with him. He does not suggest Lothario now, but he was desperately in love once.

"She was the most fantastically imaginative creature, quick as light,

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and she played in circles around him. He was never dull in those days. Rather handsome, in the lean Gibson manner; but he was always — well — matter of fact. She had all there was of him the first day, and it was hers to do as she pleased with. Then one morning she saw quite plainly that he would bore her. She had to have someone who could *play*. Barksdale could have died for her, but he could not play. Like that", and Spencer gave a snap of his fingers, "she jugged him. It was at a house party. I was there and saw it. She was the sort of surgeon who believes in amputation and she gave it to Barksdale there without an anæsthetic and with the crowd looking on.

"He changed after that. Wouldn't have anything he couldn't feel, see, smell. He had been wounded by something elusive, intangible. He was still scarred; and he hid behind the defenses of his five good senses. When I met him five years later he had gone in for facts and glass."

He stopped speaking for a moment. The August dark crowded closer, pressing its low, insistent nocturne against our ears. Then he resumed in a musing voice: "Strange the obsession that an imaginative woman can exercise over an unimaginative man. It is the sort of thing that can follow a chap to the grave. Celia's living in Europe now, married — children — but I believe that if she called him today he'd go. She was very beautiful, you know."

"Yes," I replied, "I know. Very tall, blonde, with hair fluffed and shining about her head like a madonna's halo. Odd way of standing, too, with head turned to one side so that she might look at one over her shoulder. Jasmine perfume, heavy, almost druggy."

Spencer was startled: "You've seen her!"

"Yes, here. She came for Barksdale last night. I saw her as plainly as I see you."

"But she's abroad, I tell you."

I turned to Spencer with a sudden resolve: "You've heard the Negroes here talk of Plat-eye?"

He nodded.

"Well, I've got to tell you something whether you believe it or not. Barksdale got in wrong down here. Stole a flask from the graveyard. There's been hell turned loose ever since: fires and singing every night in the village and a lot more. I am sure now what it all meant — conjuring, and Plat-eye, of course, to lead Barksdale away and do him in, at the same time emptying the house so that it could be searched for the flask."

"But Celia; how could they know about her?"

"They didn't. But Barksdale knew. They had only to break him down and let his old obsession call her up. I probably saw her on the reflex from him, but I'll swear she was there."

Spencer was leaning toward me, the moon shining full upon his face. I could see that he believed.

"Thank God you see it", I breathed. "Now you know why we've got to find him soon."

In the hour just before dawn we emerged from the forest at the far side of the island. The moon was low and reached long fingers of pale light through the trees. The east was a swinging nebula of half light and vapor. A flight of immense blue heron broke suddenly into the air before us, hurling the mist back into our faces from their beating wings. Spencer, who was ahead of me, gave a cry and darted forward, disappearing behind a palmetto thicket.

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I grasped my machette and followed.

Our quest had ended. Barksdale lay face downward in the marsh with his head toward the east. His hands flung out before him were already awash in the rising tide.

We dragged him to high ground. He was breathing faintly in spasmodic gasps, and his pulse was a tiny thread of movement under our finger tips. Two saplings and our coats gave us a makeshift litter, and three hours of stumbling, agonizing labor brought us with our burden to the forest's edge.

I waited with him there, while Spencer went for his car and some wraps. When he returned his face was a study.

"Had a devil of a time finding blankets", he told me, as we bundled Barksdale up for the race to town. "House looks as though a tornado had passed through it; everything out on the piazza, and in the front yard."

With what strength I had left I turned toward home. Behind me lay the forest, dark even in the summer noon; before me, the farthest hill, the sparse pines, and the tumble of mounds in the graveyard.

I entered the clearing and looked at the mound from which Barksdale had taken the flask. There it was again. While it had been gone the cavity had filled with water; now this had flooded out when the bottle had been replaced and still glistened grey on the sand, black on the pine needles.

I regained the road and headed for the club.

Up from the fields came the hands, dinner bound; fifteen or twenty of them; the women taking the direct sun indifferently upon their bare heads. Bright field hoes gleamed on shoulders. The hot noon stirred to deep laughter, soft Gullah accents:

"Mornin' Boss — howdy Boss."

They divided and flowed past me, women curtsying, men touching hat brims. On they went; topped the ridge; dropped from view.

Silence, immediate and profound.

BLACK OMEN

By Lew Sarett

OUT of the slanting dusk it came —
The thought too sinister for words;
With wings that flapped against the moon
More darkly swift than any bird's.

As a bat all night above a pond
Shadows the mirrored firmament,
It flecked my tranquil pool of dreams —
And like a bat at dawn, it went.

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A WRITER'S APPRENTICESHIP

By Margaret Kennedy

I CAN just remember the days of good Queen Victoria, for my earliest recollection is of being stood up on the seat of my perambulator in order to see the Prince of Wales as he drove in an open carriage down Queen's Gate. Being a loyal child I tried to curtsy as he passed and promptly fell out of the perambulator. I suppose that is why I remember it so well.

I was born a Londoner and for the first ten years of my life the world consisted of a house, a street, a cautious crossing, and the uncharted immensities of Kensington Gardens. Later on we went to live in the country, first in Kent and then in Cornwall, and I did not come back to the Gardens again until after I was grown up and married. It was quite a shock to discover how small they had grown.

In the Gardens somewhere in the region of the Broad Walk my first play was produced. This piece was never written down, for I could not write, but it was taught orally to my brother and some small cousins and became a sort of traditional game to the children of that generation. It was called "The Rich Man, the Poor Man, and the Bicycle". In general tendency, I am glad to remember, it was relentlessly moral, though a trifle Communist. Honest poverty triumphed over dishonest wealth and the poor man, in the last act, rode off on the bicycle.

In those days I was quite determined to write books when I grew up, and I used to dictate stories and poems to anyone who would write for me. The longest manuscript of this epoch now extant is a desert island story, closely modeled on all the desert island stories known to children, except that the efficient, instructive parents of the Marryat tradition are kept well in the background. "Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very weak, owing to some attacks of the measles, and could not do very much." Their business was simply to applaud the feats of their son Paul, aged ten, who could do everything from building a house to killing a shark with a bradawl, "because he had looked first in the tool chest to make sure that there were two bradawls".

At length, however, my laziness in learning to write became an issue for battle, and I could get nobody to take my dictation. For the first time it occurred to me that this business of writing books might involve a certain amount of hard work. It was easier perhaps to act plays than to write them. I announced my intention of going on the stage.

This decision was greeted by my family with a most disconcerting enthusiasm. It was suggested that I could lose no time in preparing myself for the most exacting of all professions, and I was invited to walk up and down the room with a book on my head for ten minutes every day as a first exercise in carriage and deportment. My diction was criticized whenever I opened my mouth. In despair I came to the conclusion

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that it would after all be simpler and more comfortable to have no career at all.

But a lively ambition, which has always tempered my natural indolence, soon drove me back to pen and paper. All through my childhood I was writing: plays, stories, and poems. I edited the usual family magazine, and bullied my sister and brothers into acting my plays. Before I was twelve years old I think I must have known the full measure of an author's troubles with his cast. I can remember one particular night, when we had reached a complete deadlock. I rushed from the stage to my bedroom and locked myself in, that I might have a good cry. After a little scuffling in the passage a note from one of the rebels was pushed under the door. It said: "All right! I will act the Genii if only you'll let me be the clap of thunder too."

When I was fifteen I took all my savings out of the bank and bought a typewriter. I had planned for years to do this: it seemed to be the first step in a career. The family magazine became legible for the first time in its life, and the rate of output increased. On that machine I typed all my work for the next ten years, including my first three published books. It was a ramshackle, antiquated affair with no modern improvements but I felt quite disloyal when at last, after the publication of "The Constant Nymph", I dispatched it to a jumble sale and bought a wonderful, complicated object with a back space key and a two color ribbon. I never feel half as comfortable with the new one.

To my great disgust I was not allowed to take my typewriter back to school with me, a ban which cost me many tears. I was engaged at the time upon a novel called "Laura", which I later destroyed in a fit of despair. It was my first attempt at a love story, and I believe I thought it very fine at the time. I had just discovered the enchanting technical device of ending all my paragraphs with little dots. . . .

I was greatly harassed meanwhile by the amount of education which was being thrust upon me. I could see no point in it, and made no effort to master any subject that seemed difficult. But like most lazy people I worked like a maniac at the things I liked, especially at English literature. On my first morning at school in a burst of zeal I learned off the whole of Gray's "Elegy". I was very cold, bewildered and miserable, but I can remember quite well the wonderful sense of composure and comfort which these lines seemed to bring to me. It was the first time that I really began to apprehend the meaning and beauty of poetry.

During my school and college days I wrote too much and thought too little. My work was extravagant, romantic, and very faithful to the literary models which I most admired. I had enough critical faculty to be aware of the derivative quality in everything I wrote, and I burned most of my manuscripts as soon as I had finished them. Four novels and three plays shared the fate of "Laura". But, though I saw the fault, I had no inkling of the cure. The riches of the living world all round me were a sealed treasure. I lived in books only. If I rode in a bus or train I sat with my head in the clouds, and never thought of listening to my fellow passengers. In the streets I often bumped into people because I was dreaming, but I never stopped to observe them. All day long I

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wove romances about impossible, unreal characters, and it never occurred to me that the living models were waiting at my elbow. I described people as other books said they were and not as I really saw them, because at that time I never did see them.

But I was still determined to master the craft to which I had pledged myself and on leaving college I undertook a piece of work which left plenty of leisure time for these secret scribblings and burnings. I was commissioned to write a textbook on modern European history, the last of a series. I had taken the subject at Oxford and had it at my fingers' ends, but the task was not easy. The work of arrangement and compression took me two years, and it was during that time that I really began to find my feet in the business of writing fiction. It had begun to dawn on me that the life which I could see with my own eyes was more interesting material for stories than the life I read about in books. The comedy and the pathos of small, daily incidents became for the first time important to me. I began to learn to observe as well as to describe. And almost immediately I discovered that most of my frantic efforts after "style" had been misdirected. Technical difficulties which had tortured me for years began to assume their proper proportions. I had no sooner found something to say than the right way of saying it seemed to develop naturally. It was only when I had failed to imagine my story truly that the difficulties of writing came crowding back on me.

My history book was published in 1922 and by that time I was deeply absorbed in "The Ladies of Lyndon", my first real novel. The idea had come to me at a children's party where it had been my lot to amuse a little boy who was too backward mentally to care for the games which the others were playing. He chose to play the gramophone, and I discovered that he had an extraordinary aptitude for music. He could sing any air in perfect time and tune after hearing it through once, though he was barely four years old. Yet he was set down by all his family as being little better than an idiot. I fell to speculating upon the future of such a child, the possible development of his genius, and the astonishment of his contemptuous relations. The situation might be full of comedy. And on this theme I wrote my story. When it was finished I felt for the first time that I had written something which need not be burned. I sent it to an agent, with small hope of ever seeing it in print, and on the same day I began another novel, "The Constant Nymph". This had been burning holes in my brain ever since my first visit to the Tyrol, in the preceding spring. I had seen a place on a mountain, at the end of a long, lonely valley, where I wanted to build a house. I thought that I would write a story of people who did build a house there. And all at once I saw the Sangers — a large, unruly family who lived on that mountain until their father died and strange people came and took them away.

I was deep in the first chapters of their story when a letter came from the agent to say that he had placed "The Ladies of Lyndon" with a publisher who was very anxious to see me. In a transport of excitement I caught the next train to London, bought a new hat, and presented myself at Messrs. Heinemann's office in Bedford Street. The memory of that interview, and of my own dumb shy-

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ness, makes me laugh very much now.

"The Ladies of Lyndon" was published in the autumn of 1923 and for me that publication realized an ambition which I had cherished for more than twenty years. Nobody bought the book and few reviewers praised it, but these little matters could scarcely daunt me. From early childhood I had wanted to write a "story" and now, in what seemed to be my extreme old age, I had actually done it. The success of my second novel and of the play written round it has been very enjoyable. But I have never walked on air again, as I did on that November day in 1923. These moments do not come twice.

THREE UNKNOWN LYRICS BY HEINRICH HEINE

(Recently discovered among the papers of one of Heine's contemporaries by Dr. Schade of Berlin. The unrhymed line in the second poem is a peculiar touch.)

Translated by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

I

COME, all thy sorrows bringing,
Thou golden night and cool,
When mirth and joy are ringing,
The heart is all too full.

It is when we are lonely
That we are least alone,
And heaven and earth then only
Open and are our own.

II

I FOUND a flower-like maiden,
With golden locks a-blowing.
I said — O blossom glowing,
Wilt thou not be mine own?

But she breathed: All blossoms flower
So that our eyes enjoy them,
Not that our hands destroy them —
You must know that, my Sir Poet —

III

IN every street I hear it,
The song I made for you,
The bloom is off my love song,
And off my loving too.

It is the fate of poets
To give unto every man,
And so they resemble each other
Poet and courtezan.

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SOME POETS ARE SHORN NOT PAID

Anonymous

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The anonymous writer of this article is fairly well known as an editor of a prominent periodical, a contributor of light verse, etc., to various magazines and newspapers, and has one volume to his credit. He has also been guilty of writing one revue and many lyrics for musical comedies, although his name apparently was quite unknown to the firm of publishers to whom he refers in his article.*

BARNUM said there was one born every minute, and although it is many years since his famous pronunciamento was uttered, I am inclined to believe the output still keeps up. It must, or there couldn't be so many publishers ready to "take a chance" with unknown poets. Some time ago one of these philanthropic souls carried on a most illuminating correspondence with me displaying such a sublime faith in human credulity that I think it my duty to give it to a palpitating world. For obvious reasons I am omitting both the name of the firm and my own.

It all began with a little poem of mine which appeared in a well known monthly. It was a harmless enough thing, and Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Untermeyer, F. P. A., and Frost have often written better. But somehow or other some subtle inner quality it possessed, unknown to me, caught the fancy of this particular firm of publishers and they wrote this enticing little note to me:

DEAR SIR:

We have been impressed by a poem from your pen in . . . , which leads us to suggest the possibility of our bringing out a volume of yours if you have sufficient available material at hand.

If you have nothing at hand at the present time to submit to us, and are not likely to have anything available in the near future, will you not kindly advise us to that effect, so that we may dismiss such a possibility from our immediate plans? Hoping, however, that your reply need not be in the negative,

Very truly yours,

Appreciating the astuteness of publishers who could thus discern the genuine afflatus, I sent off with almost unseemly haste a batch of my collections and in the note accompanying my delicate offerings I inserted a query or two regarding the — er — terms upon which my mental buds might be made to bloom, so to speak. In a few days the following found its way to my desk:

DEAR SIR:

Reverting to the manuscript of verse, let us say in response to your inquiry concerning terms that we should not be in a position to speak definitely without having your manuscript in hand. We wrote only on the strength of one or two contributions from your pen which we had seen, and we should naturally not like to commit ourselves in any way previous to an examination of your complete or available material. As to our noncommittal attitude at this juncture, let us explain a little further.

It not infrequently happens that we have submitted to us and examine with satisfaction manuscripts which are obviously good enough to be published, and wholly worthy, in fact, of being issued in book form. Sometimes, however, the material which we are most interested in personally, and which is most deserving, it may be, of book publication, is not such that, for one reason or another, we think (whether mistaken or not) the public will appreciate enough to buy to a sufficient extent to make the financial risk of publication wholly justifiable. At times we are certain that a book will go; sometimes we are doubtful about it; and again, at other

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times, we may question whether the material under consideration is likely fully to recover its initial expense, — and this doubt may not be due at all to any fault of the manuscript itself; it then becomes a problem of marketability, — not entirely one of merit pure and simple, but partly one of popular demand.

Your work as a whole, in other words, may have elements in it that, in our judgment, may make a strong appeal to the public; or it may seem to us that it has qualities that will make only a moderate, which is to say somewhat uncertain, appeal, — and our attitude toward publication would depend upon our final well considered estimate of these matters. To what extent, therefore, we should feel financially warranted in undertaking publication it would be unwise for us to attempt to decide in advance, for we have no desire to appear either contradictory or arbitrary in our final attitude.

We do not see how we can express ourselves more explicitly in the absence of a complete manuscript on which to base an exact and final judgment; but pretty shortly after its receipt we should endeavor to report to you fully concerning it. We hope, therefore, that it may be forwarded for our early consideration.

Very truly yours,

After a few days of some intensely watchful waiting I received what at first appeared to be an unduly lengthy letter, but when I found that most of its contents dealt with my own super-poetic genius, which I am free to confess I had not adequately valued until this letter convinced me of its existence, I ceased to marvel at the bulk of the epistle. It has always been my intention to have this letter framed and hung in my living room in case any doubts ever occurred to me concerning my poetic gifts. Well, here is the letter and please forgive my blushes:

DEAR SIR:

Your manuscript, which seems as yet to be without a title, has now had our thoughtful examination and consideration. We appreciate the varied and spontaneous character of your verse, and are glad to be able to report that we consider it distinctly good and well worth while. The richness of imagination that underlies many of the poems, the genuine poetic feeling that lies back of all of them, the subtle sense of rhyme and rhythm that marks them, the keenness of poetic insight and interpretation that finds expression therein, — all of these are characteristics of the manuscript as a whole of which we are by no means insensible. Your sense of humor, too, is one of the qualities of your work which we have enjoyed.

Speaking thus appreciatively of these qualities of your verse, we should virtually be contradicting ourselves if we did not give them as great weight as possible in forming our judgment as to the commercial availability of the manuscript through its likelihood, in our opinion, of making adequate demand on, or appeal to, public attention; but when we come to this aspect of the case, some other considerations we have found creeping into our determination of the matter aside from the distinguishing qualities of the verse itself. While appreciating the excellencies of your poems, therefore, and we do not mean to minimize them in any way, the problem which we face at the crucial point of decision is a difficult one, and the solution not one, so we find, which can with reference to your particular manuscript be readily put into a brief word of acceptance or declination. We have been puzzling over the practical question, not yet solved to our satisfaction, of probable sale, for in facing this constantly recurring question we find ourselves upon less certain ground with continued experience.

One fact, for instance, among many that all publishers must consider in connection with any manuscript is the prominence of the author as a writer of more than local reputation or of previous successful books. If one has already written well known and successful books of prose or verse, the author's name then forms a peg, as it were, by which a subsequent volume of poems can be hung upon public attention. There are almost exact mathematical formulæ that can be employed in the case of a volume by an author whose books have an already tested market, whereby it can be determined pretty accurately in advance what each new volume from his pen will accomplish both for the author and his publishers. But when it comes to a manuscript, even though promising because of its intrinsic merit, written by one who is not generally known as an author to the bookbuying public, the lack of a "card of introduction", so to speak, must be met by increased persistency and effort on the part of his publishers in "introducing" him, without the possibility on their part of previously determining what the extent and cordiality of the reception accorded his work will be. We realize the burden that in some degree rests upon us in having initiated this correspondence, but we trust you will consider

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us at liberty to write you as freely after due consideration as if the initiative had been yours. It is a bit embarrassing, in one way, thus to have introduced ourselves, because we now feel that we ought to play the part of host, and it may seem rather ungracious in us not to act a little differently from what we might otherwise be expected to do. However, we wrote you and you kindly submitted your manuscript, and in reaching a decision we have had to come to the parting of the ways.

Your volume, it is obvious to us, will make its special appeal because it expresses the individuality of mind and the point of view of the poet behind it; and there is, after all, no way by which the strength of that appeal can be tested except by the publication of the book in thoroughly presentable form and over an imprint standing for both serious and excellent literature. Until a market has been established through and for this volume, it is hard to tell just where your poetic work financially stands in relation to the public, and that "standing" is something that any publishing house which wishes to continue in business has to consider concerning its authors. No publisher has yet been born who has an infallible judgment in determining how generously or magnanimously the public will treat any particular book.

We have thus expressed our mind rather freely, so that you could the better appreciate the conservative point of view which we have found ourselves assuming toward your own manuscript. We do like, however, to keep our list as broadly representative as we can, and do not wish you to infer from what we have been saying that we want politely to decline your manuscript. If we did, we could be much briefer about it! But for the reasons mentioned, and without foreseeing the sales possibilities more certainly, we naturally hesitate. The only difficulty, we reluctantly admit, is the financial one.

We are prepared, however, to go ahead with publication if we can join financial forces to that end, each of us taking a share of the proceeds of sale approximately in proportion to our respective contributions to the expense of publication. If, however, under the circumstances as outlined, you care to have us consider undertaking publication solely out of our own capital, we do not see, all things considered, how we shall be able to meet your expectations. If, on the other hand, without committing yourself to it in any way, you might be seriously interested in joining us in some well defined and equitable cooperative plan, we should try to work one out for your consideration.

We need hardly say, in closing, that the demonstrated success of the proposed volume would place at your command a market for a second book either of verse or prose, — and hence a publisher also; for publishers always welcome the authors of successful books. By virtue of our present proposal, if acceptable to you, we should, as the publishers of the manuscript in hand, naturally hope to have the first opportunity of arranging with you for your next (if such there might be), — although a generous success with the present book would doubtless bring proposals for the publication of a subsequent one from some of our enterprising contemporaries. But until then you will find that all publishing houses share our conservatism toward first books, for the reputation of the writer as an author (which might otherwise serve, in effect, as capital contributed toward the undertaking) is yet to be developed and demonstrated. We will gladly give our best efforts to this end; but, after all, this initial undertaking must needs be a mutual one, for in the absence of "reputation capital" on your side we do not see how we can, alone, furnish all the "sinews of war". The successful prosecution of this enterprise will redound to your credit (both financial and otherwise) no less than to ours, and more fully so than on a royalty basis, as we shall explain if you care to have us pursue the subject further and outline the cooperative plan we have in mind.

Very truly yours,

I replied to this letter with becoming modesty and again ventured to ask one or two words about the terms upon which the book was to be published. This apparently was a great mistake on my part, because instead of receiving a very flattering offer in view of the preceding letter I received a lengthy dissertation on publishers' finance in which I was asked to contribute two thirds of the cost of the publication. You will see by the letter below that they couched their request in Chesterfieldian terms:

DEAR SIR:

Permit us now to write you at some length as to the suggested publication plan for your book.

We wish to make a goodlooking volume, dignified in appearance, thoroughly well bound, printed on a good quality of paper and in general makeup presenting an appearance that will be as creditable to our list as anything that we issue this year. The best presswork in the world can be spoiled by poor paper, or the best paper can

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be ruined by poor presswork; or a book thoroughly presentable in contents can be unwarrantedly cheapened by a binding cloth of inferior grade. We by no means assert that we are manufacturing the book as cheaply as it can be made. We believe that books that are worth publishing are worth publishing in a style that requires no apology. We have an enviable reputation for the quality and appearance of our books, and we cannot afford to jeopardize this by exceptions, for we do not believe the misunderstood maxim that "the exception proves the rule". The exception always does the reverse, as the original meaning of the word "prove" in the sense of "test" or "strain" implies. In the same way, we do not want to strain or weaken our reputation by unduly cutting expenses on manufacture. Perhaps these preliminary remarks are quite unnecessary, but we thought it not inadvisable to make them so that our plans and purposes regarding the book and its appearance would be fully understood.

On a careful estimate, therefore, we figure that the cost of publication of your book will be $417. We would agree that you have a two thirds interest in the book, for which we should need to rely upon you to pay the sum of $278. Under such an agreement we would keep a separate, careful and accurate account of the income exactly to a cent from the sale of your volume, and credit your account with 55% of the proceeds from all copies sold, while we should retain the remaining 45% as our share. Of this 45% of the proceeds, something like 27% would help to balance our strictly proprietary interest in the publication, the other 6% on our side (the difference between 33⅓% and 27%) and the 12% on your part (the difference between your 66⅔% interest and 55% of the proceeds of sale) going to meet the general expenses of handling, marketing and pushing the book to which reference was made in the early part of this letter, — incidental expenses of publication that are directly dependent upon the extent of the book's sales distribution, and expenses, therefore, which cannot in any way be determined in advance. The percentage for these expenses is necessarily approximate; it is probably between 20 and 25% rather than below 20% of the gross proceeds; but whatever these expenses may be, we must take care of them wholly out of our 45%. The only fair way seems to be to let an equitable portion of the sales proceeds (which also depend upon the extent of distribution) thus provide for this minor expense. We should strike off from the presses one thousand copies as the first edition.

The joint ownership of yourself and this company, if for any reason it were ever desired by you to terminate it, could be dissolved by means of a provision in the contract which would reserve to you the right to purchase at $139 the one third interest belonging to this company, whereupon you would become the absolute (instead of the two thirds) owner of the entire existing tangible property connected with the book, together with the copyright, — this copyright remaining in the name of the company, if you please, until this one third interest of the company was finally purchased by you if you ever cared to do so. We think it only fair and just to you to put the provision into the contract that you have this right to purchase, since you, as the larger owner in the property from the beginning, ought to have the right, upon occasion, to become the sole owner rather than ourselves.

It is perfectly obvious that if the book has a good or excellent sale, you will derive therefrom the chief advantage and profit, — far more than if the volume were issued by us on a small royalty basis, which would amount to only a shred of what properly belongs to you in the event of a large sale, — and of this greater return to you we should be glad, not envious, because you took more of the initial risk than did we. And so if your faith is justified of your works, we shall rejoice with you. Suppose your book was published on an apparent royalty basis: it would almost certainly be with the first edition or a large portion of it exempt from royalty, so that you would receive nothing at all by way of return until the publisher had recovered all of his money and perhaps a substantial sum beside; and on subsequent editions, where the profits (to some one) become liberal, you would receive a royalty, say of 10%, getting a few cents per copy only, whereas under the plan proposed you would receive the larger part of the profit on each copy sold from the second or any later edition, which would amount to several times the royalty referred to, being the actual share of the expense of publication. And even while that expense is being recovered through sale of the necessary part of the first edition, you are taking your fully proportionate share of the sales producing that recovery. Your share of the proceeds, in other words, begins with the first volume sold, no sold copies whatever being exempt. The first publication expense once recovered, therefore, all books sold thereafter will net you, as we have said, several times what a ten per cent royalty would amount to. Our point is, therefore, that if the book goes up to that sale which would bring you anything at all worth while on a royalty basis, it will bring you much more under the plan proposed.

If then, to conclude, your book is commercially worth publishing, — that is, if it is to have remunerative sale, — it is worth

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publishing, so far as you are concerned, on the terms suggested; for in the event of such remunerative sale we profit far less from it than if we issued it on royalty, — and so we would not outline this plan of publication at all for a book about which we felt wholly sure as to the sale. Yours is the benefit of our doubt, in that case, for you reap the reward and we pay the penalty of our timidity in not making a royalty arrangement. And publishers have been more than once proved unwarranted cowards!

And finally, owing to the uncertainty of the market on several of the materials used in book manufacturing, we are obliged to stipulate that the terms above quoted cannot be held open indefinitely. Prices everywhere are subject to change without notice, and no dealer will protect us for more than a very short time. Indeed, prices are jumping anywhere from ten to fifty per cent over night. Manufacturers are constantly experimenting to find substitutes for the foreign materials which have caused this uncertainty, and it seems reasonable to expect that before long they will succeed and the market will settle down to a normal state again. Lacking definite knowledge, however, you will appreciate that if it is not convenient for you to come to a decision very promptly indeed, we need to reserve the right to revise our figures if at that time conditions should make it necessary for us to do so. The contingency is remote, but it seems wisest to provide for it.

Very truly yours,

What could be fairer than that? If ever the slightest qualm as to the philanthropic intentions of these publishers had crossed my mental horizon, their offer to let me become sole possessor of the whole book for an additional $139 swept it away. But I am ashamed to confess that my own lack of the generous spirit that characterized their offer prevented me from dashing off an acceptance of their terms and I replied, with tears between the lines, that I could not see my way clear to help pay for the publication of a book even if it *was* my own. Alas! that brought matters to a close rather speedily and I discovered that unless I shared in the enterprise they did not feel inclined to assume all the risks of publication even though my poems did possess all the lovely qualities they had so admired (see letter three). It was a great blow to my vanity to learn that anyone could hold doubts as to the success of a volume of verse by me, but on peeping into matters a little I found out that there are quite a few publishers(!) who are willing to issue books by anybody on anything provided the authors will share in the —er — initial costs, I think they call them. Judging by the number of gentlemen in this line of business and the number of books that they get out each year I am inclined to reecho Barnum's favorite epigram.

RELEASE

By Arthur Mason

IF gold makes for happiness,
Then ebb tide float me out beyond the bar:
Ring your market bells!
Sell your slaughter!
Better the driftweed with its glint of love
From a lone star.

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THE FIGHT AGAINST EVOLUTION

By Woodbridge Riley

THE public may feel that the fight against evolution is not a serious thing. It remembers the Scopes trial and looks back upon it as a sort of country circus, a thing to be laughed at but not really serious. The public is mistaken. It is "a challenging situation", to use the words of the Science League of America. This organization in a recent address "To All Friends of Scientific Freedom" has pointed out that encroachments on the freedom of teaching and learning in our tax supported schools, colleges, and state universities have been steadily spreading throughout the republic. The revival of this anti-scientific attitude has been marked since the Florida legislature, in 1923, passed a unanimous resolution declaring it "contrary to public welfare for teachers paid by taxation to teach as a fact any hypothesis that links man in blood relationship with any lower form of life". In the same year a member of the Oklahoma legislature introduced a similar bill in the form of a rider to the textbook appropriation, which passed by a vote of 82 to 2. It was later repealed, but its reenforcement is now being urged. A month later (March, 1923), the Texas House of Representatives decreed by a vote of 66 to 34 that "this most damnable doctrine of evolution" should be banished from the schools and colleges of the state. During 1926 the Texas State Textbook Commission caused to be deleted from all school books any mention of the dread word "evolution" — an action already taken in Kentucky, where an anti-evolution bill failed of passage by only one vote, in Florida, and subsequently in Louisiana.

This is only a sample of what is being done by the Fundamentalists. How their campaign is waged is shown by the case of the pivotal state of North Carolina, where last year one hundred anti-evolution orators were turned loose with a view to the defeat of all candidates for the legislature who were in favor of freedom of teaching — that is, who would not accept the Book of Genesis as a literal scientific statement of the origin of the earth, and of man. This same form of intimidation is being employed throughout the nation.

But this is not all. The Science League goes on to say that even now the teaching of evolution is forbidden in approximately two thirds of the rural districts of the Union. Science books have been publicly burned in New Jersey, Kentucky, Kansas, and Mississippi. Natural history museums and government scientific departments have been attacked by Fundamentalist agitators. In California, by a ruling of the State Board of Education, evolution may not be taught in the high schools as an actual process of nature, but "merely as a theory" — "theory" meaning, to the Fundamentalist, "a guess".

The program for this year on the part of the opponents of science is most ambitious. Anti-evolution bills are scheduled for at least a dozen states, most of them south of the Mason and

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Dixon line. As the highest goal of effort a federal anti-evolution amendment is one of the avowed purposes of the two most important Fundamentalist organizations — the Supreme Kingdom and the Bible Crusaders. This is extremely ominous. In the old days, when Darwinism first came to the country, its arguments were met with considerable dignity and ability. At the present moment it would seem that bad manners characterize the attacks of the enemies of evolution. Thus those who have stood up for the teaching of the doctrine of transformism have been called "poison preachers and professors, criminals in school and church, teaching blasphemous, Bible-undermining, God-denying, Christ-cursing, faith-robbing evolution".

But now the tide has turned. Vituperation has not awakened those who were more or less asleep to the situation, but legislation has aroused them. To think that laws could be passed which would forbid looking on both sides of the question has seemed incredible to this generation. Nevertheless, not only state after state has ruled against an established, scientific doctrine, but there have also been arbitrary rulings by individuals — state superintendents of education, county, district, and city officials who by a stroke of the pen can prohibit the use of this or that textbook.

All this threatens to touch the pocket nerve of the professors and they have at last been galvanized into action. They have too long been anchored in the stream of time, but now, with the turning of the tide, they have been wondering what was the matter. The Christmas meeting of the American Association of University Professors was notable for the fact that it had one absolutely exciting session. An hour was to be devoted to the subject of academic freedom of teaching. It extended to nearly three hours, and the rumor of the excitement, through the kindly offices of the Associated Press, was spread over the country. After much discussion, in which teachers of evolution in various states told of the perils which threatened them, two resolutions were passed. The first was that the Association "take the initiative in bringing about a more effective cooperation between all groups or organizations interested in opposing legislative restriction on freedom of teaching in State supported institutions and in defending the principle of the separation of Church and State in educational matters". The second resolution was "That when some similar organization is formed it should investigate the legality of the action of the Texas State Textbook Commission which has removed all mention of evolution from textbooks in State supported schools."

This body suggested above is as yet in a process of formation and there is need that it should be thoroughly organized and well supported by those who believe in the doctrines of academic freedom and liberty of philosophizing. But the battle is going to be a hard one. It is possible that the leaders in the anti-evolution movement cannot be disposed of intellectually. The old guard dies, it never surrenders. However, it seems possible to go over the heads of the leaders and to appeal to the rank and file. It cannot be that those who attend our free institutions shall not be free to study any set of facts or any set of theories which are brought forward by scholars. Indeed, the more adventurous among our students are showing themselves especially anxious to obtain that which is forbidden. They may be taught that Adam was the first man, but they also

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have the spirit of Adam and that is curiosity. Texas was one of the earliest states to prohibit evolution, but as in the case of prohibited articles a kind of academic bootlegging has taken place. When the innocuous word "development" has been substituted for the dreadful word "evolution" the students have been perfectly aware of the subterfuge. One curious result has been that some of these students have left the Lone Star State and made a pilgrimage to the University of Chicago where Scopes, the martyr of Tennessee, is now carrying on his studies.

To return a moment to the Scopes trial, this has not reached its final issue as many imagine. The particular fine which was imposed upon the Tennessee teacher was recently quashed on a technicality. That was a mere subterfuge and the liberals of Tennessee have not given up hope, since this recent decision will be immediately appealed to the United States Supreme Court. This is as it should be, for the history of Tennessee is anything but one of timidity.

Yet a larger issue than that of the fate of one individual is at stake. This issue is that we should follow our traditional policy in keeping separate the functions of state and church. As Charles Evans Hughes has summed the matter up: "To control curricula in our public schools and State universities in the interest of a reasonable arrangement of courses of study in order to aid the acquisition of knowledge is one thing; to attempt to control public instruction in the interest of any religious creed or dogma is quite another. If we are true to the ideal of religious liberty the power of government is not to be used to propagate religious doctrines or to interfere with the liberty of the citizen in order to maintain religious doctrines."

So much for the present situation with its two aspects, the accomplishments of the obscurantists and the aspirations of the liberalists. In order to bring out the contrast between the two points of view, a short historical sketch of the history of evolution in America is in order.

Historically there are three main views of evolution: the supernatural, the partially natural, and the purely natural. The chief supernatural view in the public mind is that presented by the Book of Genesis, commonly called the Mosaic account. This account is, in a word, the doctrine of special creation. Animals are created "after their kind" and species are fixed for all time. Here there are two schools of interpretation. The literalists say that there were six days of Creation. The allegorical interpreters claim that these six days were geological ages. This interpretation was really an attempt to reconcile Genesis and geology. It may be simply disposed of by asking this question: If the six days of Creation were six geological ages, how old was Methuselah?

Next is the Platonic account of creation or rather of the coming into being of all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth. This scheme is based on the belief in archetypes or heavenly ideas which are to unfold in ectypes or earthly copies, much as a small image would represent a perfect statue by Praxiteles. Or, taking a living being, the human form may be considered as the human form divine, being patterned after a celestial model.

A development on the Platonic conception is that of Aristotle. Forms which were heavenly are now brought to earth. Instead of white celestial thoughts there are terrestrial and more or less imperfect examples of the divine ideas. If order is heaven's first law,

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some order may be found in the lower realms, in the various stages of created beings — mineral, vegetable, animal, up to man the noblest of the animals, the worshiping animal. These betoken a wise Creator and an orderly universe.

All this leads to the next step, the partially naturalistic view. It is a combination of the rational and the revealed, the opinions of Aristotle, the naturalist, being added to the Genesis account. Here, according to an American representative, there were three factors: special creation, permanence of species, and cataclysmic destruction. In other words, that which the Almighty had been pleased to create remained fixed until it was His good pleasure to destroy.

Next this semi-supernatural view led to a variety of natural explanations which sprang up in the century preceding Darwin. A number of substitutions were made. In place of special creation there was put spontaneous generation; in place of permanence of species, mutability; in place of cataclysmic destruction, marked by "platforms of death", there was substituted the simple process of degradation through disuse. The contrast between these views is marked. The old view held that species were adapted by the Creator to fit their environment. The new view held that if species were created, they were created to be adaptable. At this point arose the most formidable competitor of Darwin. It was Lamarck who taught that the origin of variations came from the factors of use and disuse, of food, of climate, and especially of the effort of the individual. This French view, enunciated fifty eight years before Darwin's "Origin of Species", was the one derided by William Jennings Bryan, who with his heavy irony spoke of the snake which, feeling some warts on his belly, made an effort to walk on them and thereby obtained legs.

Finally, as the most famous advocate comes Charles Darwin himself, who presents a pure naturalism unsullied by the fantastic, the scheme of natural selection with its familiar accompaniments, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

With all these conflicting views which at various times have gone under the name of evolution, it is no wonder that the public has been confused. As a brief chapter in the history of the evolution of the doctrine of evolution, we may cite certain American representatives of these various views. The Mosaic account was revived in an allegorical fashion by President Hitchcock of Amherst in his book entitled "Religion and Geology". Here he accepts the theory that the six days of creation were but six continuous pictures that were made to pass before the vision of Moses, as if the instrument of inspiration were a kind of cosmic kinetoscope.

The Platonic view, being more or less pagan and also highly difficult, had but few American adherents. One example, however, was Job Durfee of Providence, Rhode Island, who in his "Pan-Idea" expounded a grand scheme of cosmic unfolding of celestial patterns. The Aristotelian view attracted more adherents in America. Thus in early Colonial days Cotton Mather wrote his "Christian Philosopher" in which he grows enthusiastic over such things as "the nice provisions of nature in the vegetable world" and bases his whole argument on the plastic capacities of nature as governed by an all wise Agent.

Coming to the natural view, there is a forgotten but extraordinary book written by an early Princetonian, Stanhope Smith, who in 1787 published

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a notable "Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species". Therein he virtually accepted the Lamarckian principle of the origin of variations from the factors of use and disuse, food, climate, and the effort of the individual. The interesting point in this work is that the author tries to explain the genesis of the American type in spite of a foreign ancestry; it may be English, German, Swedish, or French. He claims that in proportion as the citizens of the states approach the vicinity of the alien tribes, and are under a similar situation in regard to food and climate, they approach the physiognomy and figure of the Indians; hence the typical pioneer. Of the purely naturalistic writers who do not strain the argument we may cite, in conclusion, the name of William Charles Wells, who has been immortalized by being favorably spoken of by Charles Darwin in his "Historical Sketch" of his forerunners.

With this noble army of thinkers who step by step prepared the way for the scientific outlook, it is regrettable that a genuine theory of transformism did not win the day in America. An intruding and disturbing cause arose in the person of Louis Agassiz whose antagonism to Darwinism was so pronounced that he is still considered one of the apostles of Fundamentalism. The views of Agassiz were, briefly, the beliefs in fixity of type. As he expressed it later, species are to be considered as primordial forms, divine ideas which from time to time are released from the divine Mind and become embodied in various species of animals and men. Very curiously, these imported ideas had already been promulgated by Samuel Morton, the Philadelphia craniologist whose "Types of Mankind" contained an introduction by Agassiz himself.

However, the whirligig of time had its revenge. Agassiz's pupils who were brought up on the principle of a fixed type surrendered in a body to Darwinism. This was largely because they found their leader's immutable classifications constantly changing. Moreover, the geology of America was contrary to the Genesis account, and the plans of the Creator as portrayed by the school of Agassiz were found to have gone wrong when, for example, the Connecticut valley yielded up its fossil lithographs. One example will suffice. The archæopteryx left an imprint of its existence as both reptile and bird. This incredible creature had teeth in its jaws which no self respecting bird now possesses. In addition it had a distinct finger on its wing and a tail with vertebræ.

Of all the early advocates of Darwinism, Asa Gray of Harvard was perhaps the most conspicuous. Darwin himself refers to him as the one who best understood his system, and in fact Gray was bold enough to accept those implications of "The Origin of Species" which resulted in that disturbing volume, "The Descent of Man". Gray was not afraid of the hypothesis "that links man in blood relationship with any lower form of life". Indeed he declared that there may be a closer association of our ancestors of olden time with "our poor relations of the quadrumanous family" than we like to acknowledge. In all this there was no conflict between science and religion, for Gray was of a religious temperament and found it possible to say that "the whole argument in natural theology for a final cause, say in the structure of the hand, is just as good on the supposition of the descent of men from chimpanzees and gorillas as it would have been in the case of the first man supernaturally created."

So much for the early days of evolu-

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tion in America. Finally there came the rise of a genuine evolution in the modern sense, a transformism of one species into another and all through the workings of natural causes. Thus there arose the acceptance of Darwinism, reenforced by Spencer's "First Principles" and broadcast by the old "Popular Science Monthly" until, in the language of Henry Fairfield Osborn, "no living naturalist", so far as he knows, "differs as to the immutable truth of evolution in the sense of the continuous fitness of plants and animals to their environment, and the ascent of all the extinct and existing forms of life, including man, from an original and single cellular state."

There was, of course, through all this period of some threescore years a current of opposition on the part of literal Bible readers and of those who confused evolution as a guess with evolution as a successful working hypothesis, as well established as any other vast generalization like Newton's laws of gravity. But with the second decade of this century a new and ominous symptom appeared. For the first time in history, a question of science was submitted for decision to the uninformed and prejudiced masses or what Nicholas Murray Butler bluntly calls the intellectually unfit. Here arose the use of adverse legislation and the aid of political power to prevent the teaching of evolution in school and college. Some have said that the present agitation will some day be looked at with as much amusement as we now look back on the Holy Inquisition and the treatment of Copernicus, Galileo, and Giordano Bruno, burned at the stake. But the last laugh is still some time off, and this generation fighting a revived mediævalism has as much of a task before it as did the men of the Renaissance and the Reformation. The advocates of obscurantism are well organized and well financed. But while the liberals, especially the academic liberals, have been looking on with an amused contempt, many teachers have lost their positions, some branded as criminals; and the end is not yet.

Since Oklahoma started the agitation in 1923, campaigns have been inaugurated in nearly twoscore states from Arkansas to Mississippi and from New Hampshire to Oregon, the most conspicuous state being Tennessee, where the Scopes trial showed what united effort could do when backed by ill informed public opinion in branding a teacher as a felon. In all this both the aims and the misconceptions of these legislative activities are shown by certain phrases. Thus Oklahoma was the first state to outlaw evolution with a clause in the free textbook law of 1923 providing that the public schools shall not use any book teaching a "materialistic conception of history, that is, the Darwin theory of creation versus the Bible theory of creation". This last was repealed by the 1925 session of the legislature. Again in Georgia the Board of Education of Atlanta condemned the teaching of evolution in the public schools and called for an investigating committee to report the names of "guilty" teachers so that the Board might take "proper action". Such a "guilty" teacher was Dr. Henry Fox, professor of Mercer University, who was forced to resign his professorship. It was in Georgia also that the legislature held up an appropriation for the maintenance of a state library on the avowed ground that books on evolution might be found there. A similar atmosphere of dread and suspicion was evinced in Texas where the Board of Regents of the State University has ordained that "no Infidel, Atheist, or

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Agnostic shall be employed in any capacity in the University of Texas."

Episodes like these might tempt one to refer to the south as America's educational black belt. But here is a statement that, while sounding like Texas, actually hails from Indiana. Said the Reverend Mr. Bulgin of Indianapolis, "Unbelief is a bigger sin than murder or horse stealing." But for abysmal absurdity take this generalization from "The Golden Age", organ of the late Pastor Russell of Chicago: "The physical strength of a healthy ape is three times that of a human being, and the mental strength three times that of an evolutionist."

At this point some might jump to the conclusion that the clergy are the chief advocates of anti-evolutionism. This is not so. The statements of the theological obscurantists can be countered by the statements of the theological liberals. Here are two typical opinions taken from a list of statements made by two dozen religious leaders. Thus C. B. Wilver, professor of practical theology, University of the South, Sewanee, declares, "It is for scientists and not for civil legislatures to say what is science; just as it is for mathematicians and not for politicians to say what is mathematical truth." In like fashion, the Reverend Carter Helm Jones, Second Baptist Church, Atlanta, Georgia, declares, "I am thoroughly opposed to all legislative enactments that would limit either the investigation, study or instruction in truth in whatever realm it may be found."

Here a distinction must be made. It would seem that statements like the above would carry conviction and carry the day. But this fact remains: the liberal clergy are not organized while the ultra conservatives are. The latter have arrayed themselves in at least four organizations — the Bible Crusaders, the Bryan Bible League, the Supreme Kingdom, and the World's Christian Fundamental Association. The last is the most inclusive and the most powerful. Its head is the Reverend W. B. Riley to whose peculiar form of thought has been given the name of "Rileyism". To this advocate of the archaic space has been allotted in "The Theistic Monthly" of February, published in St. Paul, Minnesota. Dr. Riley sums up his program in six points: That the proposed anti-evolution law does not involve a combination of church and state; that the logical product of evolution is irreligion and even atheism; that evolution is in the textbooks taught in the schools and University of Minnesota; that evolution blasts away the foundations of civilization; that legislation against the theory is not contrary to the principles of the Constitution; that it is the duty of every patriotic citizen to do all he can to make it unlawful to teach evolution in the tax supported schools of our great state. Out of these points we will select for discussion only what the speaker says concerning evolution. The doctrine evidently terrifies him. He is astonished that children in the Minnesota schools are informed that man is one of the animals, one of the textbooks actually stating that man is a tool making animal to be classified with the lemurs, monkeys, and apes because he is a mammal with nails. Another statement that he considers most dangerous is a comparison made between the skeletons of lemur, gorilla, and man and all with the purpose of showing that they resemble one another. This textbook, the "Elementary Biology" of Gruenberg, he informs us has been abolished under direction of state officials in Florida. A certain modern history is also condemned for teaching that cave men were human

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beings with brains like ours and some primitive civilization. As to the cave men's skulls, bones, and relics, he claims that there is absolutely no evidence that these professed discoveries are genuine. Another "dangerous book" is Phillips's "Elementary Psychology" with its "putrid" statements regarding sexual selection. Other books on this index expurgatorius are not only Darwin's "Origin of Species" but Wells's "Outline of History", Thomson's "Outline of Science", and Van Loon's "Story of Mankind", the Wells and Van Loon being declared the "wildest and most irreligious of productions". As to all these books and their use in the public schools, the speaker asks this question: "What right has an intellectual oligarchy now in the control of the schools of America to dominate twenty-five millions of school children and appropriate two billions of dollars a year against the wishes of the great middle classes that pay the bills?"

This may appear a mere rhetorical question to the alleged dangerous oligarchy of American teachers. But the question is really a serious one. As the Science League reports the matter, the most widely circulated denominational journal in the United States recently declared that "It is not for a group of educators to decide what they wish to teach the youth, but for the fathers and mothers to say what they wish to have taught to their children." All this leads to a problem, for there are thousands of parents who are worried about the conflict between science and a literal interpretation of the Bible. It was this mental conflict that prompted the dismissal of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Reed from the Missouri Wesleyan College on the ground that they were too liberal in their interpretation of the Bible. To see exactly the kind of thing that is objected to by the literalists, we may quote the case of Professor C. E. Fothergill who was obliged to resign his chair in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, because he had told his pupils that Noah's Ark was not large enough to contain a pair of every species of animals on the earth (numbering some 500,000).

The Rileys and the Bryans form that type of spellbinder who appeals to the common run of voters and legislators much more effectively than the academic type. What chance would a delegation of high school teachers and college professors have before the solons of our state capitols compared with sentimental orators from the Platte or prophets of woe from the banks of the Wabash? Very little, unless they represented some powerful organization with political potentialities. Academic circles are apt to be satisfied with remaining in those circles and are wont to give only a highbrow glance at the lowbrow proletariat. This superior attitude will not do. The Philistines are upon us, and we need business methods and ample finances to check the rise of non-science.

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SARA TEASDALE

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

FROM the outset Sara Teasdale has been one who obeyed her own impulse, influenced not at all by changing fashions but rather by changing experiences in a constantly deepening life. Her early books, "Helen of Troy", "Rivers to the Sea", and "Love Songs", were in the main the embodiment of the joy of a young poet in her first vivid contacts and realizations. To be sure, there were pensive songs and sad songs and songs of unrest, but these songs had at heart a curative joy, a healthy vitality. In them all there lurked an assurance, an inner conviction, which made them, whatever their mood, fundamentally positive and stimulating.

Indeed, as one rereads "Rivers to the Sea", the finest of Miss Teasdale's early volumes, and "Love Songs", one is instantly a thrall to that delight, that winged uplift, which true lyric poetry always gives. Even the slightest of the songs has this power to exhilarate which is the supreme test of poetry. This joy, this ecstasy of expression, must impel the poet before it can move the hearer; and Sara Teasdale's work is always born of this inner compulsion, hence its unfailing hold upon her readers.

That it is an unfailing hold is shown by the response to her new volume, "Dark of the Moon", which comes after six years of silence to show how richly in the interval her art has been maturing.

It is a well entrenched theory that the creative years of a lyric poet, those which show new fecundity, rarely exceed a decade; that beyond this period he may sustain his poetic range but rarely transcend it. To this theory "Dark of the Moon" offers a strong refutation. In fact, between the poet of "Love Songs" and "Dark of the Moon" so great a development is apparent as to show almost a new personality. All of the qualities of the earlier work are here, but tempered, enriched, remolded. The single theme has given place to the symphonic, wrought upon a basic note of "the still, sad music of humanity". Even in the most personal experience, interblended life utters its tone, so that one hears through the voice of the poet the many voices testifying of time and change, of love and death:

When, in the gold October dusk, I saw you near to setting,
  Arcturus, bringer of spring,
Lord of the summer nights, leaving us now in autumn,
  Having no pity on our withering;

Oh then I knew at last that my own autumn was upon me,
  I felt it in my blood,
Restless as dwindling streams that still remember
  The music of their flood.

There in the thickening dark a wind-bent tree above me
  Loosed its last leaves in flight —
I saw you sink and vanish, pitiless Arcturus,
  You will not stay to share our lengthening night.

This poem, so magical in its brooding music, delaying in its very notes as one delays who contemplates the thing that is inevitable and yet arrested —

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Portrait by Maud Grant-Ford

Sara Teasdale

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is the work of a poet still young, as time is counted, of one whose autumn is yet distant but who feels the prescience of change and withdrawal as Masefield felt it when, though hardly at his prime, he wrote the exquisite lines,

Be near me, Beauty, for the fire is dying.

It is the mood of Shelley when, yet in his twenties, he lamented,

If I were even as in my youth

and invoked the west wind as "destroyer and preserver". Just in proportion to the keenness of the passion with which a poet has felt life will be his instinctive apprehension that the waning of the passion is at hand, and among the poets of our day none is keener in feeling, more emotionally sensitive, than Sara Teasdale.

It is not love alone that calls forth in her a response so swift and compelling, but the inalienable joy of beauty, the one thing that survives though love fail and dynasties crumble. Those who read her aright will be moved by the elation of beauty, the love that is a primary passion, older than that which seeks its response in the human. Going back to the earliest songs one finds it beating in their music:

I went out on an April morning
  All alone, for my heart was high,
I was a child of the shining meadow,
  I was a sister of the sky.

There in the windy flood of morning
  Longing lifted its weight from me,
Lost as a sob in the midst of cheering,
  Swept as a sea-bird out to sea.

This is a lyric taken at random but how strong its pulses run, how it surges with the joy of living! Rarely does Sara Teasdale write a poem, whatever its theme, but it has an inner theme, the reaching out for more of beauty, the longing for greater absorption in all the loveliness of earth:

I cannot die, who drank delight
  From the cup of the crescent moon,
And hungrily as men eat bread,
  Loved the scented nights of June.

The rest may die — but is there not
  Some shining strange escape for me
Who sought in Beauty the bright wine
  Of immortality?

Even when her specific theme is love, within it is that deeper love that has never yet been satiated.

To me, this quality in Sara Teasdale's work is all important: that joy is always quick at its heart; that eagerness of living, of understanding, even of suffering, beats so insistently in it. It is this which lifts even the songs in a minor key into the major harmony of poetry. The poet must not only accept, he must invite the thrust of pain, knowing that he is sheathed in love and invulnerable through beauty. When one reads Sara Teasdale's poetry, even though the song be sad, one is conscious of that inner valor, that affirmation, which confirms his own faith and says "Yea" to life. The poet who has resolved life into its meaning will find that all its notes blend to a rich diapason. It is a music not to be compassed by one singer, but each one, to whatever degree he approaches it, is lifted into rapture. It is in this sense that "the song is to the singer and comes back most to him", returning in the enrichment of joy.

Each poet has his way of approach to the realization of life, and with Sara Teasdale it has been largely through love. Perhaps the psychology of love and its evolution could not be traced more subtly than through her successive volumes. To generalize is misleading, since there is always the

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exception that seems to refute the premise, but in the main one will find the volumes up to the appearance of "Flame and Shadow" to have been the demand of life for its fulfilment in love. In the earliest verse this demand overshadows all others; it is the urge of youth for its destiny and inspires in Sara Teasdale some of the most exquisite and impassioned of her songs. How one would like to quote them to show how perfectly the emotion creates its expression, how every word falls true! It is interesting also to note that while these poems have the transport, the "fine excess", of poetry, they have the instinctive restraint which holds it true to art. A lyric, if perfect, is conceived and created simultaneously. It can never be added to nor taken from. It has at once the quality of inevitability and the illusion of improvisation. Particularly is this true of the work of Sara Teasdale in her most lyrical period. Whatever the theme, its expression seems to leap into being with it and one feels that it could not have come otherwise. Just as the earlier songs voice the urge of youth for its destiny, so they lament, as youth must lament, that it is withheld. Upon this theme turn some of the loveliest of Miss Teasdale's lyrics, some of those most likely to sing on in the future, as her well known lines:

When I am dead and over me bright April
  Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
  I shall not care.

I shall have peace as leafy trees are peaceful
  When rain bends down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
  Than you are now.

Could any mood be truer to youth than that?

It would require a much more exact and delicate tracing than is possible in so brief a space as this to show how these moods of desire and reaction merge into the larger significance of love. Their foretokens are apparent in "Rivers to the Sea" and "Love Songs", and in "Flame and Shadow" they show a progressive deepening, an increasing absorption of the personal in the universal; but it is in "Dark of the Moon" that they reach the finality of vision.

Neither in "Flame and Shadow" nor in "Dark of the Moon" is love the paramount theme, but where it is the theme, so richly is it fused with all that maturer life brings as to make a complete unity of experience. One theme may be the lens through which one focuses the whole of life. Most of us have one spiritual preoccupation, one avenue of vision through which we comprehend what is given us to comprehend of eternity. With Sara Teasdale, if love has been the lens it has swept in a wide arc, an arc which subtends the whole of the circle.

Starting with the joyous certitude of "The Sussex Downs" and "August Night", keen with the zest of living, "Dark of the Moon" passes through many phases:

There will be stars over the place forever;
  Though the house we loved and the street we loved are lost,
Every time the earth circles her orbit
  On the night the autumn equinox is crossed,
Two stars we knew, poised on the peak of midnight
  Will reach their zenith; stillness will be deep;
There will be stars over the place forever,
  There will be stars forever, while we sleep.

Exquisite in its restraint and its artistry, with its music wedded to the mood, this poem is typical of the later beauty of Sara Teasdale's work, a beauty if less obviously lyrical, perhaps finer and more enduring. There is no loss of emotion, because it is tempered

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by knowledge and evoked by deeper delight. The time has come to brood upon fruitions, to let go the unrealized, to readjust the dream until it embraces with complete acceptance even death.

It would be misleading to overemphasize the contemplative note in "Dark of the Moon", since it is relieved so frequently by lighter notes, but when all is said, the finest lyric poetry comes from the deeps of life. The poet is reaching out for spiritual fulfilment, just as the poet of youth reaches out for physical fulfilment. Both are needed to make a balanced and beautiful body of poetry, and both have had their full expression in the work of Sara Teasdale. Beauty is never sacrificed in either, and the increasingly subtle and refined artistry, the richer music, with its nuances, which one finds in "Dark of the Moon", is achieved at no loss of the moving quality which has animated Miss Teasdale's verse from the beginning.

It may be noted also that in a period when technique has been the preoccupation of the poets, when they have gone to any length to be "different", with a mistaken idea of individualizing themselves through the strained and bizarre, Sara Teasdale has held true to the lyric norm, to simplicity, sincerity, and emotion, not thinking to hold true but doing it unconsciously as the poet does who is possessed by his genius. There has crept into poetry of late a strain of cleverness, an affectation of cynicism. Some of the finest of the lyric poets, as far as accomplishment goes, obviously write with an eye to capturing an audience by their smartness; but did these poets ever stop to think that the immortal lyrics are not clever? There is nothing clever in

> Old, unhappy, far-off things;

nothing clever in

> I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more;

nothing clever in

> I would I were where Helen lies,
> Night and day on me she cries!

Poetry is so in earnest as to forget itself. The poet speaks to his own heart, and just in proportion as he makes his own heart his audience does the world listen. So out of every generation, out of the voluminous singing, comes the small residue of poetry. With this residue, one may well believe, will be found the winnowed songs of Sara Teasdale, those which carry at once the magic and the passion of poetry. For Miss Teasdale has inherently that most precious of all poetic gifts, magic, as her unforgetable lyric, "August Night", attests:

> On a midsummer night, on a night that
> was eerie with stars,
> In a wood too deep for a single star to
> look through,
> You led down a path whose turnings you
> knew in the darkness,
> But the scent of the dew-dripping cedars
> was all that I knew.
>
> I drank of the darkness, I was fed with the
> honey of fragrance,
> I was glad of my life, the drawing of
> breath was sweet;
> I heard your voice, you said, "look down,
> see the glow-worm!"
> It was there before me, a small star
> white at my feet.
>
> We watched while it brightened as though
> it were breathed on and burning,
> This tiny creature moving over earth's
> floor —
> "*L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*,"
> You said, and no more.

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THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH COLLEGE

By William Louis Poteat

EVERYBODY knows that the early American colleges were Christian in origin and aim. They were avowedly established to prepare young men for the life to come or for preaching in this. Among the first rules of Harvard College, which was established in 1636, occurs this one: "Let every student be plainly instructed and earnestly pressed to consider well the main end of his life and studies is to God and Jesus Christ which is eternal life." Nearly a century and a half later the Massachusetts Articles of the Constitution linked Harvard with the "honor of God and the advantage of the Christian religion". Fifteen ministers of Congregational churches and fifteen laymen constituted the Board of Overseers down to 1834, when ministers of all denominations became eligible.

Reverend James Blair was the founder and first president of William and Mary (1693). He was sent by the Virginia General Assembly to England for the charter. He secured royal support, but the Attorney General refused him the charter. Blair protested, "Virginians have souls to save as well as their English countrymen." "Souls!" shouted the Attorney General, "damn your souls! Plant tobacco."

Yale was founded in 1701 by ten Congregational ministers of Connecticut to the end that they might "educate ministers in their own way". They were all graduates of Harvard but they did not like the Harvard way of that period. The Harvard theology was too loose for these conservatives and its religious influence pernicious.

Forty five years later Princeton came on, founded by the Synod of New York. Nearly all of its first students were preparing for the Presbyterian ministry. King's College (Columbia) followed in 1754, whose Letters Patent declared its objects to be "to lead students from the study of Nature to the knowledge of themselves and of the God of Nature, and their duty to Him, themselves, and one another, and everything that may contribute to their true happiness both here and hereafter". Then came Brown (1764) by the cooperation of the Baptists of the entire country, the first American college without religious tests. Then Dartmouth (1769) "for the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom".

With the exception of the University of Pennsylvania (1740), the story is much the same for all the educational establishments before the Revolution. After the Revolution there was some break up of the old order as the result of the war and the invasion of French influence. It was not long before both professors and students in many colleges sat in the seat of the scornful. Skepticism was the badge of respectability. Citizenship, a serious and virtuous citizenship indeed, supplanted religion as the aim of higher education. Thomas Jefferson, for example, in the William and Mary curriculum substituted the chair of law and police for the chair of divinity.

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Partly as a reaction from the discredit of religion in many institutions, partly as the result of a widespread religious revival about the opening of the nineteenth century, the religious interest was largely recovered, and the two decades following 1830 were notable for the founding of denominational colleges. Practically every denomination and every variety of the larger denominations now has its college in nearly every state of the Union.

But today the pendulum is swinging back again. Indeed, since 1862, when provision was made for the land-grant colleges, there has been a well established tendency toward the secularization of education. The state universities of the south and west, by virtue of their origin and support, are secular institutions and add prestige to the movement in the larger privately endowed institutions to drop the limitations of denominational control.

Just here emerges a question of some moment. Now that we have declined from the early piety in which the American college was generated, how far is the secularizing of educational foundations, already well advanced, likely to take us? All the way?

Consider the several factors of the problem of the security or insecurity of the church college. The high schools must supply it with students. The public high schools belong to the system of the state's secularized education, and in their recent rapid development have almost completed the elimination of the private and the denominational secondary schools. Some of these latter are escaping into the dubious security of junior colleges. The practical result is that both types of higher institutions appeal to the same source of supply, with the advantage on the side of the non-denominational, as indicated by the relative increase of student enrolment in the institutions of Indiana, for example, for the five year period ending in 1924 — three times as great in the state as in the private institutions. The same ratio holds throughout the country. On the other hand a recent poll of the freshmen of a progressive state university of the south to discover why they chose that institution rather than some other makes one hesitate to generalize. None of the replies touched the question of control by state or church. They ranged all the way from 39, the largest number, who explained their choice as due to the smaller student body than that of their own state university, down to 25 who chose it "because it has fraternities"; 23, "because its alumni are more influential than those of neighboring institutions"; 22, "no freshman caps"; 20, "beauty of location"; 17, "climate"; 14, "athletic record"; 13, the lowest number but two, "because it is one of two Southern members of the Association of American Universities".

Another factor is the size and financial resources of the constituency of the church college. Dr. Noffsinger's important monograph on "A Program for Higher Education in the Church of the Brethren" shows that the median standard senior denominational college in the United States has a supporting denominational constituency of 63,000 with $250,000,000 of aggregate wealth, a student body of 473 paying an annual tuition of $125, of whom 57.5% belong to the controlling denomination and constituency. Manifestly so small a constituency is quite unable to parallel the equipment which an entire state can provide. Here again the odds appear to be against the church college.

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It will probably be agreed that church colleges have the advantage of state supported institutions in the stability of their constituency and control. A change of administration or political parties may wreck policies, cut off income, revolutionize personnel, dictate the content of the curriculum, lower standards. Witness recent troubles in the universities of South Carolina and Texas, and back in the 70's the disaster which closed the University of North Carolina and well nigh lost it to the state. The agitation for laws against teaching evolution has been concerned with state institutions, not those under church control. Even when general religious bodies pass the bounds and vote the earth flat or motionless or made by fiat of a sudden in the recent past, the action is practically ineffective. The trustees of local church colleges, almost without exception, ignore it.

The significance of the factors and comparisons briefly set out here must be appraised in the light of the function and aim of the church college. Religion is not only "the most fascinating area of human experience", it is also the most important and precious. It is the organizing force in the individual and social life of man. It is the bond of all social aggregates, the mother and conservator of nations. It fixes the standard of personal and group morality and supplies the moral dynamic to realize it in life.

Now such a feature of human nature, such a power of inspiration and control, education cannot blink or disregard. One wonders whether education without religion is education. To use Chesterton's figure, you might as well undertake to pack your grip and leave out the grip. But what of the denominational type of religion in education? For its social task, there is no other type of religion. In the glow of its beginning Christianity was indeed all but structureless, but when it gathered itself together and moved out to accomplish its mission it organized itself. Since Luther it has organized itself more elaborately, perhaps excessively, about different conceptions of the Christian experience and the Christian mission, and these organizations are the Christian denominations. The different denominations make their several contributions to the common Christian task without any necessary duplication or antagonism. It must be admitted that duplication and antagonism have occurred, but they were due to blunders and perversions. They are not inherent in the segregation of Christianity into smaller bodies for fellowship and administration. Besides, any danger of the disintegration of the universal Christian body is forestalled by the unifying Christian spirit and impulse which pervade all its special organs.

Here we come directly upon the function of the church college. There appears to be some misapprehension about it. Years ago the learned President of the Carnegie Foundation undertook in an elaborate argument to justify the exclusion of denominational colleges from the benefits of that Foundation, conceding to them only the restricted and somewhat discreditable function of being wheels in the machinery of sectarian propagandism. Only a month ago Dean Hawkes was telling us that the denominational colleges devote themselves to maintaining and promoting their own faith. This is not quite accurate. Christian education is Christianity operating in the field of enlighten-

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ment through Christian, that is denominational, institutions. If it be asked what precisely the denominational institution does in this field, I answer, in the first place, that it makes the important and now timely assertion of the compatibility of Christianity and enlightenment. It lays claim, in the name of Christ, to all the realms of culture — literature, art, history, philosophy, religion, science — and exacts tribute from them all for the extension of His reign of righteousness and good will. As to the individual student, it frankly seeks to attach him to Christ and His program of world redemption, to help him discover the place of his service, and to train him for it.

State institutions promote these interests to a degree, but incidentally. So the large independent institutions. There is the beneficent contagion of strong Christian personalities. Christian organizations like the Young Men's Christian Association find hospitality. Experimental devices to meet the insistent demand for religious instruction are multiplying. Here and there courses on religion are offered, as in Columbia, but the primary aim of them is intellectual stimulation; the enrichment of the religious life of the student is secondary.

Accordingly, for this foundation business of quickening, nourishing, and guiding the religious life of our college population, the main reliance must continue to be the church colleges. Fortunately, in spite of the general trend toward secularization in the larger colleges and universities and the entire state system, 68.5% of the 500 standard colleges of the country are church colleges. The world is not likely to get beyond the need of religion, and the institutions which frankly and purposely exist to meet it will be permanent; *provided* they maintain the educational standards of the time in horizon, personnel, courses, and equipment.

REFLECTION

By James Hearst

I THINK I shall decide to stay
Here in a field with a fence around;
Sowing some wheat, making some hay
And learning the ways of a piece of ground.

There will be time to watch the birds
Perch on the sky, a wavering shelf,
While I am thinking important words
To say to men who are like myself.

I shall have this to recall when green
Seasons are grey and days are thin:
The infinite wonders that I have seen,
And the curious person I have been.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART VI

THE DORMOUSE was achieving that ambition granted to Napoleon, Nelson, and one or two more heroes — he was sleeping standing. He was so bitterly chilly that in his dream he climbed an insurmountable iceberg upon whose slippery sides he rose and fell. He was so weary always now that if left alone for a moment he fell asleep at once, thereby justifying completely his nickname.

The other boy on guard had turned away from watching the passage as was his true and proper duty, and was gazing hungrily in the direction of the feasters, straining his ears for the story teller's whispered tale, wondering whether there would be any cakes and ale for himself before the night was over. Poor besotted guards! They did not see the white ghostly figures stealing up the passage, did not hear the thin patter of the naked feet, knew nothing until they were caught from behind and hands were over their mouths.

The Dormouse when, sharply waking, he realized that the enemy were upon him, struggled fiercely. He had fallen asleep at his post and betrayed Cole's trust. This was the first thing that Cole had asked him to do for him and he had failed. His pride had been immense when Jeremy had explained what he must do, he had had no thought of the feast or of possible biscuits, this was the fulfilling of the desire of his heart that Cole should ask some duty from him — and now he had failed.

His struggles were vain. One raider held him back against the wall, another pressed his hand over his mouth. The treatment was rough.

Marlowe had reached the first crisis of his narrative — "At that moment a mounted rider in a black mask barred the road. 'Stand or I fire', he challenged" — when he felt himself swung off the bed and a moment later was grappling with some silent enemy on the floor.

There was taking place on all sides of him warfare as silent as the grave.

The raiders — needless to say that it was Staire's party headed by Crumb and Baldock — numbered at least a dozen, but Jeremy and his noble seven fought gloriously, and little black headed Scholdz was among the noblest. The Goats were armed each with a pillow, a hair brush, and a wet sponge. It may be fancied by the uninitiated that a pillow fight involves noise. That is not so when the pillows are used as shields rather than weapons of defense. In one thing Jeremy and his Sheep held advantage — under their nightshirts they wore shirts and trousers. The Goats had their nightshirts for their only covering.

Jeremy, aided by two friends, had the infinite satisfaction of muffling

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Crumb's head in his nightshirt, holding him down on the bed with his hair in a sardine tin, and crimsoning his bare behind with hair brushes. (This too may be done quietly and yet efficiently by the artist in this kind.)

But the attention paid to Crumb meant that there were but few Sheep left to defend the fort or rather the feast, and this, the feast, was of course the objective of the Goats.

Turning from Crumb Jeremy saw the sardines, the marmalade, the biscuits, the chocolates, vanishing down the Dormitory. One desperate effort and he caught Baldock by the tail of his shirt—fell upon his neck and the two came crashing to the ground. The noise was as of a thunder clap on a fair sea. The Sheep stood paralyzed. The Goats (and the feast with them) vanished. Surely the whole House must be awake. But nature restored her beneficial sway, the moon shone on, the clamp-clamp of the sea crept in once again through the open windows. Malleson's friendly snore ran through the room unchecked.

No sign of a Goat. No sign of a feast. Only a disordered bed and on the floor the white mute tail of a nightshirt.

Jeremy was defeated. This was an insult that nothing short of blood (and a lot of it) could modify.

A small figure with bent head crept to his bed. Jeremy caught him by the shoulder.

"You're a nice guard", he whispered fiercely. "Why didn't you cry *Cave*, you young fool?"

The Dormouse said nothing. No one said anything.

The moonlight, the sea, the snore, all three aloof, Olympian, indifferent, held the scene.

And Jeremy's heart was sore. And the Dormouse's heart was sorer.

This raid on the feast proved deeply humiliating to Jeremy and his supporters. He didn't want to have supporters, he didn't want to have a feud; but, by Jove, if Staire and his gang were going to play dirty tricks like this . . .

Nor did the Goats make little of their achievement. They had won a notable triumph. The story grew with the telling, the feast (as afterward enjoyed by the Goats) became gargantuan, young Stocky's impotence pitiful. Staire pretended that he was outside it entirely — that he had known nothing of it — that it had been a game for "kids", too immature for his notice; and so, once again, raised himself high over Jeremy's head.

Yes, Jeremy was beginning to hate him very much indeed.

And, as is always the way, one ripple spread to another. The ground upon which we tread is subject to strange oscillating movements so that at one moment everyone seems to be sliding toward us, at another away from us. Jeremy was aware that he was in danger of a rather curious loneliness. There was trouble between himself and Jumbo. Unlike the infants in M. Gide's "Faux-Monnayeurs" he was not given at all to self analysis and he did not sit down and consider what exactly was wrong with Jumbo and himself. But their easy moment-by-moment intimacy was broken. Jumbo had clumsily explained and Jeremy had known that there was justice in the explanation; but because that little conversation had been awkward and embarrassing both boys were determined that there should not be another, pretended that things were as they had been, and so knew the more conclusively that they were not.

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Then there was trouble with Gauntlet, and trouble with Marlowe. It was very unpleasant to have rows with fellows in your own Study. Study space was confined; you sat, as it were, on top of one another and were forever meeting. The row with Gauntlet was especially difficult because Gauntlet was such a diplomat. You never knew what he was thinking. In that little battle of words he had, in a moment of, for him, extraordinary rashness, said just what he thought and he resented it deeply. Jeremy was certain that he had now definitely gone over into Staire's camp, but he would not say so and the effect of it was as though you had a spy in your own household. If there was one thing that Jeremy loathed it was deceit — pretending to be what you were not. He could not definitely charge Gauntlet with this. Although beneath his politeness and amiability Gauntlet showed quite clearly his hostility, you could not catch him — fish-like he was forever slipping from your hand.

He of course told Staire everything — everything that Jeremy said and did. One day Jeremy would have a scrap with him. It seemed to be the only way of clearing the situation.

And then there was Marlowe. Marlowe's literary dignity had been hurt by the unfortunate ending to the feast. He seemed to have taken that invitation very seriously. It had been the first step toward public recognition of his genius and he blamed Jeremy for its ignominious close. His face wore always now a grieved expression and Jeremy longed to kick him.

Then disorder was gathering daily in the Lower School section of the House and in some vague undecided fashion Jeremy appeared to be responsible for this. Baldock and Crumb were governing the Locker Room with a kind of Spanish Inquisition and making young Cole's cheek the reason for this. The House Prefects were not, this term, a very strong body and, as was often the case at the beginning of a new year, were shy at asserting too definitely their authority. It would soon come to it that Jeremy himself must descend into these Infernal Regions and see what he could do about it, but that would mean a series of ignominious scuffles, the very things that he wished at this moment to avoid.

There floated up to him, from time to time, the name of the Dormouse as of someone especially persecuted. He realized the boy, his white face, frightened eyes, tousled hair, and was vaguely irritated. *He* wasn't the infant's keeper: the days of Tom Brown and young Arthur were gone forever: but he was uncomfortable and knew that he was.

Although all day he was busy and merry and noisy and in the midst of companions, yet he was beginning to be lonely and dissatisfied. Something was wrong and he did not know quite what it was.

Then, happy event, there was a letter from Uncle Samuel. It had ever been one of the world's wonders that Uncle Samuel always seemed to know when he was wanted, seemed to know too just the way that Jeremy was feeling. Uncanny. But Uncle Samuel was a marvelous man, the most marvelous the world contained.

This was the letter:

I suppose you're all set up about your football. That's all right so long as you don't think football the only thing in the world. Because it isn't: there are also Lobster Mayonnaise, Forain etchings, a pianoforte Sonata by Brahms in F Minor, pictures by your uncle, the rocks beyond Sennen, your mother's unselfishness, your uncle's superiority to snobs, the novels of

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Stendhal and a journey to China if you've got the cash (which I haven't). However I don't expect you to realize these things yet, I would only urge you to keep a window open and let in plenty of air. Don't get stuffy over your football. You won't be able to play it forever you know and games desert you even more basely than women.

An old friend's been staying with me here these last few days, M. Honoré Balzac. If your father knew he wouldn't be at all pleased. He isn't the sort of guest he'd like to have in the house, but whenever I hear your father coming I get him to hide in the cupboard (you know — the one with the skeleton) which can't be pleasant for him because he's very large and fat and anything but good natured. However he's like all egoists, will submit to anything for an audience and, although you mightn't think it, I'm a very good one. He talks ceaselessly and loves piling on the details. However he really has known some remarkable people and just now he's full of a young man (Christian name Lucien, surname Rubempré) who went up to Paris from the country with no morals and great ambitions and thought he was going to turn the world upside down.

He did in fact go a long way but lost his head, couldn't find it again and came to a bad end. I shouldn't like you to do that over your football. Balzac doesn't like my pictures any more than you do but I don't think he knows much about Art. Finance is his line and he's put me up to some mighty fine wheezes in that direction. But he says that I haven't got a financial brain in which I'm sure he's quite correct. Your letters this term are not so simple as hitherto they've been. I suppose that, having for three years preferred your requests for food and money and, that done, felt that you'd made everybody happy, you are suddenly aware that there is more in the world than your all-demanding stomach. I suppose having a Study has made you feel important and, feeling important, you begin to realize the school and its affairs. Well, that's not a bad thing. I hate to belong to any kind of body of people myself, and so ultimately will you, but it won't do you any harm to realize for a while that every movement that you make affects someone else — starts the ripples rolling. Only don't be self conscious about it and think that you matter. But I don't believe you will. I've written this far and stop to consider. I've no doubt that what I've just said is quite false. Take myself. Here I've been sponging on your family for the Lord knows how many years and simply haven't affected them in the tiniest degree. Not a little atom. They all think exactly as they did before I came to them. I haven't opened their eyes to one single beautiful thing. I haven't made your father face life with any more courage nor your mother understand a single picture nor one line of real poetry. Nor have they altered me. I haven't acquired one scrap of your father's fine moral character, his devotion to what he thinks right, his hatred of what he knows to be wrong. I don't know what *is* wrong. I never did. I know what is fine and courageous and unselfish though. I can't do fine and courageous things but I take my hat off to them when I see them. Nor has your mother made me a bit more unselfish by the splendor of her noble example. I see her thinking of others all day long and think of myself all the more.

So we don't affect one another after all — or perhaps we only affect those that are of our own family. Gauguin — I'll tell you about him one day — and Marie Lloyd and Hinoshize . . . a nice family ours and worth leaving a card on.

Here; don't you listen to all this. Play your football and make yourself sick with sardines and marmalade. All the same keep your eyes skinned and when you see the clouds like silver dragons gaping open-mouthed for the red ball of a sun to swallow, when you see a green wave break on a black rock, when the waters run down a hill after rain

Remember Your
Loving
Old Uncle.

The effect of this letter of Uncle Samuel's was immediately increased by a strange and rather dramatic incident. After morning school, as he was leaving the classroom, Jeremy felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning, saw Parlow towering over him.

"Come into tea this afternoon", he said.

"Thank you, sir", said Jeremy. That was what he had wanted and had, if the truth be told, been rather expecting. Parlow's teas were famous, not only because he gave you plenty to eat but also because he showed you treasures. Chaps affected to despise Parlow's collections, his books and pictures and precious things, but they spoke of them nevertheless and in spite of themselves with awe and wonder. Parlow was the only master in the whole school who had such

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things, and even if it were only for the money they must have cost they were interesting. Had Parlow not been himself so hefty a human being with an outrageous temper, and a lover of games, he would have been despised for caring for beautiful things; as it was his freakishness was permitted.

But, beyond this, Jeremy had by now acquired a great admiration for him and wanted terribly his good esteem. Apparently he had won it, more thoroughly indeed than any boy just now in the class, but this invitation laid the seal upon it and it made him very happy.

Normally he would have hurried now to tell Jumbo, but, in fact, he did not. Jumbo would pretend to be interested when, in reality, he was not. There were many occasions now when Jeremy was on the edge of rushing to Jumbo, kicking him fraternally and having it all out with him — but something always held him back and that something, although he did not know it, was that he had himself, entirely in spite of himself, changed about Jumbo. He was acquiring a new bundle of interests, interests that weren't Jumbo's. He wished he wasn't. But how could he help it?

Then, as he was going slowly into Leeson's on the way to his Study, something further occurred. The passage was dark and, moving rather blindly along, he encountered another body, nearly fell over it, caught it by its collar to save himself, and discovered that it was the Dormouse.

"Sorry", he said.

His hand was still on the Dormouse's shoulder and this led him to discover that the boy was trembling all over.

"Hullo!" he said. "What are you in such a funk about? I'm not going to kill you."

Becoming then more accustomed to the half light, he saw that the Dormouse was in a very dirty condition of ink, dust, and disorder. The boy looked at him like a frightened rabbit.

"What are you in a funk about?" he asked him.

"Nothing", said the Dormouse.

"Yes you are. Of course you are. Has anybody been hacking you?"

"No", said the Dormouse.

"Oh well — " he moved away and then came back.

"Look here, if anyone rags you come and tell me. It won't be sneaking. I won't let on to anyone — but I'll see they don't do it again. Who goes for you mostly? Baldock?"

"No", said the Dormouse, his mouth trembling.

"Crumb then?"

"No", said the Dormouse.

"Oh well, if you won't tell me you won't." He paused awkwardly. "Look here, show them you don't mind. Everyone has to go through it at first. I did myself. If they see you don't like it they'll go on with it."

The Dormouse said nothing.

"Will you come and tell me if they don't leave you alone?"

"Yes", the Dormouse said.

Jeremy went on to the Study vaguely uncomfortable and disturbed. He *would* have to go down to that Locker Room and see what was happening, and then be mixed up in every kind of row! But why did he care? A term ago he wouldn't have minded. It seemed now that it was in some way his own fault.

Five minutes later he had forgotten it all. Everything was suddenly jolly. He and Gauntlet were, all in a moment, as they used to be, forgetting grudges, suspicions, accusations, inviting Ball and Hindlip in to tea (Hindlip was the fattest boy in Leeson's

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and known as the Tub), then making toast, digging a thin spoon that bent at the waist thick (oh very thick indeed) into the blackberry jam pot, bringing it out with the handle sticky and licking the jam off the handle, talking about everything five hundred to the dozen and never listening to anybody, the room growing fuggier and fuggier, scraping the bottom of the condensed milk tin to obtain from it the very last sticky remnant, suddenly ragging the Tub, turning him over and sitting on his so largely protuberant places, hearing beyond the warm rich intimate luxury of the little room the general life and buzz of the school, the pianos jangling, the voices discordantly singing, the Prefects yelling for fags, the boots thumping down the passage, and knowing that everywhere — in the hive of every House — this tumult was so happily, with such jollity and freedom and energy, spreading itself up and down, in and out, under and over. . . . Jeremy was of course not outwardly conscious of this but, balancing back in his chair on its two very uncertain legs, he was, at the top of his voice with Gauntlet and Hindlip and Ball, singing this glorious song:

And so the old man had a
  Tum Tum Tum
And his voice it was jolly well
  Dumb Dumb Dumb
Till they turned him about on his
  Bum Bum Bum
And a jolly GOOD
    THING
      TOO!

The other tea party was very different. Parlow, although he was a bachelor, had a house all to himself. It was a rather mysterious little house standing in a hollow below the playing fields. It had a wonderful view of sea and sloping down and was guarded on its left side by a thick bunched and inquisitive wood. Inquisitive because the wind had blown all the trees with their heads toward the house.

Boys in Parlow's form went often enough there with exercises, detention punishments, and anticipations of ferocious interviews. Vivid pictures had been drawn for Jeremy of Parlow standing at the end of his long Study and shouting at his victims so that the papers at the other corner of the room stirred and rustled with terror. But, for himself, from the moment that he passed the door and stood in the little cool white hall with the paneled walls and a large blue bowl smelling of rose leaves, he was happy. He raised his head, sniffing like a little dog.

And he had never yet, in all his days, seen anything so fascinating as Parlow's Study. It was long and full of light, the windows on one side deep and tall framing an expanse of sea in the day, guarded now by curtains of deep blue, and on the other side the long wall papered with books. Never before had he seen so many books in one place and books that looked, in some mysterious fashion, entrancing. At the far end of the room was a wide open fireplace and in it a log fire blazing; in front of the fire a broad solid table covered with food and in front of the table, advancing to meet him, Parlow.

Jeremy had a wild hope that perhaps he was going to be alone with Parlow. He felt that he could tell Parlow all sorts of things, almost as he might Uncle Samuel (almost but not quite). He wasn't shy in the least but knew that he would be shy if any other boy came. But there was no sign of any other boy. Only marvelous things on the tables and the bookshelves, an image

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of green stone, a lion carved out of some flaming red stuff, drawings and paintings, and a Chinese dragon with a bright green curly tail.

He was turning with an inward chuckle of delight toward the fire when the door opened and someone came in. He looked and saw that it was Staire.

For a moment a surge of strange, almost ungovernable rage seized him. He had an impulse — mad, crazy, not at all his own — to walk straight out of the room. The very sight of Staire's neatness, elegance, smartness, the carriage of his head, his easy entrance, made Jeremy feel clumsy, awkward, a clodhopper.

Was this a plot on Parlow's part? He must have heard ere this of the feud between them. Was he doing it deliberately because he wished them to be friends? Well, if he was he could jolly well recognize his mistake, because friends they would never be, never, never, never!

Or was it a joke of Parlow's because he wanted to see what they would be like together? It was a shame. All the fun was gone, all the happiness, all the pleasure. He wasn't hungry any more, he didn't want to talk to Parlow, he only wanted to get out and away, some place where he couldn't see Staire's sharp, good looking, hard face, where he wouldn't feel rough all over and as though he hadn't washed his hands, as though every word that he uttered would be so foolish that Staire would be right to sneer at it.

He felt surging up in him that worst of all his failings — that hard sulky obstinacy, so that he shut his mouth and set his eyes and loathed the world!

Then his manners saved him. It was Parlow's house and it was very decent of Parlow to ask him and to have such a ripping tea. Parlow didn't know how he and Staire loathed one another. Why should he know? And even if he did know it didn't seem to him very important. Two small boys having a row — no, not important at all. Jeremy had a sense of proportion sufficient to realize this — and yet, after all, how important it was! His whole life now seemed to be hanging round this quarrel with Staire, everything was coming into it. But Parlow didn't know that. Of course he didn't.

They sat down to tea and, I am sorry to say, Jeremy did not behave well. Who has not known those occasions when, unfortunately placed, we determine nevertheless to rise above our conditions? — and so indeed we should have done had not most perversely many new hostile elements appeared! "Well, I think I can manage *this*", we say and, teeth set, face our opponent, but the words are scarcely out of our mouth before the enemy's force is doubled against us.

So it was now. Jeremy's resolve to be a perfect little gentleman did not take into account that Staire should be at his most devilish and that Parlow should apparently like him thus. Staire was, physically, at a party exactly right. He "had a leg". He knew how to move softly, how to sit down easily, how to manage a cup, a saucer, a piece of bread and butter without alarms *or* excursions, how to listen in just the correct fashion, how to contribute anecdotes of his own without being either forward or familiar. Yes, perfect at a tea party. The only occasion even happier for him a sunny afternoon, himself in perfect whiteness stepping out to bat and the ladies murmuring: "*What* a good looking boy! I do hope he

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makes a lot of runs!" which he very often did.

For some simple people he might seem a trifle too sophisticated, a thought too ripely mature. But these were the exceptions. Negligible country people. Bucolics.

Today he scarcely noticed Jeremy but bent all his arts upon Parlow. He was everything that Jeremy was not. Because Jeremy was made short and thick sitting down gracefully was no very easy thing for him and his legs were inclined to dangle. Then he had never been a genius at that old game — handling the teacup. Today there was a fine broad table and no nonsense about it, but Staire sat away from this table balancing bread and butter, bread and jam, buns and cakes (for all his elegance he made a very hearty tea) most marvelously on the edge of his saucer.

But, worst of all, was Staire's complete command of the conversation. It was not that he talked very much. He listened exquisitely to Parlow, but the important thing was that he was *with* Parlow in everything that Parlow said. He had, it seemed, been everywhere that Parlow had been, or if he had not actually been there had studied those very countries so exhaustively that there was really no need for him to go there. About pictures and prints he was a connoisseur. He knew apparently what an etching was and its difference from an engraving. He knew where amber came from, and as to Chinese pottery, whether Tang came before Ming or vice versa.

If he didn't actually know these things he gave the impression that he did, which, as every London hostess is aware, is just as good. The result of this was that Parlow, who like every collector loved to be with someone intelligent to whom he might show his things, chose Staire more and more exclusively as his audience and Jeremy was in danger of being altogether forgotten.

At last Jeremy broke in:

"I've got an uncle who's been in Majorca too."

Parlow either did not hear him or was too eager to continue his praises of Pollensa and a huge green wave that he had seen topple in over the crystal sands of San Vicente. Jeremy's remark was unnoticed. A little later Staire said:

"They say that the cathedral at Palma is well worth seeing. I must go there one day if I have time." And Jeremy, crimson in the face, forgetting his manners and all his chivalry, burst in with:

"A fat lot you care about Palma" — a truthful but most unfortunate remark.

Parlow hated it. He was enjoying himself. Had he been in someone else's house he might have found Staire a prig or a little self satisfied, but here in his own place he was enjoying his own things and congratulating himself on a most pleasant afternoon (so often on these occasions boys were tonguetied and awkward and you longed for them to go!).

He had, indeed, for the moment forgotten young Cole. Now he remembered him and turned to find him angry, red faced, glaring at Staire as though in another moment he would try to knock him down.

The awkward occasion was passed over. Staire had not, it seemed, heard the remark; that he had in truth noticed it you could be sure by his increased attention to Parlow, his almost too confidential implication that he and his host were alike suffering from the boorishness of their unfortunate companion.

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And Jeremy was miserable. Now Parlow would hate him. He would never invite him to come by himself and look at the beautiful things. He had ruined the tea party.

He had. A silence, an awkwardness, fell. To the relief of everyone the bell for evening chapel began to ring.

The two boys departed together, then without a word to one another set off on different paths up the hill to the school.

And now events passed swiftly, or rather one event occurred which was to be one of the principal moving points of Jeremy's life — something that he will remember, with its slightest surrounding circumstance, while consciousness of this world and his journey through it remains.

The centre of this event was the Dormouse. They were approaching now Half Term and the Dormouse had arrived at a kind of dumb lethargy that was worse, in spiritual ways, than his first rebellion.

The worst examples of physical torture had not befallen him. This was partly because, as the weeks passed, he had become part of the general furniture of the Term, partly because Baldock, whose special property he was now acknowledged by everyone to be, felt for him a sort of humorous indulgence and beyond kicking him, pinching him, twisting his arm, and occasionally devising games for him (as when he stripped him, put a paper cap on his head, and stood him on a form to the jeering admiration of all the Locker Room) defended him from the assaults of anyone else. Baldock found everything in this jolly world a joke and the Dormouse was one of the best jokes he knew — so there you were!

Moreover the Dormouse had now found some sort of clue to his daily life. He passed his days still moving from terror to terror, he was never clean, never private, and his intelligence was with every hour more muddled and confused, but he was not late any more, did, on the whole, what Prefects ordered him to do and, although he passed from imposition to imposition and was always at the bottom of his form, he was allowed to lie there, hiding, without public comment.

His misery was passive and dumb. He did not, any longer, think of it very actively, he did not cry, he complained to nobody. He moved from horrible event to horrible event without a murmur.

On every Sunday afternoon he wrote a letter home in which he said that he was well and very happy and would like one of blackberry jam and two of potted meat. He read the letters from his mother in the school privy, which was the only place where he was alone.

Throughout these weeks he had not given in about his allegiance to Cole and most of the actual tormenting that came his way was caused by his obstinacy in this.

Cole was his god and it was as impossible for him to swerve from this faith and allegiance as for any mediæval tortured fanatic.

His actual daily life was spent among the small twittering animals who inhabited the cellars in Leeson's handsome mansion.

Crale was, is, and pray God ever will be a great school, and for its inches has contributed as much fine feeling, health, and vigor to the life of its country as any other institute of training — but, thirty years ago, there was none of the passion for protecting the very young that mod-

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ern education boasts of. I am ready to be accused of stupid prejudice when I say that it is open to question whether the present methods of over-coddling the tender plant now too evident at some of our private schools produce better results than the rough-and-ready indifference of the old system — but that be as it may. One thing is certain — no one was ever over-coddled at Crale thirty years ago.

The Dormouse made no friends among these small contemporaries of his. That first five minutes in the Locker Room had shaken utterly his confidence in his fellow human beings. He was frightened of them all. He disbelieved in them all — save only in Cole.

A crisis too had occurred in his spirit on the night of the feast. That was the only time when Cole had demanded of him a service and he had failed in it; moreover Cole had, to his frightened mind, seemed to hate and despise him when after the catastrophe he had rebuked him. He was no good, no good at all for anybody or for anything.

He had sunk so low in his own estimation that it seemed to him impossible that he should sink any lower — and yet one worse thing remained. A certain new boy named Cresson took a fancy to him. Cresson, minute and insignificant though he was, was a fully developed cad. Small blame to Cresson. He came from a home where everything that was vile and coarse and mean was, day by day and hour by hour, flaunted before his eyes. He knew no better, but that sad truth made him none the lovelier. There was no vulgarity nor obscenity nor falsehood nor mean cowardice that Cresson could not, on occasion, produce. He had lived, almost from the day of his birth, among stable boys, grossly minded nursemaids, drunken men and women friends of his father's. He corrupted with a sure and certain success nearly every boy of his age and size with whom he came into contact, knowing no other, pursuing his natural and inevitable course.

He did not corrupt the Dormouse and that was because it takes more, far more, than six weeks of misery and bewilderment to contaminate the honor and noble traditions of such a home life as the Dormouse had known. But for some reason he attached himself to the Dormouse. He was always there, creeping up to whisper some dirty obscenity, to suggest some small theft or minor cruelty, to twist something decent into something indecent.

And the Dormouse, because he had no friend and no companion, yielded to this companionship. He had at present neither the strength nor the clarity of vision to push anything forcibly away from him. It seemed to him safer, in this world full of terror and alarm, to act passively, to accept everything as it came and hope that he would not be crushed by it.

But he loathed Cresson, loathed him far more than Baldock. He escaped from him when he could, but always Cresson seemed to be at his side and he had no power to resist.

Things were at this stage when the Sheep and Goats warfare awoke to a new vigor. No one knew why. It was due in part perhaps to that mist of dulness that begins to creep over the school life about Half Term. The novelties of change and return have worn thin, the end of Term seems to be ever more and more distant, something must be done to keep everything alive.

Then young Cole's stock had fallen. He had played now twice for the Second

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Fifteen and it seemed definitely probable that he would not this term be tried again for the First. Reports were general that since he had obtained a Study he had put on "side". He was Parlow's Pet. He had been a jolly fellow, ready for any sort of a rag; now he was ready no longer and when he tried to bring something off it failed — witness the feast.

Crumb and Baldock, on the other hand, had been very active on Staire's behalf and had trained a fine healthy band of young warriors to harass everyone who fancied that he supported Cole. The whole of the Locker Room was feeling a sort of ground swell of restlessness and lawlessness that prophesied events!

The Dormouse felt these earth tremors and knew that they could not bode well for him. Also he was sorry that his hero was under a cloud. Why were they not playing him in the First Fifteen? There was certainly no one so fine in all the school. It was jealousy and probably Staire was behind it. To the Dormouse Staire was the Devil with all the Devil's grandeur, mystery, and other worldliness. Very grand. Very wicked. Very powerful.

And then he was sharply made aware that Baldock and Crumb were going to have no nonsense any longer about his partizanship. Baldock, laughing, his arm around the Dormouse as though he loved him, explained things. "You see, Dormouse, I'm very fond of you aren't I? (Twist of the arm.) And you're very fond of me aren't you? (Twist of the arm.) So that it would be awfully silly if we didn't think alike being such friends, wouldn't it? (Pinchings of the thigh.) Now you've had some silly idea in your fat little head that you're going to stick up for Stocky Cole, as though he cared whether you did or not. He doesn't know you exist hardly but *I* know because you're my special little Dormouse and I'm educating you, aren't I Dormouse? (Twisting of the ears and sharp pulling of the hair.)"

The pain was acute but the Dormouse answered never a word. "Now it's almost as though you were being disloyal to me, isn't it? And I'm sure you don't want that. So if you don't shout 'Down with Stocky Cole' here and now — well, you'll see what will happen. Now shout!"

The Dormouse raised his face which was purple because all the blood had run into it, his head hanging over Baldock's leg, and feebly whispered, "No."

"Oh you won't, won't you?" His legs were twisted in a horrible manner.

"No", squealed the Dormouse.

A voice came then calling: "Baldock! Baldock! I say, Baldock!" Baldock rose, letting the Dormouse fall. "I've got to go now, but tonight — if you don't do what we say — you'll be roasted — and see how you like that!"

Of all the threatened tortures roasting was the one that frightened the Dormouse the most. It made him sick when he thought of it. No boy had been "roasted" for a considerable time. The last had been more than a year ago in Bunt's House, and a fine row there had been about it.

But the Dormouse felt that on this occasion Baldock and Crumb meant what they said. And he knew that he could not endure it. No he could not. And if they attempted it, if they hung him up in front of the Locker Room fire, pulling his trousers tight against his thighs until they sizzled and smelled and began to burn, why then he'd give in and promise them anything that they liked, and be false to Stocky Cole. He knew that he would. It made him sick. The thought of it made him sick.

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So, after Baldock had left him, the resolve came to him as though some friend had whispered it in his ear. It was the resolution that had been with him so often during his first days at the school — only apathy and unhappiness had in the last weeks dulled his purpose.

He would run away. He would run away now. He would run away this instant.

It was late afternoon and growing dark. In half an hour it would be tea-time. His resolve buckled him with fine courage. At the thought of escaping from all this some of his old self that had been his before he came to this place returned to him. He would escape. He would not be roasted. He would not disavow Stocky Cole.

He had a shilling, a silver watch and chain, and a stamp book. If he sold these there would be money enough until he had walked to Leicestershire. And he might get a lift in a cart.

He was suddenly happy as he had not been for weeks and weeks. He would see the garden again and the horses and the dogs. And his mother. And the tree.

He had no thoughts of pursuit and capture and punishment. They would not notice that he had gone. He was so unimportant that he mattered to nobody. And he wouldn't have to listen to Cresson any more. . . .

He had some bright ideas. He went straight up to the Dormitory (which incidentally it was forbidden to enter in the daytime). No one was about. No one saw him. He dragged out his play box from under his bed, and in it was the stamp book, a light grey overcoat, and a grey cloth cap. These he had worn in the holidays and they had escaped the notice of the house matron.

With these under his arm he stole very quietly out of the Dormitory, down the passage, the stairs, and into Coulter's. No one spoke to him; no one saw him.

In another minute he was through the school gate and walking down the hill. It was so easy as to be incredible.

(To be continued)

THRUSH SONG

By Reginald L. Cook

THERE is a faint shimmer of an ethereal bell
Tinkling from the fringe of soft dark
Impalpable as handfuls of falling dusk;
A long-reaching wave of thread-like sound,
Touching, tangling in the rhythm of the heart.

Shake out the silver gauze until it tinkles
Faint as a far away wood-sounding bell —
A sound wistful as a hamadryad dying
In the tremor of the last wind blown cloud,

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AMERICAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND

By Radclyffe Hall

WHY certain novels succeed with the public of any country while others do not is a riddle that has puzzled both publishers and authors ever since the invention of the printing press. A novelist can seldom be sure of his public even when writing for his own countrymen, but when he runs the gauntlet of foreign opinion and must bring home to his readers the lives of people whose very surroundings are unfamiliar, then his task is sometimes a hard one. Thus American writers who seek success in England, having previously attained to it in the States, may repeat that success, but again they may not; nor can we set down any hard and fast rules for the help and guidance of authors.

One thing, however, must stand out clearly to the student who has followed the varying fortunes of American literature in England, and that is that in the past American fiction took a very high place in this country, a place that in my opinion it is certainly going to take again in the near future. Just because my subject is full of contradictions, it may not, I think, come amiss to look back for a moment to those American authors who captivated the British public and thereby did much to create between our countries a happy literary entente. This should also serve to bear out my remark to the effect that no hard and fast rules can assist us in forming a really reliable judgment as to what constitutes the secret of success — always, of course, excepting fine writing. Take for example two American authors who acquired an almost contemporary reputation in England as far back as 1820, namely James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving. The subjects they chose and the handling of those subjects were surely as wide apart as the poles, yet Irving's "The Sketch Book", published 1819, may be said to have been the first American book to win a great reputation in this country; while for years the Indian stories of Cooper dominated the minds of our youthful males, and I venture to say not youthful minds only, for the child in us seldom dies with our childhood.

In 1835 we find Edgar Allan Poe making his début in prose. In him we have yet another type of author, but one whose literary position in England soon became unassailable. An American by birth, he was really a world writer, one whose subjects were in no way confined to his own country. He had neither the advantage nor the disadvantage of producing specialized work. And what about Harriet Beecher Stowe with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1852? We all know that this book took England by storm, having a vogue of not less than thirty years. It may not have been fine literature, perhaps, but it certainly proved to be fine propaganda. It was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that largely aroused our sympathies for the north during the Civil War. I think that we may even go as far as saying that no American novel produced before or since can

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lay claim to quite such political importance as had simple, old "Uncle Tom's Cabin". This book has an interest peculiar to itself inasmuch as we are an insular people, but one with plenty of troubles of our own, having a wide flung Empire. Yet this stranger, this American woman writer, writing of a subject that in no way concerned us, could strike deep and true into the heart of our nation, arousing immediate enthusiasm for the cause that she championed with her pen.

And now we come to two literary giants, both of whom may claim to have been purely American in their writings from start to finish. I mean that master of the short story, Bret Harte, and that master of humor, Mark Twain. Both these men became dear to the British public, even as our own English Dickens was dear — Mark Twain had much the same sort of appeal, combining as he always did pathos with humor. But apart from his books, I am told by those who knew him that Mark Twain was loved in this country for himself, and that great was his reception when in 1907 he received the degree of Doctor of Literature from the University of Oxford. Bret Harte was another outstanding figure, one who liked us as much as we liked him it seems, for in the years that followed after 1885 he made his home among us, living in London, and he finally died in England. These two authors marked a very fine epoch in the history of American literature, and with them the popularity of American writers in this country rose to its zenith.

With the passing away of Mark Twain and Bret Harte that popularity waned. There ensued a period enlivened only by the rising of an occasional star such as Marion Crawford, who, incidentally, was not a typically American writer. On the other hand the immortal James Lane Allen, who rose about this time, drew his fine inspiration entirely from his own native land, and his books were acclaimed on all sides in this country. James Lane Allen sprang into fame in England with his "Choir Invisible" in 1897, after which we discovered his two earlier works, "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath". His books had the recognition that they deserved, they were read and reread in the homes of this island, indeed in the homes of the whole British Empire. They are still being read here today.

It is pleasant to think that our two countries have never completely lost literary touch with each other since 1819, for during the period of the waning popularity of American fiction our English children continued to form a strong link between us, a happy reassuring thought. From the time of publication right up to the present our children have read and are reading "Uncle Remus", to say nothing of "Little Lord Fauntleroy", which still, I believe, sells in hundreds of thousands on this side of the Atlantic. Nor must we forget Louisa M. Alcott's adorable Jo, so beloved in our childhood, nor the tears which we shed over "The Wide, Wide World", over "Queechy" and "The Lamplighter". We have created a great child literature between us, perhaps the best in the world; thus our children will always understand each other, a very vital thing in the friendship of nations.

I sometimes wonder if we realize the importance of the tie formed by our common language. A common language means much more than just words; it means a community of spirit,

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above all a community of literary spirit, which should be so important to writers. The American author in the past as today had and has an advantage over other foreign authors whose books are published in England, namely the advantage of escaping the fate of having his work translated. I mean no disrespect to translators, who on the whole are most conscientious people, but each language holds certain treasures of its own which are apt to be lost in translation. At no period of history has this advantage been so apparent as it is today, for apart from the really inestimable value of being able to read a book in the original, the world is in a great hurry and careful translations take quite a long time. The success of a foreign book in its own country may have ceased to stimulate the mind of our public before that public can read it in translation.

What then are the prospects of American writers in England at this present moment? Well, never since the time of Bret Harte and Mark Twain have their prospects been quite so rosy. Our publishers are eagerly looking for their work, and moreover, they are more than willing to push it. The period of eclipse is fast passing away, and will soon, I believe, be quite past. As for what type of American book does best in this country, that, as I have said, is very hard to decide. No sooner have you fixed on one type as an example than a quite different type will have equal success. I shrink from the thought of being asked to solve the problem — *femme varie*, and so does the public.

In these days when the making of books is legion there are generally two quite separate publics, the erudite public — the public with brains — and the great general public — which may also have brains but which does not always trouble to use them. With our erudite public, so far as I can see, the full length, detailed novel has the best chance of success. Books like "Babbitt", "Main Street", "So Big", "Lummox", and "An American Tragedy", to quote only four, have had instant appeal, as their outstanding interest and fine workmanship deserve. There are three other novels of a very different type but of no less high merit, that come to my mind: "The Venetian Glass Nephew", "Where the Blue Begins", and "Thunder on the Left", all fantastic in theme yet meeting with quite as sincere an admiration over here as, say, "Babbitt" and "Main Street". Nor must I omit to mention Kathleen Norris, that most tender champion of the Irish American, for her books always give many hours of real pleasure to the thoughtful and sympathetic among us. She has the rare gift of making small things important, pathetic, and at times even noble.

With regard to the taste of our great general public in American books, this is harder to define. If hungry it will eat any dish on your menu, from caviar down to beefsteak and onions; but if, for some unfathomable reason, it is not feeling hungry — if the book trade is slack — then, like most other general publics in the world, it will usually tend to follow success, reading the book that can show the best record of sales on your side of the water. Yet again — oh, these tiresome and bewildering exceptions — this will not inevitably be the case, for it does sometimes happen that a book comes among us that has had quite excellent American sales but that nevertheless is received with marked coldness by the man and woman in the street.

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Among those of your novels that are likely to have an immediate appeal to our general public, I have no hesitation in putting western stories a long way ahead in the race. Why should western stories appeal to our readers, to the pale city clerk who has never seen a ranch, to the overworked typist who knows nothing of life and love as such stories portray it? Again I think because the heart of the public, tired though it is, is the heart of a child, the same child heart that a long time ago beat high for Fenimore Cooper. You no longer possess a Fenimore Cooper. You no longer possess a Colonel Cody to make Fenimore Cooper's adventures come true before our astonished eyes. There are no wild west shows. There have not been for years, and certain among us undoubtedly miss them so that we grasp at the next best thing, at your western romances of today. And why not? We are all suffocating in cities, we are all pretty sick of the noise and the strain, and we all for the most part get chronic indigestion through lack of fresh air and enough exercise! Day after day people sit at their desks writing lists of statistics or balancing ledgers; but the evenings are theirs to do with as they please. In the evenings they escape to your stretching prairies; they love madly, live madly, ride madly bucking bronchos, and all via the media of your western romances. Surely the writing of such books is worthwhile.

But let me not forget that mammoth success that has recently set the whole of Europe laughing. First you laughed, then we laughed, and great mutual laughter is always a health giving thing — it seems quite superfluous to mention the title of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". Surely no such irresistible humor has reached us from the States since the days of Mark Twain. Miss Loos had hair raising sales to her credit before her book even crossed the Atlantic, but this, while it must have paved the way to success, cannot account for the type of success that that fortunate author is enjoying. You will find her book in grave English studies, in the homes of men deep in affairs of state, in the studios of artists, in the workrooms of writers, in the office girl's desk, in the bank clerk's coat pocket, in the drawing rooms of Mayfair, in the morning rooms of Putney — indeed, in all places where war weary people are thankful for a few hours of genuine fun. The appeal of this book has been almost universal, quite regardless of mental or social distinctions, for I think that Miss Loos has crystallized a type of young person who is shared by all countries alike, and this in spite of the fact that her digressions are so typically Yankee! After reading the book I am forced to conclude that "gentlemen" *do* prefer blondes.

And now I suppose I must mention the failures, those books that do not succeed over here with either section of our public; and, very surprising though it always seems to me, I must mention your detective stories. The English are great readers of detective stories, more especially the business men of our cities; but they seem to prefer crime marked "Made in England" to any brand that you send us. We ourselves have many good writers of such books so that perhaps our market is flooded, yet I personally think that your detective stories are almost, if not quite, as exciting as our own; in any case, I very frequently read them — especially during my biannual influenza! If I have any criticisms to offer while seeking for the reason why they do not succeed,

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I should say that their plots are a little thinner than ours, their conclusions a little more obvious, their mystery not quite so carefully maintained right up to the last thrilling chapter. Or, it may be that we are a conservative people, and that once having taken Sherlock Holmes to our hearts we cannot as yet bear to have him disrated. He is dead, I believe, but his spirit persists in haunting one or two of our own authors.

Other books from America that do not do well are those that deal solely with quiet home life in American villages and towns. For a book of this kind to gain any success on this side it must be of outstanding merit; otherwise, to adopt a term of your own, it fails to "register" with us. Both sections of our public will occasionally wade through a dull book provided that the subject be English; but if they are asked to read about people from whose everyday lives they are divorced by an ocean, then their interest will flag with the first few chapters — such a story must be very well told.

But I do want to add that even a fine book may sometimes have the misfortune to fail, and that no really first class American author should feel in the least discouraged thereby. As sure as fate, if his or her work remains fine, it will ultimately get recognition, and once established the author may rely on the faithfulness of our public. Many an American first novel in England has had to be content with a small meed of praise, and yet when the next book arrives from the same pen it may well be a great success. I feel pretty sure that first books very often pave the way to success, though they may seem to have been failures; the public is less shy of a name that it knows, however slight the acquaintance.

In conclusion, I cannot resist the temptation of returning yet again to my own pet hobby, of insisting once more on our common language, that should form such a literary bond between us. Since you sent us your best in Bret Harte and Mark Twain, both possessed of immense personality and genius, you have not, I think, until today sent us an equally arresting author — one capable of dominating our minds, be it by pathos or by humor. But today you have sent us a Sinclair Lewis, whom England has welcomed as a really great writer, and to me, at all events, his work has a value not solely dependent on its literary merit. For Sinclair Lewis writes AMERICA, and may he long be contented to do so. I shrewdly suspect that he is forming a school — a new school of writing that will help us in England to get closer to your hearts through a more perfect understanding. And surely herein lies the value of books: that they help great peoples to understand each other, that they widen our sympathies and our interests while drawing us closer together.

I look forward in the not very distant future to an Anglo American school of fiction, to a kind of faithful literary wedlock that will tolerate no divorce. I, for one, should rejoice in this conjugal tie, this marriage of true minds, this family union.

Whom language joins together let no man put asunder — not even the literary critic!

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THE ARTIST IN REVOLT *

By Floyd Dell

AT fifteen, Upton Sinclair was in a humble and practical way already a writer. He had found that he had the "curious knack" of doing trivial little things — verses, jokes, poems — that pleased others. "They came from some little corner of his consciousness, he scarcely knew how." And, most incredibly, they sold! He was soon making as much as four or five dollars a week doing these things in odd moments. . . .

The family fortunes being for the time improved, he was free to spend these princely sums upon himself. And since what he most desired was freedom he was somewhat reluctantly permitted to have a room of his own, away from his parents, paying his rent and buying his own food out of his literary earnings.

The room, a top floor hall bedroom, cost $1.25 a week. Twenty five cents a week for clean collars and cuffs, and newspapers. He wore the cuffs up high to keep them from showing too much and getting soiled too fast. His meals cost $3 a week. That was not very much for food; but he scorned the worldly demands of appetite, and negligently fried his own meals, or thought his high thoughts while he ate the cheapest dishes in the cheapest restaurants — thereby laying up for himself in years to come a case of chronic indigestion. He would stay in his unheated room until he got too severe a cold and then pay a precious dollar more to move into a room with a radiator in it. . . . And meantime there was an "Uncle Terry", an elder brother of his father's, sporting it in New York society. And occasionally the rich Baltimore relatives would come to New York and invite the young student to a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria and a musical comedy afterward and then perhaps a late supper. Doubtless they meant well; but their guest would bitterly reflect after an evening empty of beauty or meaning that upon what had been wasted in those few hours he could have lived for months!

From his sixteenth to his seventeenth year he went on in this fashion. He spoke of becoming a lawyer; but this was more than anything else a mask to hide, even from himself, his rash and beautiful dream of becoming a poet. . . . And then one winter midnight when he was sixteen there came to him his first visitation of poetic ecstasy.

He was walking at the time alone in a beautiful garden, for it was during a holiday visit to those "upper regions" of luxury which were his for the asking. The experience came suddenly and abruptly:

> He could not have told whether he walked or sat down, whether he spoke or was silent — his consciousness was given up to the people of his dreams, the companions and lovers of his fancy. The cold and snow were gone, and there was a moonlit glade in a forest; and thither they came one by one, friendly and human, yet in the full panoply of their splendor and grace. There were Shelley and Milton, and the gentle and troubled Hamlet, and the sorrowful knight of la Mancha, with the irrepressible Falstaff to hearten them all; a strangely assorted company, yet royal spirits all of them, and no strangers to each other in

* An episode from the forthcoming critical biography, "Upton Sinclair: A Study in Social Protest".

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Portrait by Maud Grant-Ford

Upton Sinclair

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their own world. And here they gathered and conversed, each in his own vein and from his own impulse, with gracious fancy and lofty vision and heart easing mirth.

That was the first of what he came to recognize as a poet's ecstasies, to wait for and welcome, and to remember as authentic signs of his own election to a poetic career. For these visions were more real than reality; and they summed up in some vivid form all that he felt and more than he was aware he knew about life. They seemed to come from unknown deeps of his soul; they were what the dull professors of English literature were unwittingly referring to when they spoke so glibly of a poet's "inspiration".

He was at first so awed by these visions as to be disinclined to grapple with them and attempt to fix them in words. It seemed to him that a whole lifetime must needs be dedicated to realizing them in verse. Yet

> . . . he soon discovered that these visions of wonder came but once, and that when they were gone they were gone forever. And he must learn to grapple with them as they fled, to labor with them and hold them fast, at the cost of whatever heartbreaking strain. Thus alone could men have even the feeblest reflection of their beauty. . . .

But meanwhile he was under the practical necessity of supporting himself. His "curious knack" of writing things that sold must be cultivated. And also, as his father's earning capacity became more uncertain and undependable, it was necessary for him to contribute to the support of his mother. If he could make enough money by writing, he need not quit his studies. And so, still holding fast to his secret hope of becoming a poet, he threw the reserve of an immense stock of youthful energy into the task of making a living by hack work. He knew well enough what sort of things he could write that would sell, and he wrote them. Boy's stories, tales of adventure, full of his own earlier boyish dreams of adventure, flowed easily from his pen.

There were also jokes to be manufactured at odd moments and sold to the comic papers or to artists who drew for the comic papers. A dollar apiece was the established price. In an "Argosy" serial written at the age of nineteen, when he was commencing to break under the strain of hack work, he introduced a poet, come to New York with an epic poem in his pocket, poor fool! but fortunately falling in with a smart lad who supported himself by writing these jokes; and the process is thus described by this latter character:

> I have a regular list of joke subjects — there is the tramp joke, the mother-in-law joke, the boarding-house joke, the small boy brother joke, the life-insurance agent joke, the cannibal and missionary joke, and so on. I have counted them up, and I am sure there are fifty subjects. . . .
>
> Then, to take the tramp idea, for instance; there are a dozen things available in connection with tramps. There is the fact that tramps don't like to saw wood, that they are afraid of water, and bull-dogs, and tough apple pies. You see, when you get the thing reduced down like that it is very easy to take any one of the ideas and build a joke up around it.

Shall we have, by way of illustration, from the scrapbook fondly kept by Upton Sinclair's mother during this period, a joke thus manufactured?

> OLD LADY: You look as if you never washed, sir.
>
> WEARY WILL: Yes, ma'am; I prefer godliness.

Not a very good joke? Well, the editor liked it, and that sufficed. Another on the same theme:

> PEREGRINATING PETER: Look dere at dat sign!
>
> EMIGRATING EDWARD: "Cleaning and dyeing establishment." What about it?
>
> PEREGRINATING PETER: Didn't I tell you them two allus went tergidder?

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And here is one that harks back to the days of the "Raines law" hotels when beer could legally be served on Sunday only with a meal — the meal being, in practice, a sandwich, endlessly reserved to each customer in turn:

"The complaint reads," began the justice, "that the plaintiff entered your hotel on Sunday and ordered a sandwich and a glass of beer. That he was peaceably enjoying the same when you, the proprietor, assaulted him violently. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"And why did you do it?"

"Your honor, the feller did me out of a whole Sunday's trade."

"How, pray?"

"Why, he ate the sandwich!"

Thus the "joke factory". And when Upton Sinclair is accused, as he has been, of having no sense of humor, he is perhaps entitled to the defense that he had to manufacture too many jokes at a dollar apiece. . . .

Later came stories and serials in "The Argosy", a cheap popular magazine of adventure fiction. They had the first place in the magazine and doubtless his mother was proud of her boy's achievement.

It was early in the month of February, in the year 1804, along the northern coast of Africa.

A small vessel of Moorish rig was speeding over the Mediterranean waves, urged onward by a fierce gale. The little craft was close-reefed, and her decks were swept by the flying spray.

Thus begins "In the Days of Decatur", a novel complete in one issue. And "In the Net of the Visconti", a serial:

In the month of June of the year 1402 two horsemen were riding through a deep forest in central Italy. Their horses were spattered with foam. . . .

These youthful literary talents did not fail to attract the attention of Street and Smith, publishers of five cent novels, and presently he was given a regular job producing this kind of fiction for adolescents. Under military and naval pseudonyms he wrote a weekly series about life at West Point and another about life at Annapolis. The Spanish American War came on and he sent both his young heroes to Cuba. "Killing Spaniards" became a profitable literary occupation. Each week he wrote a number of the Army weekly (15,000 words) and of the Navy weekly (15,000 words), and every other week a complete volume (over 50,000 words) for some cheap "library" series—accomplishing during this period the almost incredible number of 56,000 words a week. He kept two stenographers going all the time. One came one day, the other the next day; he would start dictating at 8 o'clock in the morning and dictate until noon, about 2,000 words an hour or 8,000 a day, Sundays not excluded. In the afternoon he would revise the typed matter brought in from the previous day's dictation, and in the evening he would take a long walk in the park and think up the next day's story. This was while he was still nominally a college student and actually undertaking to keep up his intellectual life. These hack labors occupied some eight hours a day, leaving eight more for intellectual pursuits, for he was operating on a sixteen hour work day, leaving eight hours for the necessary business of eating and sleeping. For these hack labors he received $70 a week, at the rate of an eighth of a cent a word. At the age of twenty he was turning out more than two million words a year.

He had shown that he was capable of coping with the world on its own terms. But he had not given up his secret dream of becoming a poet. Sometimes when the ecstasy came he would turn aside from these necessitous la-

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bors, and try to capture its magic in a net of words. He would try and hope that he had succeeded and know that he had failed. Poetry is a jealous mistress. But he could not take time off to court her properly. Street and Smith would not pay him a weekly salary while he was learning to be a poet. The world did not want poetry enough to pay for it. The best that was in him was worthless in the eyes of the world. The world valued only this "curious knack" of turning out adventure stories for adolescent minds. Be a hack, then, or starve! There lay his choice.

He continued to earn his living in this manner until he was twenty one. He had finished college at the age of eighteen, "passing comfortably near the bottom of his class", and had entered Columbia University as a graduate student. During these years, he had written millions of words of hack work — a total bulk, as he estimated it, equal to the complete works of Sir Walter Scott! The psychology of the period that immediately follows could not well be understood without taking that fact into consideration. It is obscured in his own autobiographical novel, "Love's Pilgrimage", and does not at all enter into the quasi autobiographical "Journal of Arthur Stirling". Both of these books tell of the frantic and frenzied struggles of a young writer for self realization in the midst of poverty. In neither of these books will the young writer solve the problem of poverty by doing any other kind of work except writing: and this "no compromise" attitude when carried to such extreme lengths as it is in these books alienates a good deal of the sympathies of the reader. One is better able to understand such reckless and wilful intransigence when one realizes that this is the maddened rebellion of an overdriven hack. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy when Jack is an ordinary citizen; but if Jack feels himself to be an artist too much hack work and no opportunity for creative self expression makes him go berserk. It is the artist's revolt against slavery; and like any slave revolt it is likely to be marked by "red ruin and the breaking up of homes". It is these years of successful literary drudgery, these millions of meaningless and merely salable words, that explain the ruthless singleness of artistic purpose in the face of every obstacle and in defiance of common sense. It is this situation which explains the extraordinary combination of abnormal personal sensitiveness with an inhuman indifference to all opposing human claims, whether in himself or in others who are dear to him; and it not merely explains but more than anything else serves to excuse the belief on the part of the young man himself that the frightful excesses of his morbid egotism are symptoms of "genius".

The onset of this period of revolt was necessarily delayed at first and then intensified by a sense of his responsibilities toward his mother. The burden of her support had lately been borne much more by him than by his father. It may seem obvious enough to us that, in these circumstances, she should turn to her relatives for assistance, leaving the boy free to struggle with his career; but perhaps this was not so obvious either to her or to them — and it was an idea which could grow in the boy's mind only in the most painful fashion and with the assistance of an immense amount of quasi impersonal idealism.

He had to believe that his poetic career was of the utmost importance to humanity — perhaps never a difficult thing for a young poet to believe. And

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since being a poet meant necessarily being poor, his poverty had to have a quasi divine sanction and justification which his ascetic and religious tendencies made it easy for him to feel. Poetry was to be not a career so much as a Mission. The Muse might have spoken to him in such words as those of Jesus, saying: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple." Indeed, the struggle through which he went was in the nature of a religious conversion such as has led more than one zealot to break the bonds of filial affection and devote his life to poverty and danger. Yet his repudiation of his mother — for such it must have seemed to him — was a hard matter. And the partial transformation of his earlier ambition from that of becoming a poet in the pure and restricted sense to that of becoming a poetic novelist is perhaps not merely due to the influence of years of story writing, but a secret compromise with his sense of obligation to her. For he conceived of himself as ultimately and brilliantly successful. Such success would enable him to resume his obligations to her without endangering his own ambitions. But this was the utmost compromise of which his tormented mind was capable. And in the meantime he had to repudiate all human obligations that stood in his way. He had to hate the Christianity he had already intellectually outgrown, and with some help from Nietzsche, whom he had read in the German, to scorn its teaching of obedience as a slave morality unfit for free men.

This, in his twentieth and twenty first years, was his secret life and his preparation for the struggle soon to come. Ostensibly he was at the university in preparation for a career as a lawyer.

His mother had given up all hope of seeing him a bishop, and they had compromised on a judgeship.

But he easily found reasons for repudiating that career:

Here at the university there was a law school, and he met the students, and saw that this, too, could not be. These "lawyers" were not seeking knowledge for the love of it — they were studying a trade, by which they could rise in the world. They were not going out to do battle for justice — they were perfecting themselves in cunning, so that they might be of help in money-disputes.

Besides,

. . . they were a coarse and roystering crew, and he shrank from them in repugnance.

Being secretly dedicated to a literary career, he was particularly sensitive to the deficiencies of the courses in English literature. An eminent professor and critic assigned him a "theme" on College Athletics. He decided to quit the course, and the following conversation ensued, as reported in "Love's Pilgrimage":

The professor gazed over his spectacles at him. "Why?"

"I don't think I'm getting any good out of it."

"But how can you tell what good you are getting?" . . . "I don't seem to feel that I am."

"It's not to be supposed that you would feel it — not at this early stage. You must wait."

"But I don't like the method, sir."

"What's wrong with the method?"

He was not sure, he said; but he did not think that writing could be taught. Anyway, one first had to have something worth saying —

"Are you laboring under the delusion that you know anything about writing? . . . Because if you are, let me disabuse your mind at once. There is no one in the class who knows less about writing than yourself. . . . It is my business to teach students to write. I've given my life to it, and I think I know something about it. But you think you know more than I do. That's all."

And so they parted.

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In a similar course under an even more eminent professor and critic, a grammatical error was discovered in a poem. "You will find such things occasionally", said the professor, as the story is told in "The Goose-Step". "There is a line in Byron — 'There let him lay' — and I have an impression that I once came upon a similar error in Shelley. Some day before long I plan to read Shelley through and see if I can find it." Shelley was the boy's dearest friend; and he quit that course also.

Nevertheless while at the university he discovered for himself how to master a foreign language. He familiarized himself in a few days with the main features of its grammar and syntax, and then read, looking up each word once for all time and impressing its meaning so firmly in his mind that he would never have to waste time looking in the dictionary again. On the side he thus taught himself German, French, and Italian and read immensely in all those languages. In German he made enthusiastically the acquaintance of Goethe, a picture of whom as a young poet he carried about in his pocket "like a lover" — perhaps, unwittingly to himself, as a secret promise of the coming true of his own rash poetic ambitions.

His only friends were still in the world of imagination. He had no time to make friends; and if he had wished to do so he was too much of an oddity at the university:

There was a certain facetious senior who had caught him hurrying through the corridors one day, declaring in excitement that —

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow!"

But he had long ago ceased to hope for a friend, or to care what anybody thought about him; it was clear to him by this time that he had made himself into a poet and was doomed to be unhappy.

The time came when he could withhold himself no longer from his own creative work.

There were many signs by which this state might have been known. He went quite alone, and spoke to no man; he was self-absorbed, and walked about with his eyes fixed on vacancy; he was savage when disturbed, and guarded his time unscrupulously. He had given up the last formalities of life — he no longer attended any lectures, or wore cuffs, and he would not talk at meal times. He took long walks at impossible hours, and he was fond of a certain high wall where the storms blew. These things had been going on for a year; and now the book that had been coming to ripeness in his mind was ready to be born.

The projected book was a novel, to be called "Springtime and Harvest". He was so full of this poetic romance that he could not think about anything else:

The professors at the university, and all his relatives and acquaintances had given him up as a hopeless case.

But he had a hundred dollars saved up; and he would spend the summer in the country doing his book.

In the early spring he found a cabin in the woods near Quebec, had provisions brought to him twice a week, and wrote madly.

It was his break for freedom.

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TO YOUTH

By John V. A. Weaver

THIS I say to you:
Be arrogant! Be true!
True to April lust that sings
Through your veins. These sharp springs
Matter most. . . . Afteryears
Will be time enough for sleep . . .
Carefulness . . . and tears. . . .

Now, while life is raw and new,
Drink it clear, drink it deep!
Let the moonlight's lunacy
Tear away your cautions. Be
Proud, and mad, and young, and free!
Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
Laughingly! Fight! Dare!
Arms are soft, breasts are white,
Magic's in the April night—

Never fear, Age will catch you,
Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
To your long and solemn quiet. . . .

What will matter then the riot
Of the lilacs in the wind?
What will mean — then — the crush
Of lips at hours when birds hush?

Purple, green and flame will end
In a calm, grey blend.

Only . . . graven in your soul
After all the rest is gone
There will be the ecstasies . . .
Those alone. . . .

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THE LONDONER

"Jew Süss" — Mr. Sadleir's "Trollope" — Disraeli, with a Hint to Lytton Strachey — Mr. Pett Ridge Gives Advice to Young Novelists — George Sturt — Winston Churchill and Colonel Lawrence

LONDON, *April* 1, 1927.

APART from "Jew Süss", which has been making publishing history in this country by starting very badly and then, being stimulated by praise from Arnold Bennett, running away with the season's plums, the outstanding book so far published during the spring has been Michael Sadleir's "Trollope". This book has had an almost unanimously ecstatic press, for not only have all the old stagers who have loved Trollope for years come running to thank the gods for such rehabilitation of their idol, but the young, tiring for the moment of their other fashions, have begun to think that something may be done with Victorianism, and even with such an arch Victorian as was Trollope. The young, as usual, are right. Something *can* be done with Trollope. Something is really being done with him. If Mr. Walpole's long promised book for the English Men of Letters can only come out soon I believe we may quite shortly succeed in getting the political novels of Trollope made available for general reading. Why they should not already have managed to get themselves republished I cannot imagine. They seem all to have been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and although there may be copyright difficulties in the way it should be simple enough to arrange something in the shape of an edition. However, there the matter lies, and I can only hope that Mr. Walpole's book will come soon. I desire to read it. I have read — I must here say — Mr. Sadleir; and in my opinion Mr. Sadleir, with some reservations which I shall immediately make, as is my wont, is good. In fact I read his book with real delight. It has its faults, but it does set out certain facts that all should know, and it makes Trollope a very attractive figure. It also contains, and this may be the best part of the book, an extremely amusing account of that Mrs. Trollope, Anthony's mother, who so freely criticized the Americans after a sojourn in their country. By the way, I see that there is to be a new edition of Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans", and I hope it will not lead to fresh recriminations. It will have to be read as a literary curiosity, and not as a contemporary document. To return to Mr. Sadleir, who is contributing a preface to the new edition of Mrs. Trollope's book, he has really read Trollope, and he has really cared to find out as much as he could find out about Trollope. And he has set out the knowledge he has gained with very commendable lightness, so that one reads with ease and pleasure, and receives very vivid impressions from the book. First, what is meant by "Victorianism" in its several phases is shown; then the family life of the elder Trollopes; and lastly — against this carefully and delicately prepared background — Anthony himself. It is a most admirable arrangement, upon which Mr. Sadleir is to be congratu-

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lated. I therefore commend the book to all. There are in it one or two regrettable lapses of style — lapses into what I believe is called "arabesque". These are a part of the Oxford tradition, and they are a bad part. They are like nothing so much as echoes from the works of Thackeray and the late Henry Seton Merriman. I instance the following:

> The small tired figure by the bed [Mrs. Trollope, Anthony's mother] knew well her husband's life had been a failure. But he had loved her and she him; and if he had caused her sorrow and anxiety and toil, he had also given her much of delicious pleasure. She knew that it was his imprudence that had brought her and her children to the troubles they had so narrowly survived; that his warped temper had made not only his sons' lives unhappy, but his own also. She knew that he had killed his own spirit, withered his own charity, thwarted his own ambition by the wrongheaded pride that was at once his fineness and his infirmity. She knew that in his lifetime he had been, first a continual danger to her peace of mind, then an inert and suffering burden on her back. Yet, now that he was dead — and just because she had loved him, suffered for him, worked for him and protected him — she wept, crouching beside him under the high ceiling of the shadowy room.

In my opinion that is bad writing, and out of place in a serious biography. Similarly, there is another passage which reads like the effort of a blurb writer. Here it is:

> But all (or almost all) the evidence points [to the fact that Trollope's married life lacked ecstasy]. . . . Admire and love him as we may, we recognise that his personality has in part faded from our view, just because it lacks that touch of ultimate romance which can keep alive a human memory and kindle in the hearts of generation after generation an undying flame. There was one woman who, coming later into his life, might have driven him to ecstasy, had such ecstasy been by his own principles permissible. This woman he loved. But the love mellowed into friendship and never — because he was the man he was — flamed into desire. Wherefore his spirit, if we conjure it, looms strong and lovable and admirable, but neither tremulous with self enchantment, nor agleam with the dark fire of passion.

Speaking of the meeting of Trollope and Freeman, who had disliked each other in the printed word, Mr. Sadleir says:

> On the hill where once stood the white streets of Tusculum, Trollope and Freeman stood side by side, talking of Octavius Mamilius and of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Then, in the gold of the Italian sunset, they turned and went together down the slope of the *arx* to their hotel.

Is not that pure Henry Seton Merriman?

Finally, as I am upon the subject of Mr. Sadleir's style, let me draw attention to an excessive use — supposing the use to be even allowable in good writing — of the word "wherefore". It occurs much too often. I noted closely clustered examples of it on pages 129, 131, and 135, and I made no attempt to follow it through the book. Now as to other points: as far as I can see, "The Eustace Diamonds" is omitted from the chronological bibliography. All reference to the little edition of a number of Trollope's novels, with very inadequate prefaces by Algar Thorold, published by Messrs. John Lane, is absent from the same bibliography. Yet two or three years ago I bought from Messrs. Lane all but one of the volumes they had published, which suggests that the books are still obtainable, although I fancy some stock was destroyed by fire. Also I would suggest that Mr. Sadleir is not an absolutely irresistible critic of Trollope's work. He may be, for others, but he is not for me. For example, he seems to set "The Small House at Allington" above "The Last Chronicle of Barset". And he praises Lily Dale with these strange words: "Certainly, Lily is perfect, and a man may not read of her and sit unrestless in his seat." To this particular phrase I should assent, but not with the meaning which Mr. Sadleir attaches to it. For Lily Dale, to me, is one of the really

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intolerable heroines of fiction. I will not claim this to be more than a personal matter of taste, but on the other hand Mr. Sadleir seems to me to exaggerate the merits of "Doctor Thorne", and, as is usual with critics of Trollope, to miss some of the virtues of "The Bertrams". To "Rachel Ray" he gives very well deserved praise. His other estimates are on the whole fairly conventional, and his study of Trollope seems to have taken the line of seeking for the author's personality rather than specially acute literary appraisal. But I should not like to have it thought that I regard the book as anything but a good one. It seems to me to be very good indeed. It is readable, adroit, humorous, and perceptive. It satisfies a real need, and satisfies it well. In its own line the book will not have a rival for many years, if such a rival ever comes at all. Above all, it is pioneer work. Trollope cannot in future be disregarded. He is once more on the literary map — even the literary map of the superior person who feels that Trollope is a snuffy old huckster who turned a craft that should be the property of the dilettante — the craft, I mean, of authorship — into a trade, which he plied at hours when the dilettante is fast asleep preparing for the new superior day. To have stepped into the cartographical sphere, and to have made Trollope the great figure that he is, and to have done it lightly and beautifully, is Mr. Sadleir's feat. Some may fail to observe the genuine knowledge which is so easily carried by Mr. Sadleir, but that will be the fault of the reader. The knowledge is there, and Mr. Sadleir has done excellently.

* * * *

I have also been reading a work of another kind, in Mr. D. L. Murray's "Disraeli". A great many people thought that such a book was going to be written by Mr. Strachey, and I fancy that it was even announced that he was going to write upon Disraeli. But it was never a true or a probable story. And, as the world was apparently waiting for a new, short book upon Disraeli in the modern style, Mr. Murray has stepped into the breach. I must, before turning to this book, express the belief that a particularly good subject for Mr. Strachey would be Carlyle, who needs redrawing. Froude made a hash of his task, and unfortunately since Froude made his hash there has been a great quantity of partizan argument, for and against Froude, in which the dramatic qualities of the Carlyle story have been lost. It is probably true that Carlyle is unread nowadays, and I could say a few words upon the subject of Carlyle myself if there were space for them, and if they seemed to me to be worth saying, but the fact that Carlyle is unread would not necessarily be a bar to a new and vivid biographical sketch such as Mr. Strachey could write. However, this is beside the point, which is Mr. Murray's book on Disraeli. Mr. Murray, I think I am right in saying, is a member of the staff of the "Times" and a member of the staff of the "Times Literary Supplement". It is his hand that supplies some of those deft third leaders in the "Times" which play around all sorts of minor subjects and frequently adorn them. A collection of his essays has recently been published, and this collection has been highly and widely praised. He has now risen to more ambitious and exacting work than the essay. His "Disraeli" seems to me to be very good in its style. It presents, at least to one who has not read Monypenny and Buckle and whose researches into the life and work of Disraeli have not been exhaustive, a very vivid picture of a

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really baffling figure. Mr. Murray is often shrewd in his revelation of Disraeli's fundamental defect — a want of creative imagination, coupled with a species of mental autointoxication which was always bringing Disraeli by flamboyant and dithyrambic passages to the revelation of his own impotence. He is also well informed as to the political history of the time, or he has sufficient information to lift salient facts into such prominence as will impress them upon the reader's sense of what is dramatic. The book is far from being a eulogy, but it is temperate, and it has the qualities expected in these short biographical sketches which — following their introduction into English by Mr. Strachey — are the most popular form of literary exercise for our young educated writers. It appears in the series of "Curiosities of Politics" which Philip Guedalla is editing, and to which Mr. Guedalla himself has already contributed his dazzling work on Palmerston.

* * * *

Mr. Pett Ridge has been giving a lecture upon the subject of "How to Write a Novel". As was natural, Mr. Pett Ridge said a good deal about what one should *not* do in writing a novel, and I suppose that this is really all any writer can safely attempt in the way of giving advice to young would be novelists. Whether his advice will be followed is another matter. I doubt very much whether the young have any power to relate what is said to them in advice to the actual performance which they give. Has any writer? Critics often give advice to authors — particularly to novelists — and I have never yet heard of the advice so given being taken seriously by the writers advised. Nevertheless, what Mr. Pett Ridge said was sound enough, even if some of it was pitched in a farcical key. The most farcical remarks, indeed, had, as I read them, a terrible truth, because my experience with novelists of all kinds suggests that these farcical remarks — as they seem — are not farcical at all, but bitter truth. Listen:

"Don't change the name of your heroine halfway through," said Mr. Pett Ridge, "and don't show any indecision in regard to the colour of her hair. If she is a brunette at the beginning a brunette let her remain.

"Don't imagine you can dispense with love. In fiction anyone can fall in love with anyone at any moment. Don't make any slip in regard to the Services. It pains the Services deeply to find any error with regard to them.

"Be cautious in games. If you don't know how many balls go to the over ask your young brother. And don't send a man in to bat more than once in the same innings.

"Don't copy with too great accuracy your favourite writer, although there is no reason why you should not be extremely interested in other novelists. If you read their works you will see there is no need to deal exclusively with barristers and with night clubs. I believe it is a greater achievement to take ordinary people and make them interesting.

". . . And as to plots I think you will discover none that are fresh, but there are many ways of treating old plots."

So much for the advice part of Mr. Pett Ridge's talk, which seems to me to be sound enough. He followed it by making a few statements of some interest, but of perhaps questionable truth, regarding the tastes of different sections of the London world in the matter of novels. The report continues:

Speaking of London, Mr. Pett Ridge found that City men read W. J. Locke and Hugh Walpole, commercial travellers read Ian Hay; only stockbrokers did not read at all. Hampstead read Shaw's plays; St. John's Wood, Compton Mackenzie; Wandsworth, Ethel M. Dell; and other suburbs were faithful to Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon. There was in fiction something to suit all varieties of tastes. He knew a University professor who was a high authority on detective tales, and a distinguished surgeon who read nothing at all but stories about fairies.

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I do not know, as I say, whether these suggestions have any basis in fact. My own observations are to the effect that the whole of England is now reading the works of Edgar Wallace as fast as Edgar Wallace can produce them. The latest star, moreover, of the English literary firmament — not a new star, but an increasingly brilliant one, according to all my advices from the bookselling trade — is omitted from Mr. Pett Ridge's list. I mean Dornford Yates. Nor does Mr. Pett Ridge include the author of "Sorrell and Son", who has certainly swept into the suburbs and the country towns.

* * * *

The death of George Sturt — better known as "George Bourne" — was not a surprise to me, for I had known that he was very weak, and he had never recovered from the trouble which seized him some years ago. But the news of it came very unwelcomely, for Sturt was a man for whom I felt great respect. His work always seemed to me to be rather dull in its total effect, but it was full of knowledge and perception. It had a quality of its own, and it enshrined information which will be much sought in the future. Sturt, that is, knew his own scrap of the English countryside, and he knew it thoroughly. He was — if such a word can be used without giving a false impression of his quietness and dignity — fanatically absorbed in the life of the peasants, and the most obviously attractive parts of his books are those which reveal so understandingly what that life was, through several generations. Sturt himself was by trade — though he had for some years discontinued the practice of it — a wheelwright, and his book, "The Wheelwright's Shop", published by the Cambridge Press, will almost certainly become a classic. It seemed a few years ago as if "The Bettesworth Book" and the "Memoirs of a Surrey Laborer" would have an immediate position among the books which all book lovers possess, but I fear that Sturt's popularity was never as great as it should have been, even with book lovers. Perhaps the inclusion of two or three of his works in Mr. Cape's "Travellers Library" will help to make them more widely known. I hope so. I heard some time ago that he was writing something which was not wholly unlike Cecil Torr's "Small Talk at Wreyland". If this were true, such a book would certainly be of the greatest interest, and my own view would be that we cannot have too many books in which men set down what they remember of passing life, enriched as the setting is in Mr. Torr's case by so much lore regarding old and half forgotten institutions. There is no doubt that if my informant regarding Sturt was himself well informed the book which has been left, and which has not been announced for publication, would be a document of importance to the antiquary of the future. It would also be of value to those of us who regard Sturt as a writer of exceptional distinction.

* * * *

I said at the beginning of this letter that "Jew Süss" and Mr. Sadleir's "Trollope" were the outstanding books of the season, so far. The next few days will see the publication of the two other books likely to dominate the remainder of the spring. I refer to Mr. Churchill's war book, which has been running serially in the "Times", and to Colonel Lawrence's mystery book (I am sure that is the proper journalistic description), "Revolt in the Desert". Mr. Churchill has already been subjected to a running fire of

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criticism, and has already been accused — I do not know how truly — of hearing the chimes, and describing the chimes, of Big Ben at eleven o'clock on Armistice morning, when in fact, as the old song says, "those bells did not ring out". The passage probably would come under the head of Pooh Bah's "corroborative detail", and I expect it will continue to carry the chimes into history, despite all disclaimers. But, bells or no bells, Mr. Churchill is bound to receive some miles of newspaper space and some thousands of orders for his book (of course by way of the publisher), and it may be safely supposed that his will be one of the important pieces of publishing of the year. Colonel Lawrence will be in most respects the more distinguished author, and if the full story of his book is ever told I think the public will rub its eyes. It will no doubt rub its eyes at the book itself, although the book as it will appear is but a part of what was originally written. The air has for several years been heavy with rumors regarding the author and his work and his methods of composition and publication. I first heard of "Revolt in the Desert" a very long time ago, and I find it hard at this distance to distinguish between what is authentic and what is legendary. For one thing, I believe the first manuscript was lost. If that is true, and the manuscript were ever to turn up, what a scene there would be! Then, the stories told of the author's almost fanatical attention to all the details of type, paper, and binding of the original, very limited, edition are extraordinary; of his having twelve sets of proof, his demand for the destruction of whatever was not absolutely to his taste, and so on. These have been told and repeated *ad nauseam*. The illustrations, and the work of the artists; Colonel Lawrence's indifference to material returns from his work; his dislike of publicity and even of publication; the romantic tale of his disappearances, and his successive discoveries under assumed names as a private in the Royal Flying Corps — these have all heightened popular interest until the interest has become almost frantic. I am told that one very famous man wrote asking to be allowed to purchase at its almost fabulous price the original edition of "Revolt in the Desert", and was curtly refused by the author, who was very "particular" as to the recipients of this edition. Another story has it that a daily "agony" advertisement, the writer of which offered five pounds for the loan for one day of this original edition, has been appearing in the "Times". I have not seen this "agony", though I have seen another in which a copy of the book was offered for sale at two hundred pounds. Finally, the shortened version of the book has been heavily oversubscribed in England, and a third edition had to be printed before publication. I have not myself met Colonel Lawrence, but I know those who have done so, and all, while alluding to the extraordinary effect which the East has upon the minds of those who fall to its spell, have declared that the author did really amazing work during the war, and that his knowledge is uncanny. With all these advantages, "Revolt in the Desert" can hardly fail to have a unique place among books relating to the Arabs, to the war, and to human nature. I assume that it will be of all those published this spring the one to leave the strongest and the strangest impression upon its readers.

SIMON PURE

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THE NEW YORKER

Forty Days for Reflection — Why "Crime" Flourishes — The New Playwrights Theatre — Monte Carlo, Extra Synthetic — A New and an Old Play

LENT was ushered in with producers and theatregoers, particularly the latter, doing penance. As ill advised a lot of plays as we have ever seen in a winter month descended on the metropolis to harry those who for their sins must find entertainment for the long evenings. We hope that after seeing some of these affairs they were properly chastened. Some died instantly (plays, not patrons), others are still lingering, although we are willing to believe they too will be dead before these pages are printed. A few bright spots stand out in the general gloom, and although they are woefully scattered it is of them that we prefer to write. It is bad enough to sit in sackcloth and ashes without embalming the occasions in words as well.

During the long periods when the monologue and dialogue being spouted from the stage became too terrible for any sane man to listen to and survive, we speculated on many things without arriving at conclusions. We wondered what it was that made any producer accept a play, and we wondered how, having accepted it, he could gauge in the slightest degree its future. For plays as you know are pretty generally rewritten during rehearsal. Gentlemen with vast knowledge of the theatre are called in to supply certain lines which will be sure to bring forth a laugh or a tear. Their method usually is to insert material which has had these effects in days gone by, and so the play, be it never so original, takes on a certain substantial familiarity before it is well on its way. Then the star, and it is not always a woman, gives notice that her part as written does not give full scope to her art, and so the wretched vehicle is dislocated in order to make room for the lady's temperament. That accomplished, the producer begins to figure on cost and so three minor parts are amalgamated, or six parts are added if an effect of opulence is desired. Then certain worthies are summoned who listen acutely to the piece from the orchestra, the balconies, and the chandeliers and suggest changes which would in their opinion add "pep". The play is now practically ready to be launched when it is discovered that the name is fatal for a box office success. No one would pay $4.40 to see a show called "Despair", so "Despair" is retitled "Hearts Adrift"; or "The Golden Fleece" becomes "Easy Money", and the play is launched. The producer can now sit back and rub his hands — his work is through. There is nothing before him but to face an audience of hard boiled critics, first and second nighters who have seen too many plays for their own good, and a public which is notoriously reluctant to spend its money on anything that has not had the unintelligent approval of a half million other people. No wonder plays like "Broadway" go the rounds for ages before finding a producer even though a mint is concealed in the manuscript. Who could know? It is our guess that play producing is the veriest gamble. The old gentle-

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men who used to sit in the windows of the Union Club betting thousands on the numbers of the next Fifth Avenue stage were taking no greater hazards and were certainly more relaxed.

We also had time to wonder how actors support themselves during those long periods when they are "at liberty". We do not mean the Barrymores, the Cornells, and the Calherns; those fortunate ones seem always to be engaged except when they are fleeing to Europe to escape their tyrant master; but the rank and file — the "old ladies" who are always adequate and never great, the young men who are presentable so long as their dress suits are, the butlers and the maids who say "*Oui Madame*" with a good Ohio accent and who will continue to say just that until the end of time or so long as drawing room comedies are in vogue. We wonder how they do live when they are at liberty. Recently we saw a girl who some years ago made a brief and premature sensation in a motion picture and who as far as we know has not had anything to do since. She was strolling to and fro in one of those gay resort scenes, trailing her parasol and bowing brightly to the rest of the mob as if she had not seen them for ages. Perhaps she hadn't. She was leaning on the arm of a good looking youth who in the last two seasons has been in three plays none of which lasted more than three weeks. His courage must be greater than his acting for he still doggedly perseveres. And at a recent play, doomed for the scrap heap, the final curtain rose to scattered applause a moment too soon. It was a second night of course. Although the reviews had been bad, the first night was not a fair test. But after those spasmodic hand claps the cast knew. Their mechanical smiles had not been arranged and each face was a mask of despair. On the whole we think that there is one thing more dubious than producing and that is acting in the plays produced.

The season of open and unrestricted coughing is on. There is no more intolerable nuisance. The lady behind you who tells her escort in a piercing voice just what she thinks of Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome" may be no stupider than the play you are watching, but coughing, gagging, and sneezing never hold the attention. They simply distract it. All of us are subject to spasms occasionally, but the persistent cougher really should in the interests of humanity either retire to the lobby or stay at home. At a piano recital by the brilliant Henri Deering a woman went in for the most record breaking coughing we have ever heard. It was an endurance feat for both the audience and herself. She coughed through Ravel, she sneezed through Poulenc, and she gagged through César Franck. Finally she extracted a box of pastilles from her bag and, after having offered them to the infuriated persons on either side of her, she took three at once. Then she choked. As the final note of the last encore died away she became silent, erect and happy in her triumph. She had joined the ranks of successful channel swimmers, mountain climbers, and marathon dancers. A new record had been won.

All of which is very far from the discussion of plays, although it concerns the theatre. In our opinion the most entertaining play of the month is "Crime", a hardy melodrama by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer whose names are not unknown to the stage. This piece deals with New York's underworld and concerns itself with the goings on in a "crime trust", where every bit of villainy is planned with real generalship and where expert agencies are utilized to foil the police. Such

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complete and sinister plans were laid for a certain holdup that we were chilled before ever the shooting began. Eugene Fenmore who is the brains of the combine begins gathering together the principals and accessories of the crime weeks before it is to take place. Into his hands fall two trustful children, engaged to be married, who by the time they have realized the exact meaning of the dangerous game afoot are so completely victims of the leader's charm and persuasiveness that they are unable to withdraw. It is their simple duty to buy a wedding ring in the shop marked for looting. This does not seem very heinous, but when the shop is empty of customers they are to take a ring to the door under pretense of examining it. The thugs across the way need no other signal — the coast is clear. But before this there are many dramatic preparations in the way of pistol practice at a dummy policeman, rehearsing of the men who are to create a disturbance in order to draw off the police, and so forth. After the crime there are more dramatic moments in the leader's apartment, an underworld dive, and a police station, but it is unfair to expose them here. Suffice to say that the law emerges triumphant in the end, but such a shoddy, shabby law that all one's sympathies are with the charming villain. He is played by James Rennie who last season made a hit with "The Great Gatsby". He is still Gatsby with a dubious past, no future, and a scintillating present; the great gentleman of dreams, disguised casually as a crook or bootlegger. Mr. Rennie does him well. But the most interesting work in "Crime" is done by Chester Morris, playing the hardest young thug we have ever imagined. He has taken a distasteful rôle and raised it to the level of fine acting. If his romance is as good as his villainy he is destined for stardom. For that matter, all the hundred or so people who comprise the cast are excellent. Here's to "Crime"!

A group of young playwrights in revolt have gathered and formed themselves into a guild called the New Playwrights Theatre. They are Em Jo Basshe who once wrote a concoction called "Adam Solitaire", John Dos Passos who wandered from the novelist's path to do "The Moon is a Gong", Francis Edwards Faragoh whose "Pinwheel" is now spinning at the Neighborhood Playhouse, Michael Gold whose past achievements escape us, and John Howard Lawson, chiefly noted for his "Processional". That should be sufficient warning to anybody curious to know what type of thing the New Playwrights Theatre will do. The opening bill was Lawson's "Loud Speaker", and an audience in a highly tentative state of mind assembled to see it. For ourself we examined this première with deep suspicion. Under the guise of novelty we found nothing very new and indeed much that we now take for granted. "Loud Speaker" is of course the exposition of our radio age superinduced on a mechanical background. Harry U. Collins has deserted Big Business to run for governor, and in between his radio speeches are shown segments of his home life — his neurotic wife addicted to Freud and bearded Armenians, his sophisticated daughter, seeking a lover in a quite conventional manner, and himself with his platitudes, posturings, and mistresses. Through it all there runs a stream of tabloid reporters, sob sisters, and photographers. Now all this is but a cross section of American life exploited to the uttermost word in magazines, newspapers, and pulpits. One becomes a little weary of the conventionalized types. True, in "Loud

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Speaker" they enter and make their exits on chutes and runways, and they gallop up and down spidery green stairs indifferent to heart strain, but this, we presume, is simply the playwright's method of saying that we have subways, elevators, and live too fast. So we do. And what of it? The play would be amusing as a vaudeville sketch, but as an evening's entertainment it lags woefully in spite of its speed. Romney Brent as an inquisitive reporter brought a great deal of sly humor to his part and the rest of the cast was good enough.

"Earth", the second of these repertory productions, is in quite a different mold. This drama of Negro life deals with the struggle between voodooism and Christianity. It is an authentic theme, seldom touched on, to which the author, Mr. Basshe, never quite brings the breath of life. His stage is all set for a drama of compelling interest, but somehow the interest slips away in the rhythms of the lines. The author's preoccupation with metred prose betrays him, and the sonorous repetitions become a little less than bearable. But there is some lovely singing of spirituals by the colored cast, and in one scene the posing is most effective.

Monte Carlo in all its gay wickedness was presented again when "Thou Desperate Pilot!" was offered to a blasé public. To those of us who have spent more than twenty four hours in the Principality of Monaco this play must seem very strange indeed. Aged lovers flaunt grey headed mistresses, the head of a gambling casino tries to seduce a visiting American, and everybody falls in and out of love with great facility. The unhappy wife of a titled Englishman loses ten thousand pounds in one night, to which her English cousin kindly exclaims for the benefit of the American audience: "What, fifty thousand dollars!" It sounds too good to be true, but it really happens. Throughout the play various members of the cast approach the back of the stage and, gazing out over the sea, speculate whether or not they shall throw themselves over the cliff. Only one did, to our great disappointment — we had had visions of the play's ending at a quarter past ten. However, another, also an American, kicked out after a bout of champagne, and a third was left in such a financial condition that her death by starvation seemed not improbable. The English as usual muddled through. A hardy race these English.

Frank Craven appeared in "Money from Home" written by himself. It is a comedy not so good as "The First Year" in which he had such a success, but pleasant enough for an evening's entertainment. It is, we might add, rigorously pure.

At the Civic Repertory Theatre Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" was revived. This fine sincere piece dealing with the unhappy conscientious objectors who made life miserable for others and themselves during and immediately after the late war still carries the fires of a stirred soul. Its theme is still vital enough to raise it above those dramas which are out of date a few years after they are written, but we could wish that it might be cut a little. There is too much extraneous matter adding in no way to its drama. The cast is excellent and Josephine Hutchinson acquits herself in a really arduous rôle with great credit.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* As scandalous as the régime it depicts; fiction, of course, just as Macaulay's history is fiction.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS — Anonymous — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Another exquisite daughter's determined revolt against papa and mamma. Why doesn't the author come out from behind the bushes?

JOYKIN — Michael Arabian — *Boni, Liveright.* A peculiarly joyless imitation of Michael Arlen, even including the author's name.

PA — Margaret Ashmun — *Macmillan.* Excellent dialogue and characterization in this sordid but genuine tragedy of an old maid's thwarted romance.

THE GHOST BOOK — Cynthia Asquith — *Scribner.* Lovers of morbid tales will find herein an excellent collection culled from noted writers.

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK — Edna Bryner — *Dutton.* An occasionally crude but always powerful novel dealing with the complex nature of family ties. (*See page 337.*)

THE PENDULUM — Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith — *Doran.* Present day soundings, from a woman's point of view. (*See page 337.*)

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* Through which one sees America first and almost in its entirety. Geographically good and unflaggingly interesting.

THE SILVER CORD — George Agnew Chamberlain — *Putnam.* A readable love story with a touch of mysticism and a strong admixture of nature cures.

FALLING SEEDS — Elizabeth Cobb Chapman — *Doubleday, Page.* A Cobb seedling proves her wings. (*See page 338.*)

SWEEPINGS — Lester Cohen — *Boni, Liveright.* In which the ability of the father is visited unto the third generation and begets a merchant and a bear.

THE OUTER GATE — Octavus Roy Cohen — *Little, Brown.* An after-prison story, filled with Seething Passions. The Negroes here are only incidental.

* SPEAK TO THE EARTH — Sarah Comstock — *Doubleday, Page.* A postwar novel of the American soil which has great power. (*See page 338.*)

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* Better for its minute profundity than for its liveliness; the complete catalogue of one family.

DOOMSDAY — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A woman under the spell of inscrutable destiny sloughs off her bucolic lover but his influence haunts her.

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL — Pierre de la Mazière — *Brentano.* Many words are poorly translated in this brazenly defiant history of a thieving bank clerk's crime.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* The hero seeks to change his status in democratic America — where there are no classes. The tragedy follows.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The Congressional Record of early times.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A bunch of legendary corpses resurrected to the delight of modern satiety.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Glorious broken weeks on the old Mississippi. Both a picture and a tale.

FLOWER PHANTOMS — Ronald Fraser — *Boni, Liveright.* Spicy, exotic, special — but fascinating despite the applicability of these adjectives. (*See page 338.*)

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Events and occurrences in the latter day parlor of the Forsytes. Apex of the Saga.

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VIVIAN — H. L. Gates — *Barse, Hopkins.* More of the salesgirls series, conceived and born in the fine frame of mind which produced "Joanna".

THE GOLDEN CENTIPEDE — Louise Gerard — *Dutton.* African ju-ju puts up a losing fight against an enthusiastic lover in an exciting romance.

* LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Soldiers, statesmen, and estimable profiteers form the bearers of this excellent postwar tale.

* YOUNG ANARCHY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* Terrifying postwar youth admirably apostate until a crisis comes, then reverting to type.

* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* The Judge is learned, but he doesn't know the importance of glands nor the disparity between youth and age. An acute writer at her best.

LUCKY NUMBERS — Montague Glass — *Doubleday, Page.* Another Potash and Perlmutter story heads this welcome collection of humorous episodes from East Side life.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Through hell, high water, and red blood a sophisticated school teacher passes to self realization.

* THE SUN ALSO RISES — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* Young expatriates on an immoral holiday in Spain. Bull fights, bull slinging, and brillant futility.

IRONICAL TALES — Laurence Housman — *Doran.* An amazing blend of wit, fancy, and satire, done in beautiful prose.

ISLANDERS — Helen R. Hull — *Macmillan.* Delicately woven in texture and plot, and a delight to the intelligent reader. (*See page 337.*)

YOUNG IN THE "NINETIES" — Una Hunt — *Scribner.* A quiet book for the adolescent; the normal life of a little girl who lived in the mauve decade but knew nothing of its mauveness.

SONG OF LIFE — Fannie Hurst — *Knopf.* There is a sure fire heart throb in every one of these short stories by the highly paid Miss Hurst.

THE VICTORY MURDERS — Foster Johns — *John Day.* Disdaining to mislead by false clues, the author's cleverness makes even the villain's ubiquity seem possible.

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* In which the winsomeness of a girl transforms a tyrant into a slave.

LORD OF HIMSELF — Percy Marks — *Century.* Youthful adequacy portrayed by one who knows modern youth as the stuff journalism is made of.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT — Lois Montross — *Doran.* A colorful and varied group of short stories, fresh and spontaneous.

* FOREVER FREE — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Morrow.* Lincoln portrayed with fidelity, and excitement added by a good spy story. (*See page 337.*)

THE TALE OF GENJI (Part III: A Wreath of Cloud) — Lady Murasaki — *Houghton Mifflin.* Continuing the adventures of an amorous Prince of old Japan; surprisingly modern in Arthur Waley's translation.

* CHEVRONS — Leonard Nason — *Doran.* Graphic pictures of what went on in France while Liberty Bonds were sold over here.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN — Frances Newman — *Boni, Liveright.* A very learned essay in which the author squeals on young girls; written to the beat of a tom-tom.

CRAZY PAVEMENTS — Beverley Nichols — *Doran.* A brilliant and honest picture of the smartest and most decadent of London society.

BREAK O' DAY — Con O'Leary — *Doran.* The tragicomedy of Curley Bogue, a lovable and shameless ne'er-do-well.

THE DARK DAWN — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* An effective movie of hate and sycophancy on the American steppes.

ZERO — Collinson Owen — *Dodd, Mead.* The theme of "Buried Alive" with a new ending and a group of exceedingly noble people.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* An answer to "Sorrell and Son", recounting the deeds and ideas of mother and son. Procrastination in the background.

THE MARRIAGE BED — Ernest Pascal — *Harcourt, Brace.* Mr. Pascal thrashes out the case as between the purely physical and the more durable aspects of marriage, but

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says nothing especially new in a choppily written story.

THE MARQUIS DE BOLIBAR — Leo Perutz — *Viking.* An amazingly interesting and glamourous account of an episode in the Franco Prussian War.

BLACK APRIL — Julia Peterkin — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Plantation Negroes and no lack of murky detail.. (*See page 337.*)

THE MAGIC GARDEN — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Whatever quality Mrs. Porter's readers worship in her stories will be found here in large quantities.

* ADAM IN MOONSHINE — J. B. Priestley — *Harper.* An adventure in fiction worthy of this rising young critic. (*See page 338.*)

CHERRY SQUARE — Grace Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* Too sedate for our raucous epoch, too quiet for a day of bangs and huzzahs. The scene is a respectable small town.

DEEP ENOUGH — Malcolm Ross — *Harcourt, Brace.* In the wilds of Arizona a young man discovers the meaning of existence, but he has little to offer the reader.

THE OLD COUNTESS — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* A worthy successor to "The Little French Girl", and in the same genre. (*See page 337.*)

* HALF-GODS — Murray Sheehan — *Dutton.* The fascinating and fantastic experiences of a centaur born into humble lower middle class surroundings.

* THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* As we are seen abroad by other peoples through the prying eyes of our own novelists.

ONE CRYSTAL AND A MOTHER — Ellen DuPois Taylor — *Harper.* A gay amusing book which doesn't try to prove a thing, but which says a lot on the way.

THE ADMIRAL AND OTHERS — Peggy Temple — *Dutton.* A twelve year old novelist proving herself more amusing than many of her more venerable fellow craftsmen.

* WILD ORCHARD — Dan Totheroh — *Doran.* A girl's first love, told with beauty and insight.

SARATI THE TERRIBLE — Jean Vignaud — *Butterworth.* The slums of Algiers are described in all their squalor in this realistic tale.

* HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* What happened to one who attempted to beautify a squalid village is simply and compellingly told.

NEVER GIVE ALL — Maude Radford Warren — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Another study of the marriage problem, chiefly from the woman's viewpoint; readable if not distinguished.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN — Joseph White — *Bobbs-Merrill.* An interesting if uninspired study of the protective love of an elder brother for a younger.

LATTERDAY SYMPHONY — Romer Wilson — *Knopf.* A lovely lady is loved in a sophisticated fashion by various members of her sophisticated circle.

DIVOTS — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* Hilarious comedy at the Squashy Valley Golf Club.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Will be perennially interesting to sedentary Americans and introverted villains.

DRIFTWOOD SPARS — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Army life in India and secret service work among the natives are the background of an exciting tragedy.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* An oasis in a desert of psychological tedium; a sheik on every page and a maiden in the middle.

* THE ORPHAN ANGEL — Elinor Wylie — *Knopf.* An inimitable resuscitation of the bad child of literature. Shelley in the skein of oddly imagined circumstance.

* LOVE IS ENOUGH — Francis Brett Young — *Knopf.* A quiet, profound, inescapable study of womankind through one woman. (*See page 337.*)

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Lottery" by W. E. Woodward (Harper). The second novel of an author now known better by reason of his biography of Washington, which is as astute and brilliant a piece of work as has appeared in our generation.

2. "The Original Poems of Jane and Anne Taylor." These should be just as much a staple of children's and adults' diet as "Slovenly Peter" or the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson.

3. "The Madonna of the Peach Tree" by Maurice Hewlett (Macmillan). A too little known short story, characterized by a wistful beauty, and written in as lovely a prose style as exists in the English tongue.

4. "Local Color" by Irvin S. Cobb (Doran). These short stories are a departure from Mr. Cobb's usual form, but make none the less excellent reading for all that.

5. "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" by John Bunyan. As powerful and as vivid a human drama as any play or novel that has come since Bunyan's day.

The Flood of Spring

THE floodgates of spring fiction are opened. Like most reviewers I find myself overwhelmed; but on the other hand I am cheered by the fact that many good books so thoroughly worth reading that I should like to review them here do not shout for single reviews. To this, I should make one exception, at least. Francis Brett Young's "Love is Enough" (Knopf) is a beautiful and a profound book. It should be read by all good readers of THE BOOKMAN. I say this from a perusal of the first volume and a part of the second. Honoré Willsie Morrow's "Forever Free" (Morrow) is an honest, finely conceived, and most carefully put together story of Lincoln. It is one of the best of the Lincoln novels and, as such, should find a wide and loving public. The other Lincoln books, such as come into being every spring, are this season mostly utter trash, or so it seems to this reviewer. Mrs. Burnett-Smith's "The Pendulum" (Doran) is unique; for it is as if a woman had decided to write "Soundings". It is the broad minded woman telling her story of the moral change before, during, and after the war, and of what it did to her and to her family. Edna Bryner, with "Andy Brandt's Ark" (Dutton) and Helen Hull with "Islanders" (Macmillan) present the female neurosis in attractive style. They both command attention as writers of prose, and if their periods bore me, it is not their fault. Many women inform me that their books are not only important but enjoyable. I am willing to concede the importance. "The Old Countess" (HoughtonMifflin) is a repetition of the manner and mood of "The Little French Girl". It is, therefore, delightful and if it does not advance Miss Sedgwick's reputation as a novelist, it will please her huge following. Certainly it shows no retrogression. "Black April" by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill) is, I am told by those who know, a tremendous book. I like my stories of Negro life a trifle less stark. As realism it is patently real; the mass of detail, sight, sound, smell, touch, is immense. A fine piece

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of writing, that leaves me a trifle nauseated, and frightfully mixed as to the complications of naive but nevertheless incestuous relationships. "Adam in Moonshine" (Harper) proves that J. B. Priestley can bring to fiction the same effervescence and maturity of style that he shows as a critic. It is thoroughly enjoyable, and if it fails to gain a large public it will be only because there are so few people who relish an adventure story when it is well written. Why this is I don't know; but apparently the readers of romance like it salted with bad grammar. Ronald Fraser, author of "Flower Phantoms" (Boni, Liveright), is an exotic plant; his name reminds one of Ronald Firbank, and so does his writing. Perhaps, although I am sure that the facts belie the possibility, he is Mr. Firbank come to life again, with a trifle more morality, and a trifle less genius. "Speak to the Earth" by Sarah Comstock (Doubleday, Page) is in every way a fine book. It is a story of mental and spiritual struggle, and the lowly atmosphere is well done. Elizabeth Cobb Chapman, who was once a member of the staff of this magazine, has written a story of which both she and her father should be proud. "Falling Seeds" (Doubleday, Page) is a surprisingly mature novel for one so young, and it is untrammeled by any of the flapper mannerisms of so many of the young lady writers.

Brounery

MESSRS. Broun, Morris, and Asbury, and Miss Margaret Leech sally forward this month as rebellious anti-Puritans. I am not satisfied with "anti-Puritan" to describe them, but any other adjective which comes to my mind would be untrue or libelous. As a modern journalist, I presume the latter consideration is of more account than the former. Herbert Asbury missed a great chance in his study of "A Methodist Saint" (Knopf). He has written a dull book about a man who was far from dull, and he has written it in such a straddling and half hearted way that it will please neither the Methodists nor those who would belittle them. Lloyd Morris in "The Rebellious Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace) has achieved a biography without recreating a soul. Hawthorne does not lift so much as the little finger of his skeleton from these pages. Although the book will be read, and although it is an excellent piece of biography, it is nothing more than a conscientious and painstaking piece of work. With all the fuss and furor of the Literary Guild and its choice of the "Anthony Comstock" (Albert and Charles Boni), we have nothing to do here. This book by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech must be considered as a book, which it is. There is no denying that, and it is a fine, flowing, fascinating book, to boot. I like this following paragraph as a text to the sermon the book preaches, for, like everything that Heywood Broun touches, it ends by being a sermon: "And in this picture one gets something of a prevision of the later life of Comstock. Always there remained about him something of fog and fury. He was never what you would call a companionable man, in spite of the fact that instinctively he took an interest in his fellow beings. A large part of the trouble lay in the fact that he had none of the genial vices. He saved his own soul, but lost pretty much the whole world."

The thing that one likes most about the book, aside from its liveliness, its wit, its brilliant portrait of the vice

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crusader, is that it is a rounded book. Broun and Miss Leech do not agree with the premise that motivated Comstock's life. But they understand him! They do not even agree with the Freudians who advised them as they proceeded with their work. They find that they cannot put any man into the pigeonholes of a philosophy, even of Freudian philosophy. The magnificence of Heywood Broun to me is that he is fully aware of the pitfalls into which any thinking man may fall. He knows perfectly well that his own idiosyncrasies are quite as apparent to the world as those of Mr. Comstock. He knows that in five years, if anyone were to write a life of Broun, it might be one in which he was shown with sympathy as a crusader against Puritanism; but that if that life were written years after his death, some totally new viewpoint might possess the inhabitants of the earth and Broun might be painted as a veritable villain. Perhaps, too, he would be a little disappointed if he did not appear in this supposititious biography as a trifle odd. It is this knowledge that, should a biographer attack him, and should the biographer forget the quality of wistfulness which he feels, it would be a tragedy that leads him to track out the wistfulness in old Anthony. I do not mean that Broun is consciously thinking of his own biographer. Yet, I think you will see what I mean. Heywood Broun is a philosopher and a preacher. As such, it is a pity that he did not have a chance to follow his old teacher Santayana to less busy climes than ours. It is a pity that he did not have a chance to let that extraordinary mind of his, in which wit is so dexterously mixed with sympathy, mellow and deepen. As surely as he keeps on writing and does not cease thinking, Heywood Broun will some day write a great book. Suffice it to say for the present that, with Miss Leech's assistance, he has written a vastly entertaining one in "Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord".

A Librarian's Fingerpost

SOMEONE has said that Miss Moore's books on children's reading are so fine that it is impossible to criticize them. To this I heartily subscribe. She has spent years in studying the field, in observing and working with children, in reading and in estimating, and she remains as the most important critic of children's books in this land, or any other so far as I know. Her "Cross Roads to Childhood" (Doran), following after "Roads to Childhood" and "More Roads to Childhood", carries us on a step further to the "middle aged children". It was probably the most difficult field of any to attempt, and her list of books for young people on the verge of maturity is a triumph of wisdom and of inherent charm. That there can be charm in a list of books for children she amply proves. This question of the reading of a child is so vexing that one breathes a sigh of relief to know that there are Miss Moore's books to rely on in the years to come. It was with nothing less than horror that I greeted a kind woman the other day who had come to interview me on "What Children Should Not Read". I was in desperation until my hand strayed to Miss Moore's volume. "You want the negative", I said, "and I can't give it to you. If you want to quote me you will have to picture me as knowing nothing whatsoever about this question. If you want the truth there is always Miss Moore." That sums it up. — *J. F.*

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ARABIA DESPERATA

By Irving Brown

"REVOLT IN THE DESERT" is a great book, one that will stand the test of time. Many will read it today out of curiosity, as an historical document, and for other non-literary and perfectly justifiable motives; but a hundred years from now it will be read and enjoyed as a work of art. Let us consider it from that angle. It is seldom that one can apply the standards of the classics in reviewing, without leaving the work battered and crushed. Here the chief difficulty is restraining one's enthusiasm.

The material itself is extraordinary: conspirators, the desert, storied Damascus, a struggle for freedom, wild hordes of fighting Beduins. What more could the glutton for adventure or the most jaded palate demand? Yet we all know that nine times out of ten people with thrilling experiences tell dull tales, and that banal village life may become fascinating if told by a Flaubert. In this case the author was worthy of his material. Lawrence writes as well as he fights, which is saying a great deal.

There have been many soldier writers, but the one who comes first to my mind in connection with Lawrence is Cervantes, who likewise was a passionate lover of danger, and as proud of his mangled hand gained with the Turks at Lepanto as he was of his "Don Quixote", though he fully realized its worth.

Lawrence is one of those rare persons who are capable not only of making history, but of writing it as well. He is a man of action, and a sensitive artist, fully articulate. As a personality he is unusual; as a writer he is even more so. To many he is doubtless a mystery, an eccentric fellow, but so do all seem who stand out from the herd; and in time even the herd sees the rightness of their ways. After reading the book he is no longer an enigma, but something very like a genius, if the word has any meaning left in it.

I think this capable of sober demonstration. A genius has been said to be a person who reveals to us our own emotions. It is not bad as a definition, since it takes brains and keen senses to reveal them. Lawrence has all three, the holy trinity of the psychologists: a keen brain, keen senses, and strong emotions.

There is a penetrating paragraph in chapter thirty. Everyone is healthy and happy except Lawrence who goes off to ponder by himself. He is "tired to death of these Arabs" when in reality he loves them deeply. Why? Because "they attained heights and depths beyond our reach, though not beyond our sight." A sentence that needs weighing, though clear enough in the end. He is envious of the emotional release of the nomad Arabs, among whom he has been living, as one of them. How strange and what cause for thought, that a man so gifted should have been saddened by observation of men who were quite uncultivated, and of whom only one or two were in any sense his equals!

He must have, and in this he is like Cervantes and Don Quixote, a tremen-

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dous amount of pride and love of battle, coupled with what seems to make pride impossible, a sense of humility, which merely prevents pride from becoming vanity. He also has curiosity. If the other instincts are less strong, what of it? One cannot have everything. Some of the Arabs, whom he adored for their abandon, their fighting instincts, their pride, were less richly endowed, but merely more developed by the circumstances of their life. Lawrence only needed opportunities, which came to him.

There was fight in this Oxford bred man, who ran barefoot over the flints that cut and burned in the desert sun, and in winter over the sharp, broken ice and the snow stained a faint watermelon pink with his blood. There was no pose in that and no enigma. There are many reasons why in Rome one should do as the Romans do. One hears a great deal about "armies marching on their belly, and battles being lost for lack of shoes", but when one is accustomed to going without shoes, and when going without sleep and food is all in the day's work, such factors do not enter. The men at Valley Forge, who dyed the snow with crimson from their toes, were fighters of nature and deserve no more credit than the Beduin, but their ability to withstand hard knocks was what made them win. It is a different matter for a man who does the same thing through sheer will power, which is another name for intelligence plus high powered fighting instinct.

Lawrence's ability to sense a difficult situation, and to see immediately what should be done, shows an elastic mind. His intelligence is apparent in his ability to judge men, an asset as important for the writer as for the man of action.

The best portraits in the book are that of Feisal, the political and spiritual leader of the Arab revolt, and that of Auda, the nomad fighting man, the warrior of the movement. They are depicted, not abstractly as the chronicler usually depicts, but completely, humanly, artistically, as a novelist would. We know these men as we know our friends, better perhaps. They are very much alive, as they step forth from the ordeal of print and paper into the reader's imagination.

Lawrence is as successful with the minor actors in his drama as he is with the principals. Some of the people are merely names, but whenever he sets out to characterize he does a thorough job, no matter how briefly. Take for example the two men who manned the Lewis and Stokes guns on one of his train wrecking raids:

> Their names may have been Yells and Brooke, but became Lewis and Stokes, after their jealously loved tools. Lewis was an Australian, long, thin, and sinuous, his supple body lounging in unmilitary curves. His hard face, arched eyebrows, and predatory nose set off the peculiarly Australian air of reckless willingness and capacity to do something very soon. Stokes was a stocky English yeoman, workman like and silent, always watching for an order to obey.
>
> Lewis, full of suggestion, emerged bursting with delight at what had been well done whenever a thing happened. Stokes never offered opinion until after action, when he would stir his cap reflectively, and painstakingly recount the mistakes he must next time avoid.

His Arabs are as fully revealed as his Occidentals, shattering the commonplace that Orientals are mysterious and inscrutable. Seen through Lawrence's eyes they are simply human beings, whose minds work much the same as our own.

Brains and the driving power of emotions are as essential to the doer as to the contemplator, but the senses are of more importance to the latter. In the midst of action the artist never

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forsook him. In the thick of a raid he could enjoy a sunset. The sights, the sounds, the smells, the feel of movement, impressed themselves on his imagination, and though they may not have helped him materially to win battles, they make it possible for him to recreate them for the reader.

He is under fire, and about to dynamite a bridge, but contemplates the beauty of the scene:

> It was a noble evening, yellow, mild and indescribably peaceful; a foil to our incessant cannonade. The declining light shone down the angle of the ridges, its soft rays modelling them and their least contour in a delicate complexity of planes.

Somewhere he speaks of his "picture making memory", and quite rightly, though a careful analysis of his images would show a keen sensitiveness to other impressions, especially those of smell. The following paragraph is characteristic:

> The slopes were clean with the sharpness of wormwood, and the hollows oppressive with the richness of their stronger, more luxuriant growths. Our night passage might have been through a planted garden, and these varieties part of the unseen beauty of successive banks of flowers. The noises too were very clear. Auda broke out singing, away in front, and the men joined in from time to time, with the greatness, the catch at heart, of an army moving into battle.

The fact that the book is vivid and graphic is largely due to these qualities of the author's imagination, and are therefore worth stressing. There is another passage that illustrates them, and is worth quoting also, as it shows incidentally the depth of his thought.

> For an hour or two on such a morning the sounds, scents and colours of the world struck man individually and directly, not filtered through or made typical by thought; they seemed to exist sufficiently by themselves, and the lack of design and of carefulness in creation no longer irritated.

There is no type of writing that demands more artistry than the recording of actual happenings. The material is stiff, unwieldy, and the necessity of remaining faithful to events hampers the writer.

"Revolt in the Desert", however, is anything but formless. Thanks to Lawrence's skill and to the fact that the incidents themselves form a dramatic climax, the narrative moves forward with more plot than have most novels and plays. The author lived an epic, and then wrote it.

I suspect that Lawrence's philosophy is to live as deeply, intensely, and completely as possible, according to his nature, careless of pain: a good philosophy and one that brings beauty into life, no matter what else it may bring.

The chief value of the book is its power of enabling the reader to live vicariously a rich, full life. Even the tender minded, the soft skinned, the "men of white meat", can sit comfortably by their firesides and enjoy adventure, with all the hardships, the suffering, and the tragedy robbed of its sting and made a joy forever.

There is realism and romance in these pages, heights and depths, savagery and heroism. There is something symbolic of the entire work in the picture of the author who traveled so light that he did without shoes but carried a copy of "Le Morte d'Arthur", which he read in a stinking, flea infested room packed tight with men made sullen by winter confinement.

There is the madness of war, in all its stark horror: the little village child wounded by the crazed, fleeing Turks; pictures of mutilated women, more horrible than anything etched by Goya.

There is the picture of Tallal, the Beduin warrior, who had seen these atrocities and who galloped straight

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at the enemy, alone, to certain death, shouting his war cry, "Tallal, Tallal", until riddled with bullets.

Lawrence has a good sense of humor, and a playful spirit that lightened his difficulties and gives the reader frequent chuckles. His sincerity is obvious, and he is ready to laugh at himself and all that he holds dearest, even his nomads, of whom he says: "Each might be, usually was, whole hearted against the Turk, but perhaps not quite to the point of failing to work off a family grudge upon a family enemy in the field."

There is the story of the sheik who was thrown from a skidding Ford and apologized to the driver, saying that as yet he had not learned to ride the thing; and one about a Beduin who, on seeing an enormous Handley-Page bombing plane, remarked that it was the parent that bred the little planes. These might have sounded fishy to me if I had not heard an Arab in the Sahara solemnly tell his little son, as he pointed to the radiator of an auto, "That is its mouth."

The style is like molten metal, flowing, brilliant, hot. At times it shows signs of haste. His active mind leaps ahead of the reader, who follows a bit puzzled. He never stops to explain. When he speaks of the fly black eyes of some children, I am not certain that the reader will know what he means, if he has never seen Arab children with a solid ring of thirsty flies drinking at the lids. Obscurities are rare and the language expressive, full flavored, distinctly his own.

The book is well printed, and the illustrations worthy of it. Three are by one of the foremost painters of today, Augustus John.

Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence. George H. Doran Company.

ON LOOKING INTO A BOOK ON THE LATE AMY LOWELL

By Robert Hillyer

WHEN folly dares not speak, when friends are stirred
To silence, when the wise know words are vain;
When some for love and some for pride abstain
From judgment, then the little man is heard.
Then cowards don the armor of the slain,
Then weakness dances over strength interred,
Then, when the shadows answer not a word,
The little men challenge the dead again.

We know how that great queen, Elizabeth,
Could quell small knaves to dust with but a glance,
And how, when she was dust, they had their say;
Always there are camp followers of death,
Who never swung a sword or broke a lance —
And such a one I recognize today.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

NOT WITHOUT HONOR

By Edna Kenton

THE road began in Iowa, on the Mississippi, in 1873, the year George Cram Cook was born. It ended in Delphi, at the foot of the Temple of Apollo, where, on the afternoon of the day he died, he was laid away in old Greek earth. The story of this winding road is marvelously told. I do not know anywhere a biography just like this book — American to the core — that Susan Glaspell has written of her husband.

Comparatively few people in these United States have ever heard of George Cram Cook. Why should they? He wrote books that were never printed, and a few that were printed only to fail. One sustained public achievement was his, but even here a curiously inopportune fate worked; comparatively few people of those who were deeply interested in the Provincetown Players' experiment from 1916 to 1922 knew or, knowing, remembered that this man was their founder and director from their birth to their death. This, always, was his "fate". He was inopportune, a man born out of time, out of step with the rest of marching men. He was, briefly, in the American sense merely a failure. And yet —

Few American "successes" have offered such material for biography; for autobiography, we might say, since a good half of this book he himself wrote, from his earliest to his latest years. Not conscious autobiography, this; merely flashes of mood, thought, feeling, on yellow scraps of paper, never destroyed, but never finished, that, linked together, give the man.

If America doesn't yet know this name, Greece does. Only two of his fifty one years were spent there, but one feels that today the shepherds of Mount Parnassus do not know whether Kyrios Kouk was a wandering son come back or a remembering god come down. This is not exaggeration of facts. Read "The Road to the Temple", and feel what is happening on the other side of the world, the little miracle of legend in the making.

What is a word? No one of the villagers of Delphi and the shepherds of Parnassus knew until this strange American came among them, unheralded, and began to unearth from their storied land buried treasure of legend and tradition for them. He who had long known their speech of yesterday began to learn from them their speech of today. There is today, in Delphi, a great table that this Kyrios Kouk consecrated to Greek words. About it gathered the village schoolmaster, the village priest, Andreas Korlyss, keeper of the wineshop across the street, and to the wineshop they would go eventually, there to carry on the sacred task with the aid of a fisherman up from Itea, a truck driver from Amphissa. "There would be disagreements", writes Susan Glaspell; "after a couple of hours of words and wine you might think there was a riot in Andreas's place. At other times they would sit looking at him, waiting for him to find in them what they had not known was there."

He lived with them, in stone house and in spruce hut, ate their bread and salt, drank their water and wine, wore

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their garb, spoke their speech, lived their lives and died their deaths — and died, at last, his own. Read the story of his bearing aid to the shepherd king of Parnassus, shot by bandits and hence not to be approached by these men of Greece. Read the story of the outcast dog he fed and taught to count, whose illness was later to be the cause of his own death. Not even is there lacking to the possible legend a St. Francis of Assisi touch — read the story of the wild bird of Kyrios Kouk which, tamed one summer, returned the next, and that fall refused to migrate with its kind; which, lost for three months, came back to snowbound Delphi and beat against the windows of the house where Kyrios Kouk lay dying.

Only two years in Greece, all of the time among its simplest people, and yet when he died, all Greece honored him. The villagers of Delphi and the shepherds of Parnassus first, who buried him as one of their own children. And then the Athenians and all the rest of Greece, who, through their government, honored him as no one has been honored since the old Greek temples began to fall. Above his grave at Delphi lies a great stone from the Temple of Apollo, forever engraved, while stone shall last, in Greek and in good American, with his name and fame and time and place.

Why was he a "failure" in his own land? Almost any page of this unique biography will answer that. Here, for instance, taken at random from page 42, is a notebook entry made beside the Mississippi, before he was twenty years old:

> Sometimes I have felt that we are all one soul, the soul making believe like a child, to be different persons. This person and that seem like different windows in a church wall. To one not knowing there would seem to be as many lights as there are windows, yet the light is one. When this thought really fills me (I am merely remembering the thought now) there is a glow, and until the perfect thought becomes a memory of itself, I myself seem to be that beautiful thing within me which cannot be touched or heard or seen, but only known.

This is a democratic thought, but it takes an aristocrat to think it, and what could America do with the thinker of thoughts like that but stone him, or ignore him? Well, given this story of his life, and that grave at Delphi, it is fairly likely that he has come into his own, and not too late.

The Road to the Temple. By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

GEORGE GISSING'S LETTERS

By Henry A. Lappin

BEFORE the publication of this book there had been only two collections of George Gissing's letters in print: "Letters to an Editor" and "Letters to Edward Clodd". These were tiny pamphlets, issued in private editions, and limited to twenty five and thirty copies respectively. The contents of the former, printed for his friends by Clement K. Shorter of "The Sphere", remain inaccessible to the general reader; but in the chapter on Gissing in his interesting "Memories" (1916) Clodd has reprinted the novelist's letters to him. Four years after Gissing's death, a Life, to be written by Edouard Bertz, his faithful correspondent and friend of many years, was planned by Messrs. Constable, the London publishers. This projected work was to have consisted in the main of Gissing's letters to Bertz, of which there were (W. H. Hudson at the time wrote to Morley Roberts) "many enough to make a good book — tremendously long and very intimate, containing a full minute history of the whole miser-

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able affair of the first marriage". (Hudson's informant, I may add, was Thomas Seccombe, one of Constable's editorial advisers and a devout student of Gissing's work.) But nothing ever came of this design, and now for the first time in this attractive and substantial volume it has been made possible for us to recognize Gissing's very real distinction in the delicate art of letter writing.

These letters are prefaced by a brief and strangely colorless note by Gissing's son Alfred, and have been collected and arranged for publication by Algernon and Ellen Gissing, the novelist's brother and sister-in-law, one of whom supplies a curt editorial word which informs us discouragingly that "portions have necessarily been omitted from many of the letters".

There is much, surely too much, here omitted, or left unrecorded in the editorial notations, but for lovers of Gissing, for those who like the present reviewer never fail to be enchanted by the magic of his melancholy, it is consoling to read in almost every letter convincing evidence of the deep affection Gissing always cherished for his brothers and sisters. This affection, tenderly reciprocated by them, helped to sustain him through the bitter misery of his writing life in the cellars and garrets of London slums until success began to dawn for him with the turn of the century, and a measure of happiness at last came through his association with the gentle Frenchwoman who brought balm to the close of his life during their residence together at St. Jean de Luz, "between the Pyrenees and the sea".

Since in these letters we are told so tantalizingly little about Gissing's more intimate life, it seems likely that for a long time to come Morley Roberts's mournful yet beautiful book, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland", a thinly veiled biography, will remain our fullest and most authoritative source of information concerning Gissing. The family resented, and still resent, Mr. Roberts's portrait of his friend, yet as W. H. Hudson predicted when the book was first published in 1912, it laid to rest by its courageous and loving candor "the everlasting half whispered sort of tittle tattle going on about poor G."

The information provided in these letters, however, fills, at any rate partially, some gaps in our knowledge of Gissing's career. The earlier period of his life in this country was much less severe than one had thought. He taught German, French, and English in the high school of Waltham, Massachusetts at a salary of eight hundred dollars a year — not so bad for those days — learned the delights of a sleigh ride and the excitements of American politics, and was interviewed by a reporter who wanted "to know where I came from and where I had studied. A high school teacher is an important person here." But then the sharp experiences of Chicago and Troy, etched so vividly on the pages of "New Grub Street", were still in the offing.

Why did Gissing leave the high school? Why, first rate classical scholar that he was, did he make no attempt to embark upon the life of a scholar at an American university? Surely the Harvard classical department would have welcomed this alert and scholarly young Englishman from the faculty of Waltham High School, *ancien élève* of A. S. Wilkins. Why, knowing that on this side there was certain market for his gifts as teacher, did he recross the Atlantic to a life of cruel struggle against such heavy odds?

For the admirers of "Henry Rye-

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croft" and "By the Ionian Sea" it will be a delight to follow their author's ever deepening passion for the classics of Greece and Rome, a passion which burns with so pure and sacred a flame throughout this book of letters. Many of these pages supply the perfect marginal commentary upon passage after passage of the two masterpieces of his sunset years. Tacitus, Livy ("his Latin is glorious — history set to the organ"), Catullus, Theocritus — the litany runs on. . . . Perhaps only a man fed by such food, "whom Virgil calmed, whom Sophocles controlled", could have saved his soul alive in the roaring inferno that was Gissing's "New Grub Street".

Letters of George Gissing. Edited by Algernon and Ellen Gissing. Houghton Mifflin Company.

DIVINE PLAY

By Joseph Collins

THE world is more indebted to Havelock Ellis than to any man of his time for sex enlightenment. Not only has he told some of the truth about sex, but he has told it gracefully and poetically. Recently he wrote:

> The longer I live the more I realize the immense importance for the individual of the development through the play function of erotic personality, and for human society of the acquirement of the art of love. At the same time I am ever more astonished at the rarity of erotic personality and the ignorance of the art of love even among those men and women, experienced in the exercise of procreative power, in whom we might most confidently expect to find such development and such art. At times one feels hopeless at the thought that civilization in this supremely intimate field of life has achieved so little. For until it is generally possible to acquire erotic personality, and to master the art of loving, the development of the individual man or woman is marred, the acquirement of human happiness and harmony remains impossible.

The question is: Can erotic personality, or mastery of the art of love, be acquired? Does it not necessitate a sort of genius to accomplish it? The intermingling of love in art and art in love may not be within the reach of everyone, even of those who wish for it, but desire of it is the first step toward realization.

The author of "As It Was" has had the courage to write of the coming of love to her, of its manifestations and of her reactions to it, and to tell how it feels to love and be loved. She made an art of love and to its service she devoted her life.

Had Helen Thomas chosen her parents, she could not have bettered her chances of being an artist by nature. Her father was a genial soul to whom genius had nodded; her mother narrowly escaped being a shrew, but her head was screwed on very tight. As a child, H. T. had neither beauty nor seductiveness, but she had a flair for companionship and a great sense of pride in her body which she admired. She was conscious of many shortcomings, and willing to play Cinderella to her sisters. Then one of England's most promising poets came, gawkish, sensitive, but self reliant and determined. The beauty of their feeling for one another, its inception and development, the care they took that no squawk or squall should disturb the harmony of their encounters, kept them on a plane of love which parallels art.

In this little spiritual biography, the author reveals a deep sense of the privilege that was vouchsafed her. She realizes that in their play, she and her poet-lover-husband were moving among the highest human activities, alike of the body and of the soul. She has such profound respect for the art that they developed, that she writes of it as St. Theresa wrote of God.

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The objection that some may make to the book is that it is redolent of the spirit of paganism. The idea of treating love as an art, of devoting more than a minimum time to its development, and transferring part of it from cogitation to expression, is repugnant to them. Those who find love as a fine art objectionable should not read "As It Was". They will not understand the soul confession of a woman who attained the climax of free and complete union, who identified human play with the divine.

As It Was. By H. T. Harper and Brothers.

CUSTOMS — ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Woodbridge Riley

HERE are two well written books which present in popular form the latest findings as to the backgrounds of classical antiquity. The Greeks had comparatively few primitive beliefs and practices, such as characterize savages. Thus Herodotus bluntly says they were generally free from the "silly nonsense" of the barbarians. As Professor Rose puts it, the Achæans seem to have been the first secularists in the history of European thought. Judging from the Homeric heroes a less "other wordly" people never existed. Indeed as compared with the earlier Cretans the Achæan nobility were those who by contrast could almost be called free thinkers. Nevertheless, in the Homeric saga traces of primitive belief may be found embedded, just as fossils of savagery are preserved in modern civilizations. Thus the herozing of a dead man means the preservation of his *mana*, *mana* being defined as a peculiar potency, a kind of spiritual electricity which may be not only preserved, but transmitted. For instance, Menelaus has acquired much *mana* from actual physical contact with the most famous of Zeus's many daughters, Helen; therefore, much like a Polynesian chieftain, he is exempt from the dreary lot of the dead, in fact he is apparently never to die at all.

Here we are dealing with a faded belief from more savage times such as occurred in the feeding of a buried corpse by means of a tube which carried into the earth the blood of the sacrificial victim. Then, too, the belief in walking ghosts as palpable realities still hung on into later historic times, as did the savage view of law when homicide meant the pollution of a people, a literal miasma which must be got rid of by death or banishment. A trace of this is found in the fate of Socrates who by his enforced self destruction removed that which was unlucky for the state.

The Romans were nearer to savagery than the Greeks. They left countless traces of a belief in *mana*. Their gods were not the personalities of the Greek pantheon but rather particular manifestations of magic power. Thus Jupiter Lapis was a magic stone, a sacred flint, a veritable remnant of the stone age. The Roman religion, then, was not so much polytheism as polydæmonism, that is, beings who apart from their functions have practically no existence. Thus Spiniensis provided the *mana* necessary to get thornbushes (*spinæ*) out of people's fields; Cinxia, that needed for the proper girding (*cingere*) of the bride, and so with innumerable others. Traces of this are to be found still in the popular imagination, when the saints are specialized as to their powers, one curing toothache, another favoring lovers, and so on.

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But it is in the "rites of passage" that we have the clearest descendants of unwritten tribal customs. For example, modern marriage contains traces of customs remaining as fossils in high civilization — old observances carried on "for luck", such as the throwing of rice and old shoes, the wedding breakfast, the bridal veil and wreath.

In all these things the author presents a wealth of information regarding social vestigial remains which are still preserved, although their original purpose has been long forgotten. One serious application to ourselves might be made and that is the survival, or rather the revival, of the savage unimportance of the individual. He who fights against the loss of the personal liberty brought about by the recent flood of sumptuary and anti-scientific legislation may be charged by the Fundamentalists and anti-evolutionists with trying to revive an outworn creed of individualism; as a matter of fact he is fighting against a return to the primitive when the clan was everything, the individual nothing.

Primitive Culture in Greece. By H. J. Rose. George H. Doran Company.
Primitive Culture in Italy. By H. J. Rose. George H. Doran Company.

FLORENTINE MAGIC

By Lorine Pruette

THOSE old troubled days of Florence in the fifteenth century continue to win their detractors and their partizans. The fascination of that mad and golden period will not quickly die; it tempts the literary craftsman with the impossibility of portraying all its glamourous details. Out of words he seeks to make a tapestry of a thousand colors, and fails, inevitably enough. Across these later, more prosaic centuries the Florence of the Medici appears like a glittering, impossible pageant. The wise men come from the East, bearing gifts of ancient manuscripts and the knowledge of Greek. Plato and Aristotle come to life again and are the subject of more than verbal disputation. Ghiberti's workshop resounds with the names of boys who will later be famous, in architecture, in sculpture and in painting, the famous bronze doors proceed with incredible care and labor, taking the whole life of their maker. The great dome rises at last above the cathedral in spite of men's predictions and disbelief. There is carnival in the streets to alternate with murder and pillage, and the tall figures of the early Medici stalk through the ceaseless pageant, giving themselves to its pictorial effects, yet shaping the life of the city as carefully as Ghiberti shaped the figures on his doors.

According to the color of your hair or the makeup of your mind you find the merchant princes from the house of Medici responsible for all the ills that fell on Florence for scores of years, indeed, instrumental in half the evils that came to Italy, or you find them the centre of all the graces, the cause of the ancient glory that shone upon the Tuscan hills. William Van Wyck has chosen to make out his Lorenzo as a tyrant of the most baleful sort, resorting to torture and to trickery, suppressing the liberties of the people, encouraging all the vices of the age and wielding an absolute power. The rise and fall of Savonarola is here the story, and the character of Lorenzo offers the chief contrast to the righteousness and sincerity of the monk. Mr. Van Wyck uses the undoubtedly apocryphal story of Lorenzo's confession to Savonarola with the absurd proposal to a dying

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man that he "restore" the liberty of Florence, and makes this scene even less acceptable by having Lorenzo die in Florence.

As literature rather than history or authentic biography "Savonarola, A Biography in Dramatic Episodes" carries a curious flavor of interest. The jacket blurb declares it to be an "authentic work of art" which will "stir much bitter controversy" but will remain "a fine and permanent contribution of American letters". Interesting as it is in spots, there seems little reason to accord it any of these phrases. The street scenes, written in a peculiar argot that is neither English nor American, have a verve and dash to them that suggest the possibility of a future contribution from the author that may be able to claim the jacket accolade. But even in these there is too much repetition of vulgarity, too much sameness in the people's behavior and interests. We are of course forcibly reminded that an Irishman named James Joyce wrote a book called "Ulysses" and even more forcibly that "Le Navire d'Argent" published as some of his "Work in Process" the conversation of two old hags washing the dirty clothes of their betters, who might have been the first cousins of Van Wyck's two women washing dirty clothes in the Arno. The genuine value of the street scenes is lost, however, when we come to the educated classes. Lorenzo, Savonarola, and the rest speak in such remarkably dull language. Even the Borgia pope fails to be very exciting, and the forces which made for Savonarola's ultimate destruction are never clearly presented.

Selwyn Brinton is less certain of the natural wickedness of the Medici, although he agrees with Van Wyck in portraying Pietro, Lorenzo's son, as a traitor to the city. Colonel G. F. Young, in his monumental work on both branches of the family, is one of the most frankly pallistic of modern biographers. He states that he began his researches with prejudice against the Medici and in the course of time was swung completely around to an enthusiastic admiration. Since it is human to be prejudiced, Colonel Young's recognition of his attitude and his frankness in giving the worst stories told about his heroes lends a certain trustworthiness to what he says. He is not casually or ignorantly repeating the gossip of five centuries; he is a man greatly concerned over the truth of these stories, intent on running them to the ground and giving not his own opinion but an actual disproof of the calumnies. Without in any way accepting the Medici as the godlike creatures which he sometimes seems to see in place of the early figures, the reader will gain a very solid satisfaction from Young's method of presentation, as well as from the comprehensive treatment of both the older and the younger branch. He has been particularly successful in making the women of the Renaissance stand out as tremendous and exciting figures, especially Catherine de' Medici and Catherine Sforza, who did not hesitate to kill forty persons for the death of her husband and who defied the king of France.

The Brinton work is much more limited, covering only the period when Cosimo, Pietro, and Lorenzo were alive. Its large number of quotations, particularly from Vasari, Brinton's earlier writings, and some from Young, detract from its interest as an original work, while the remarkable sentence structure is an annoyance to anyone who holds the craftsmanship of writing a worthy study in itself. In the same way the great number of typographical

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errors in the Van Wyck book, which was set up in France, becomes a hindrance to a proper enjoyment. But Mr. Brinton's style is more than a hindrance, it is a torment. This is unfortunate indeed, for the author's zest and interest in his period is a splendid thing in which we should like to share. The chapters on "The Humanists at Florence" and "Lorenzo and Intellectual Life" are valuable as stressing aspects of this "Golden Age" which are often crowded to the background by the sheer exuberance of painting and architecture in that period. Quotations from Lorenzo's own poems make it fairly clear that he could not have been quite so respectable as Colonel Young would have us see him.

Savonarola, A Biography in Dramatic Episodes. By William Van Wyck. Robert M. McBride and Company.
The Medici. By Colonel G. F. Young. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton and Company.
The Golden Age of the Medici (Cosimo, Pietro, Lorenzo de' Medici). By Selwyn Brinton. Small, Maynard and Company.

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET

By R. A. Lovett

PROFESSOR RIPLEY has combined his much discussed "Atlantic Monthly" articles with certain additional material in a volume which the publishers state to be a "startling exposé of present day financial methods". The author, on the other hand, says in the preface that these essays are not "attacks" and that his purpose is to present a study in the relation of property to civilization. The material is most carefully selected and in its use Professor Ripley translates economics into English in a very entertaining manner.

The essays discuss several weak spots in certain present day corporate structures and in some financial tendencies. Professor Ripley vigorously arraigns those states which have lax laws regarding incorporation, calling them "chartermongers", and he concludes that uniform requirements under a system of federal charters would tend to correct the worst evils, particularly in the case of public service companies. The ease with which corporate charters may be obtained in these states leads him to the subjects of his main essays — no par stock, stockholder ownership and representation, holding companies, voting trusts, and the publicity of corporate details and accounts. Consideration of these subjects falls very naturally into three parts — industrial enterprises, public utilities, and railroads. While there is a considerable degree of repetition as the result of such an arrangement, it is not always unpleasant and often serves to emphasize points.

The majority of readers will undoubtedly find themselves in complete accord with Professor Ripley's insistence upon the protection of stockholders' rights, particularly with respect to voting and control of what they own. The exercise of such rights is one of the best ways of insuring able management and of impressing it with its accountability. These rights according to Professor Ripley are seriously threatened by no par stocks, management shares, and holding companies. The facts adduced to impress one with the dangers of no par stock ownership are ably presented but are rather one sided, and the disadvantages urged seem to centre for the most part on alleged opportunities for fraud given by stocks without par value, that is to

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say, with the dollar sign eliminated. No one will contend that the privilege of no par stock issuance has not on occasions been abused. But your reviewer finds himself unable to share the author's apparent fear of no par stock itself. Financial history is full of cases where the sticking on of the dollar sign has assisted in deluding the owner of stock into thinking it represents an appraisal of actual value.

The author is no doubt fully aware of the fact that stock with a stated par value can also be grievously and easily misused and that unscrupulous stockholders and promoters with a will can find a way — usually by ridiculous overvaluation of assets or services. In fact a par value stock with its dollar sign can be made to become a much more dangerous weapon in fraudulent hands than no par stock because it carries on its face an appearance of innocence and good faith. Something like the yeggman who carried nitroglycerine in a baby's nursing bottle.

No par stock would seem to have a proper place in financial structures because of certain inherent attributes. It certainly conforms more closely to the facts in stating what the shareholder really has — a proportional share in the outcome of the business and its assets, and not a promise of payment of the amount of dollars printed on the certificate of stated par stock. It represents more exactly the relationship between fluctuating property values and capital stock and avoids arbitrary or forced dollar valuations; and it has a high degree of flexibility which makes possible the exercise of conservative methods of obtaining additional capital in varying money market conditions.

Professor Ripley's discussion of the abuse of certain corporate powers and the misuse of several methods of finance is more illuminating and convincing than the remedies he offers. For the most part these solutions appear to rely on supervision by some federal governmental body. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission are mentioned as possibilities; the former seems to enjoy a more preferred place in Professor Ripley's regard than the present Federal Trade Commission, which seems to him to be possessed "with a sole and apparently overwhelming disposition to commit hara-kiri". It is amusing to note that it was this body which stated as a majority view that it did not regard Professor Ripley's views as to certain of its possible functions as practicable and that some members doubted the legality of "fishing expeditions" into corporate affairs. Whatever may be the governmental body chosen to perform the supervisory and regulatory functions suggested by Professor Ripley, grave doubts will be raised in the minds of many analytically inclined readers as to whether or not this would be going from bad to worse. The experience of this country in government operated enterprises has not created a particularly favorable impression. Its railroad and ship operating activities were certainly amply supervised, and the outcome can hardly be called anything but dismal.

A more logical solution of such of the problems as deserve attention seems to be in a fuller use of existing facilities by the public and particularly by investors. They must, however, first understand what abuses of power to guard against, and it is in pointing these out that Professor Ripley performs his most conspicuous service.

Main Street and Wall Street. By William Z. Ripley. Little, Brown and Company

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

"Will you please tell me the method whereby books are rated for the Monthly Score?" writes a senior student at one of the women's colleges. "The subject of my thesis in Literature is the relative popularity of 'prize' novels, and I notice that few of them appear in your reports."

As others may also be curious, let it be explained here again that the monthly reports sent in by several hundred public libraries give in each instance the best judgment of the head of the circulation department as to the proportionate demand for each of the most popular books in both classifications. These reports are aggregated, each title being given a number representing its position on each report, and the combined score represents as fairly as possible the precise relative popularity of the twelve most popular current books in each class.

As to "prize" novels, regrettably few have ever achieved wide enough popularity to gain a place in the Monthly Score. That is true mainly of novels written expressly for prize competitions; novels for which prizes have been awarded after publication are something else again. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
4.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
5.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
6.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Tomorrow Morning*	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
8.	Labels	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
9.	Revelry	*Samuel Hopkins Adams*	LIVERIGHT
10.	Harmer John*	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
11.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
12.	The Dark Dawn	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
7.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
8.	The Book of Marriage*	*Hermann Keyserling*	HARCOURT
9.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
10.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
11.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
12.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

A Japanese Play — The Louis XIV Exposition in Paris — New French Biographies — André Gide's "Si le Grain ne Meurt" — Franz Werfel — Emil Ludwig Again — Successor to "Jew Süss" — A German Publishing Scheme — News from Italy

"SHUKKE to Sono Deshi" ("The Priest and His Disciples") is the work of a young native dramatist which since its publication in 1918 has exhausted over a hundred editions in Japan. This remarkable play will soon be available to American readers, in an authorized literal translation by Glenn W. Shaw. The translator supplies some interesting biographical details in his introduction.

The author, Kurata Hya Kuzō, was born in an obscure Japanese village in 1891, of an old family which for generations has owned a dry goods store and many acres of rice fields. Graduating creditably from his provincial middle school, he was sent by his father to continue his studies at the First High School in Tokyo. He left abruptly, resenting the discipline of reading to order. At the age of twenty six, his studies abandoned, disappointed in love, saddened by the death of his two sisters, and falling a victim to incurable tuberculosis, he contemplated suicide. He conquered the impulse and set to work on "Shukke to Sono Deshi" — "the first," says his translator, "and still the greatest of the many successes which have now made him the idol of a growing group of young Japanese who find in his writings the encouragement and stimulus to help them brave out their own difficulties".

The play — dedicated to "my deeply pious aunt" — is a story of religion and love woven round the lives of Shinran Shonin (1173–1262) and his disciples. Shinran was the founder of the Shin sect of Buddhism, one important feature of which is recognition of a normal married life for priests and laymen. It is today the largest and most influential of the Buddhist sects and claims millions of followers.

Arranged for stage production, the play has been presented in Tokyo and the provinces with enormous success. Not only is it good propaganda for the most favored religious doctrines, it also vividly portrays the greatest revolutionizing figure in Japanese Buddhism. The modern spirit of unrest has settled on Japan as on European countries and this play is a spiritually satisfying contribution to contemporary religious philosophy. In the words of his translator Kurata offers "a reasonable attitude to life".

The character of Shinran himself is admittedly historically inaccurate and the play abounds in errors and anachronisms. Some Buddhist critics deplore the mutilation of Shinran's historical personality and the views that Kurata has put into his mouth. But Kurata sees no violence in using the "great and admired teacher" as a vehicle for the expression of his own fundamentally similar convictions. The play, with its universal appeal to the disturbed spirit of modern times and its profound poetic expression, transcends all its minor shortcomings.

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By far the most striking and picturesque literary event of the Paris season is the Louis XIV Exposition at the Bibliothèque Nationale. For two hundred years the magnificent collections housed in a cardinal's palace beside the Palais Royal have been the object of reverent pilgrimages. It now appears to M. Roland-Marcel, the library's new director, that these pilgrims come rather from the hinterland than from France herself, and that the Parisians who pass his door are, as so often happens, the very people least aware of the riches at their disposal. Manuscripts, illustrations, maps, portraits, medals, and every variety of document lay untouched and unappreciated until two years ago, when an initial exposition devoted to early French civilization began to attract popular attention. Now after two rather broad and general treatments of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and several more limited exhibitions, the age of Louis XIV (most interesting to the French as it is to most Americans) is being treated with a thoroughness which offers abundant material to the bibliophile or the amateur.

Most prominent in the exposition, of course, are the documents dealing with Richelieu and with Louis himself. Besides his testament, the cardinal is represented by several autograph letters, the most interesting of which is decorated with tiny sketches of birds drawn probably by his own hand along the margin of his text. Such marginal annotations appear to have been one of the great statesman's weaknesses, yet, unfortunately, they were not always limited to harmless subjects. Consequent on the great success of "Le Cid", which aroused the envy of all his contemporaries, Corneille suffered most from the attacks which Richelieu himself inspired the Académie to direct against the unhappily all too successful author. Three times the Académie drew up its condemnation of the new technique before the cardinal accepted its presentation of his views. The third draft, written by Chapelain, is shown in the exposition bearing Richelieu's corrections written along the side. His domination, in every field from art to politics, has never been more clearly expressed than in these dramatic controversies, these academic intrigues, for which his genius seemed particularly fitted.

Less spectacular, yet equally important, are the manuscripts of Saint-Simon's "Mémoires" bringing to bear upon the *Roi Soleil* the careful observations of one of his most devoted satellites. Until the nineteenth century the full text of these illuminating memoirs was not published. When they did finally appear, their characterization of the king and of his courtiers breathed fresh life into historical interest in the period. Their pictures of the Dauphin's death and of the various degrees of consternation and delight which this unexpected turn of affairs produced have become classic, being quoted in every history of French literature; equally subtle episodes and more charming passages delight the reader on nearly every page. The Librairie Hachette which publishes the definitive edition possessed the manuscript for years and has just given it to the Bibliothèque Nationale in celebration of a centenary. Lying under glass beside one of the handsome leather cases in which it was hidden away for so many years, it symbolizes in its fine, artificial, and graceful penmanship all that was decorous and sophisticated in the century of French Empire, Parisian glory, and the infamous *lettres de cachet.*

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It is toward this last aspect of the great Louis XIV period that modern interest seems mainly directed. The great vogue of memoirs and diaries which flourished in polite French circles just before the war has given place to fictional treatment of notorious crimes, notorious characters, or even respectably famous individuals. Interest in the Bibliothèque Nationale exhibit of the documents relating to the Man in the Iron Mask and the Marquise de Brinvillier's murders is reflected in recent publishing announcements by Mlle. Marie-Louise Pailleron's "L'Enlèvement à la Belle Etoile" (Plon) which purports to be a faithful treatment of the famous Saint Géran abduction mystery, and by M. Louis Batiffol's "Le Cardinal de Retz", which in Hachette's "Figures du Passé" collection discusses the ambitions and adventures — of every sort — proper to *un homme d'esprit* in the seventeenth century.

Biography itself, in whatever field it may be interested, has taken on the air of fictional or at least popular commentary. Last month it was a question of Porché's "Vie Douleureuse de Charles Baudelaire", which is the latest of a series touching upon the lives of Balzac, Rimbaud, Rivarol, Villon, and Descartes. At the Nouvelle Revue Française a similar group of "Vies des Hommes Illustres" contains works on Liszt, Talleyrand, Hoche, Montaigne, Hoffmann, Dickens, Chopin, Henri IV, and Disraeli. All types of mankind form the grist for this new literary mill. The chapters on Disraeli, written by that same André Maurois whose "Ariel, ou La Vie de Shelley" may be considered the forerunner of the whole movement, are appearing serially in the "Revue de Paris" before being published in book form. At the same time an epidemic of biographical plays corresponding with the revived interest in romanticism supports and provides a ready public for Baschot's "Vie de Berlioz" (Plon), Calmann-Lévy's reissue of Berlioz's own "Mémoires", George Sand's "Journal Intime", and a four volume study of George Sand which has just been completed and now appears under the Plon imprint. In a slightly later period, Stendhal, Balzac, and Marcel Schwob are attracting much attention, although perhaps the only serious work on any one of them is M. Champion's study of Schwob published not by Champion's own brother but by Bernard Grasset.

* * * *

It is perhaps due to this inordinate interest in biography that the most outstanding work of the past three months is a novelist's intensely interesting autobiography, André Gide's "Si le Grain ne Meurt". Although there is no small interest shown in Gilbert de Voisins's "Les Miens" (Grasset), and also in Emmanuel Bove's "Armand" (Emile-Paul), Gide's rambling, unconventional, exquisitely told anecdotes of his childhood and early career are of outstanding interest. Few pages are more touching than those of his first two volumes in which he describes his sombre invalid youth, tormented by the persecutions of his companions and by his own unhealthy neurosis. Into these pages, filled with a love of the open fields, of birds and beasts and flowers, creep sometimes wholly pathological incidents which the author treats with the nonchalance though not with the barbarous vocabulary of a James Joyce.

Most of Gide's detractors consider these lapses from good taste as merely another manifestation of the present generation's desire to *épater les bourgeois*, yet with Gide no such facile

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interpretation is permissible. Possibly he explores the least pleasant episodes of his childhood in order to contribute, like Remy de Gourmont, one more jot of personal evidence to the "Physique de l'Amour" (Mercure). More probably, however, Gide is passing through a strange period of adjustment peculiar to those who, in France, swing back and forth between mysticism and realism, as did Huysmans. In his first work, "Les Cahiers d'André Walter", Gide quoted lavishly from the Scriptures, while his *écrits intimes*, "Numquid et tu? . . ." (Editions de la Pléiade), only now placed on sale, are discussions of religious topics growing out of his early Protestant training. It is possible, as he balances between art for art's sake and religion for religion's sake, that a desire to confess himself like the monk in Verhaeren's "Le Cloître" proves irresistible. The third and final volume of "Si le Grain ne Meurt" is an apologia beside which Rousseau pales, and Alfred de Musset's poetic "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle", just republished by Boissard, appear the most delightful and naive child's play.

From the unhappy yet gracious story of his childhood Gide turns to the more occupied and possibly more tortured years of his early maturity, when Mallarmé and Hérédia were his local divinities, and Pierre Louÿs, Henri de Regnier, and the American symbolist, Francis Vielé-Griffin, were his friends. After stories of literary and *mondain* gatherings which read much like certain caustic pages of Proust, Gide turns to even more Proustian subjects, and the most questionable as well as the most illuminating portions of this final book are devoted to the author's relations with Lord Alfred Douglas and Oscar Wilde just before the latter fell under the prosecution which ruined his career.

Incidentally, Wilde was never a greater favorite in France than at the present time. Henry D. Davray, who has just translated the "De Profundis" in its full text for the "Mercure", is now engaged in putting Frank Harris's Life of Wilde at the disposal of his countrymen. Others whom Gide mentions enjoy a similar favor. Mallarmé, having recently been the subject of a special number of the "Nouvelle Revue Française", is now taken critically in hand by Albert Thibaudet in his "La Poésie de Stéphane Mallarmé". Dickens, who was a favorite over whom Gide disputed often with Oscar Wilde, is the object of M. Delattre's research in his "Dickens et la France" (Gamber).

* * * *

Franz Werfel's short novel — or long short story (neither label really fits)— is one of the most notable books published in Berlin this year. "Der Tod des Kleinbürgers" (Szolnay, Berlin, Vienna) is a remarkable story with the triumph of mind over matter as its theme. The superannuated ex-janitor of a government office has belatedly insured his life under conditions which yield no payment until he reaches the age of sixty five. Falling ill a few months before, he is given only a day or two to live, but by virtue of astonishing will power he contrives to linger on until the all important day arrives and his wife and invalid son are saved from the infirmary. A sordid and poignant story, exquisitely told, "Der Tod des Kleinbürgers" will enhance the reputation Franz Werfel has already earned as poet, dramatist, and novelist.

* * * *

Emil Ludwig has won rapid popularity in America and England with his critical biographies. His "Wilhelm

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Hohenzollern" is everywhere acclaimed as an important contribution to contemporary criticism and has consolidated his international reputation. The translation of his new book on Bismarck, recently published by Ernst Rowohlt in Berlin, is awaited with wide interest. Following his usual plan, the earlier chapters deal with Bismarck's boyhood and are significant as accounting for the man's subsequent character.

* * * *

The late President Ebert, whose memoirs, edited by his son, I referred to in a recent note, is the central figure in a novel called "Eines Menschen Weg" by Emil Felden, a pastor in Hamburg. Judging by the demand for this book, the career of the German Republic's first President has left its mark on public imagination.

* * * *

Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger, whose historical novel "Jew Süss" has had such an appreciative reception in many countries, is to be represented this fall by a translation of his new historical romance, "Die Hässliche Herzogin", which made its first appearance in Germany a few months ago.

* * * *

The circulating library, so notable a feature of book distribution in England, is practically unknown in Germany. A number of "book clubs" exist which issue books only to subscribers, thus ensuring so wide a sale — 10,000 copies is regarded as a minimum order — that it is economically possible to publish the books at a very moderate price. Such organizations are quickly growing in popularity. A new scheme, which is not limited to subscribers, has just been inaugurated by one well known firm of German publishers. No less a person than Thomas Mann is the general editor, assisted by Herman George Scheffauer, an American author and journalist who has lived in Germany for many years. The series already includes books by Bernard Shaw, Hugh Walpole, Herman Melville, Pío Baroja, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, Tristan Bernard, and Victor Llona. It is hoped that a book a week will be published at a retail price of 2 marks 85 pf. and an average sale of 60,000 copies is confidently expected. In view of constantly reiterated statements by German publishers that the German book market is in a hopeless state, this publishing project is significant.

* * * *

It is not surprising that rumor has credited Mussolini with writing a novel; what is surprising is the Pirandello-like title which in some quarters has actually been announced. "Nothing is True but Everything is Allowed" would have been almost too good to be true had the Duce's novel materialized under this engaging title. Mussolini's secretary says there is no truth in the rumor, anyway.

* * * *

Pirandello's new novel, "Uno, Nessuno e Centomila" is published by Bemporad in Florence and is said to contain "all his philosophy of life". The cynics may be surprised to hear that Pirandello is Italy's best seller.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

LAST week was the week to write the Shop talk, but I was too heady with spring to tie myself to Jenny Remington. I looked out the window all day long, and now it is this week, the rain is streaming down the panes, and I am in no cheerful mood to toss Easter bouquets to authors. Mrs. Rinehart was right — authors do go to their typewriters as inspired as a dish of cold rice pudding — even less, cold steak, cold spinach, cold tea. Well, in the pleasanter days of early March, when spring was here, I sat in a high, sun filled room brushed with sea air and chatted with Richard Connell who confessed to being sensitive and asked again and again if I were going to treat him kindly in my interview. I thought we were never going to have an interview until I discovered that my light banter confused him and that he needed only the encouragement of a few silent moments before he became reminiscent. The author of "The Mad Lover" was born into the writing atmosphere, so to speak. His father was a newspaper man in Poughkeepsie, and Richard Connell benefited by his father's concise style. When he was quite young, he used to turn in thrilling stories which were ruthlessly slashed and simplified and returned to him blue penciled beyond recognition. He became city editor before he went to Harvard. At Harvard he wrote editorials for the Harvard "Crimson", and in one issue he said something about Mr. Hearst's being a pig wallowing in the mire. He found himself face to face with an attorney and the possibility of a jail sentence when he left college. That blew over, and instead he was offered a job on the New York "American". He then tried advertising and worked a few floors above THE BOOKMAN at the J. Walter Thompson Company. He met there Louise Herrick Fox, whom he married. And still he did not write fiction. During the war he was so sure he would be killed, he thought it no use. His next job, after being a private, was doing publicity for the American Piano Company. This involved having a coca cola twice a day with the director of advertising and hearing Levitzki, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, or any other very great pianist make records. The job, apparently, put no strain upon him, so he wrote his first short story, sold immediately by his agent for $175. He then made an arrangement with his wife to support him while he averaged a story a week. The scheme worked admirably. His stories sold to "The Saturday Evening Post", and he now writes twenty stories a year. "The Mad Lover" was an experiment in the writing of romance. He says he had never written a love story until he determined to write a serial full of moonlight and glamour. His first novel, however — according to his conception of the term — is yet to be written. It will be like "The Sun Also Rises", if he can make it so. "Hemingway is grown up. Most modern writers are about fifteen years old." We had the usual battle about "Ulysses", the greatest novel ever written, according to Mr. Connell. He may be right — he may be. We were interrupted while the creator of Monsieur Pettipon bought butter and eggs from the butter and egg man. "We have a pound of

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butter and a dozen eggs, so I bought another pound of butter and another dozen eggs. That was all right, wasn't it?" I thought so. After all, there were just the two of them to be fed. Their home, in the summer, is Westport, where everyone goes to play tennis. They were temporarily living above the clouds in a new skyscraper, chosen for its Persian dînette. "What is it?" I asked bewildered. "One of the Arabian Nights", Mr. Connell explained. Louise Fox, formerly of "The Delineator" and "Charm", came in from negotiations for the production of her play "The Queen Bee". One of the collaborators of "Mrs. Partridge Presents" — which one I can't remember — has written it with her. The London production is imminent. I left, dazzled with so much activity, and with Mr. Connell's shirt, shot through with lightning.

It seems untrue that the recent gathering of the National Association of Book Publishers marked only the eighth annual session of that effective body. So much has been accomplished, such a clamant need has been met by this group, that I find myself unconsciously thinking the Association as old as the Hanseatic League or the Knights of Columbus. I am prone to regard it as a fixed agency with a venerable past. Its past, of course, has been venerable, but its future will be strenuous and a deal of its program remains yet to be carried out. Major George Haven Putnam has for forty one years worked for the enactment of a copyright measure which would allow the United States to be a member of the Berne Convention. He could say only that the task of securing a consistent copyright statute for the United States is now nearer accomplishment than it has ever been before. Arthur H. Scribner reported for the Committee on Ethical Problems and dealt with the grave issue of further censorship as brought to the fore by an attempt to amend the present law in New York. It seems, however, that New York publishers should be more concerned with the Massachusetts legislature than with their own. A book published in New York and approved by the forces of righteousness has no guarantee in Boston. The question of postal legislation came up also and reports were made upon the effort to secure more equitable postal rates for books. It will interest the detached observers of the American scene, as well as those who purpose to chronicle it, that 161 new bookstores and book accounts were established in 148 different towns during 1926. Moreover, 1,439 inquiries about opening bookstores were dealt with by the New Outlets Committee. Charles Francis Potter, one time antagonist of John Roach Straton, has been engaged by the Association this year; he will turn his energies to book evangelism, holding community revivals in the leading urban centres of America. Frank C. Dodd is the new president of the Association, John Macrae having retired after three years of notable service. The House of Stokes, I note, have just published a record of their wholly admirable forty five years in the business of publishing. The volume itself is a testimony to their ingenuity and typographical sense.

Late one cold afternoon I trotted up to the swank Hotel Elysée to call on Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. Settled back in one of those seats which are so much easier to get into than get out of, I smoked excellent cigarettes and ate peppermints out of a glass jar while Mr. Hughes told me sadly that

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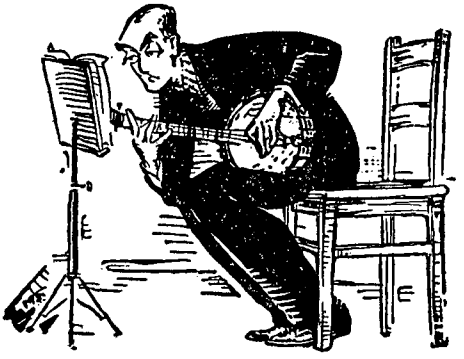
he seemed to do good in spite of himself. Some time ago he wrote a story about superannuated clergymen which was warranted to make the ministers mad. On the contrary. A large and prosperous Methodist church made him an opulent offer for many copies, so that they might put one in every pew of their flourishing edifice. And little did Mr. Hughes realize what he was doing when he wrote "The Old Nest". Letters of appreciation flowed in upon him, telegrams and floral tributes piled high at his door. In Kansas City there were lines which stretched for blocks, comprised entirely of young men waiting to call their mothers on the long distance. Mr. Hughes said it had been roughly estimated that some 20,000 young men had returned home, besides those who had telephoned, telegraphed, or worn white carnations. When I asked Mr. Hughes if he were writing a new book, he said he was always writing; that there had been a story of his running in "The Red Book" ever since he could remember. The editors wanted to sign him up for ninety nine years. But when I tried to lure from him the title of his next novel, he remained adamant. It will be a surprise. He told me instead that "George Washington" had expanded into a three volume biography instead of the one he had at first intended. Mr. Hughes was surprised when I told him my favorites among his works. They are "Miss 318" and "Miss 318 and Mr. 37". I have always loved Miss 318 for her haughty remark: "Me woik? Me! Why, I'm a poil diver at Tiffany's."

I am a bit weary of hearing that Ring Lardner is a satirist. That he is, cannot be gainsaid, but isn't the idea a little old? I positively do not see how anyone could read his Al stories and still be in doubt of the man's view of his fellows. He began life in public by holding up the American goof in all his sinister undies, and though I may read him too allegorically, I do not believe even his most amusing situations are without their commentaries upon American life and etiquette. Precisely



Ring Lardner, as pictured in his autobiography "The Story of a Wonder Man"

here lies his power as a satirist. One does not constantly peek beneath his lines to see his meaning, but rather goes gamboling on with him to a glad consummation, or falls exhausted with mirth by the wayside. Then, later, comes the reflection that he has meant more than he seemed to mean. His autobiography, "The Story of a Wonder Man", is as funny as those that have gone before. It seems to me wholly better than it was when it appeared in the New York "World". Margaret Freeman has done some superb illustrations; Lardner has spread himself enough to be all that he has been at various times before. I find myself tempted to read and reread the thing when I ought to be applying myself to this piece. I snatch it from my desk between conferences with nascent authors. I wave it in the presence of my friends. I think what a joy the book would have been to

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Lincoln at a cabinet meeting; I can see him reading this to Seward:

> It was now that the Spanish War broke out and I enlisted as general. . . . The chief difficulty of the Spanish War lay in finding out where it was being held. The censorship was so strict that even we who had enlisted as generals were kept in the dark as to the location of hostilities and there was some talk of mutiny unless the government came across.

I must say that it is the dialogue carried on between the author and editor in the footnotes that marks the apex of the biography, viewed either as fun or biting satire. Lardner avows, the editor denies, then Lardner answers back. This gives a documented appearance to the volume. I commend it to dyspeptics and biographers to their lasting edification.

Too late to catch this boat, but yet a news note, is the last lecture Francis Brett Young will give in America on "The Ideals of a Novelist". I promised that I'd drive my petrol wagon — and it is just that — over to Rye from the old homestead for this event if I had learned to drive by then. I hope — but with misgivings — to reach the lecture, for as Mrs. Young says, since I have heard Frank Swinnerton, Hugh Walpole, and Rebecca West on the platform, I should hear her husband. Francis Brett Young was for many years a physician, until the war intruded and, having banged him up, left him with his writing and exiled him to Capri. There he now secludes himself on a mountain top until each novel is finished, seeing no one except his wife, and living a simple life. He then returns to England, to those midlands which are the core of his existence, to hunt and walk and live a vigorous outdoor life free from writing. His novels, aside from the South African ones, have the characters of the midlands and these characters recur throughout his saga of this beloved spot in England. You will notice that as you read his many books. It is the England of Housman, of whom we talked. Now the author of "A Shropshire Lad" teaches Greek and will probably not write any more poetry. "A Shropshire Lad" was written during a convalescence when every object had a new significance and life seemed clarified and intense and exaggerated. Francis Brett Young, the doctor, expressed this mental state of Housman so well. And Francis Brett Young, the poet. Although he is known as a younger novelist, because he did not start to write so early as some of the others, he was born in the same year with D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, and Frank Swinnerton. "The Dark Tower" was written in the same house and at the same time "Sinister Street" was being wrought, in Capri. The house Compton Mackenzie had found for the Youngs was not quite ready. "Love is Enough", Dr. Young's latest novel, in two volume boxes, brightened the desk top and the tables as we pored over photographs of the author taken in Chicago. Was he better in profile or full face? We chose full face because in profile he might be mistaken for Somerset Maugham. The American university audience is very alert, very spirited, and very satisfactory, Dr. Young says. He has talked to both western and eastern college groups and finds them very, very keen. He has enjoyed watching their faces, the intelligent reaction, the eager response to his humor. "Prohibition is the cause of crime in the cities over here. Chicago is amazing. There is a murder at any hour of the day, and it is all the bootleg gang wars." The characters in "Broadway", he thinks,

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must have strayed here from the middle west. My own acquaintance with bootleggers leads me to believe that in New York they are peaceful and reckless Irishmen, or just ordinary business men. Chicago has always seemed to me either musical comedy or melodrama, while New York has gone Keith Circuit. Francis Brett Young is neither Chicago nor New York. He is Devon. He will not live in cities — especially London — for he cannot face the sight of journalists, "climbing and wriggling over one another like a litter of pigs". He is completely submerged in his story as he creates and cannot be disturbed by friends or foes. But he writes quickly, almost never revising. As a matter of fact, he has two novels finished, to be published after "Love is Enough", and when Mrs. Young asks him what he is doing, if he appears to be doing nothing, he says he is thinking about his next book. A good secretarial training is the best education for an author's wife, I have learned both from observation and at home. Mrs. Young, who was very gay and busy, had answered correspondence from eight thirty till three, and while I was there the telephone alone did not give her time to change from a sky blue hostess gown to an afternoon frock. The next dispatch on the Youngs will be sent from Rye, New York, if I ever attain that town.

Charles R. Walker, one of my Yale friends, whose first novel "Bread and Fire" is just out, has a very distinguished past. He is now literary editor of "The Independent", having been an editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" for two years. Before that he edited the Yale "Lit" and roomed with Donald Ogden Stewart. He has worked in steel and copper mills, from which experience sprang his "Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker", which appeared serially in "The Atlantic Monthly". "Bread and Fire" is said to be a novel of industry with no ax to grind nor panacea to offer: a novel, in other words, and not disguised propaganda. Charles Walker

Charles R. Walker

writes for THE BOOKMAN when I can persuade him, and comes in to see me when he is in town. Stephen Graham ought to be along any day now. A telegram has arrived today welcoming him to America — from the Vachel Lindsays who want him to live in their hotel and go hiking to the ends of the earth this summer. He will stay in New York until June, finishing his "New York Nights" book. He plans to see Brooklyn Bridge at dawn, "where the very rich go when they go out in the evening", and the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. Then he will retire to a quiet place and write a novel to follow "Midsummer Music". It has been a gay winter for him in London, parties every night and all day; but now his farewells have been said, he has been living at his club, and he may this very day be on the ocean

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speeding back to the country he loves as much, I suspect, as any other. Our travel editor has returned from a most exciting cruise through the West Indies — just in time to catch a cold, as a matter of fact. According to her, every second steamer passenger was reading "The Plutocrat", while the alternates read "Doomsday". In non-fiction "The Story of Philosophy" was prominently displayed. She met a lady poet who had the cheering experience of losing a satchel containing her output, 159 poems, and who now tells everyone she is a great poet, since there is no evidence to contradict her. In a cigar factory in Havana our scout saw a man, curled up in a birdcage, who was bellowing as only the Cubans can shout. He reads aloud for three hours a day to the workers from newspapers and magazines. And the factory hands, moreover, donate part of their wages to maintain his literary services.

With so many new publishers abroad, one often forgets that the publishing business is not a current invention. From the death of Walter Lippincott of the J. B. Lippincott Company in Philadelphia we learn that there was a generation of American publishers who served their profession during the reconstruction days following the Civil War. There have been three generations of Lippincotts in this work, the present head of the house being Joseph Wharton Lippincott, Walter Lippincott's nephew. The president of the New England Poetry Club died in Boston on March fourth. Abbie Farwell Brown's poetry has appeared in THE BOOKMAN as well as in many other magazines. Only a few days before she died she was reading from "The Silver Stair", her latest book, to a group of friends in the house in which she was born. Miss Brown wrote many delightful books for children, and was always a buoyant and enthusiastic companion to old and young.

Joseph Auslander, who makes of himself an anchorite in the heart of New York City and stays at his labors with the zeal and consecration of a monk, has just sent off another manuscript. This time he and Frank Ernest Hill have collaborated on a story of poetry for juveniles which is to be brought out shortly under the splendid title "The Winged Horse". The book is, in reality, a story of poets, and Hill and Auslander have done prodigious research to lay hold of those items in the careers of all poets which will make them as much alive to children (and adults) as the captain of the local nine. In so far as possible, the authors have allowed the poets to speak for themselves through their verse, but they have assembled enough minutiæ to delight any person sufficiently alterocentric to admit the existence of other folk in the world. Mr. Auslander tells glorious tales about his poets and I believe the readers of the volume will revel in the enlightenment which the authors give. I predict that the book will be one that a child dare not take home in the evening for fear dad will monopolize it and interrupt the child's other studies by reading passages of it aloud to mamma. It is astonishing to think what a wealthy field these men have plowed; they will deserve every syllable of praise they get for their workmanship. I hope I betray no confidence, nor sacrifice the poet to the wolves of publicity, when I say that Mr. Auslander is now engaged on a stupendous novel in verse. The passages I have heard have moved me to solemnity and awe, and I should not be

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surprised to see the ensemble rock a large American and English audience to admiration and acclaim.

We need an authoritative and lively treatise on the influence which journalism has cast upon American life. The practices of the daily press have touched our vocabulary in its most vital spots, have set the pace for magazine production and style, brought brevity to a seat of honor, and perhaps ennobled the sordid commonplace of life. I don't know about all these things, but I know journalism has taught us the value of scoops. Witness the question book craze. "Ask Me Another!" was a transcendent and extraordinary idea. The publishers found Americans agog for exactly this sort of thing. Fifty, then one hundred thousand copies were sold. One result was that other publishers began scurrying about to get their finger in the pie, and justifiably enough. Already at the moment of writing comes "Answer This One", by F. P. A. and Harry Hansen. Doubtless by the time this paragraph appears there will be so many question books on tap that this piece will be very poor journalism. But, to the point: "Answer This One" is good, and there is room for thousands of questions yet. We are on one colossal examination rampage, and nothing could be healthier for us. Hansen and Adams were as well prepared for their task as Gilbert and Sullivan. They have, however, given more jaw breakers, I believe, than the authors of the first great American quiz. More proctors will be needed for this exam; in fact, we may view it as designed for one grade higher — the high fourth, let us say. They have included enough to keep the average fellow plugging; likewise enough to delight the pedant. We are in for a siege of incidental adult education — the sort that is directly amusing and indirectly beneficial. That is a good thing, for how else could the American people be approached? The Seventh Series of "The Cross Word Puzzle Book" is out now, with its Venus pencil and Venus eraser. Simon and Schuster will be remembered by a few as the originators, though they have gained esteem for so many other things since as to be almost forgotten for their pioneering labors. That noble triumvirate, Buranelli, Hartswick, and Petherbridge, continue their excellent labors; the publishers have strained themselves in order to make the book agreeable typographically. It is, in every sense, bigger and better than ever. It seems to me personally somewhat of a graduate book, but then I must confess I am no judge.

Speaking of journalism, "Mirrors of the Year", edited by Grant Overton and contributed to by some of the swankiest men of our day, will afford a good textbook for anyone on the lookout for one. I suspect that there are many such people. I could think of nothing more fascinating than this national review of the outstanding figures, trends, and events of 1926 and the early part of 1927. It was a bumper season for the papers, and perhaps never before did they affect custom and character so extensively. Herbert Asbury, who now looks as though he were on the road to solid respectability in the writing colony, contributes one of the best analyses to the volume. Mr. Asbury is an experienced newspaper man. Further, he knows the philosophy of news and he was passing well suited to write on "The Triumph of Journalism". Then follow digests of religion, sports, science, the American home, music, Americans abroad,

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art — and so on down the line, until we have an annual newspaper, intelligently written and durably printed. I believe that this book will fill a niche in the American library. It is not enough that one read the daily papers; it is necessary that one read some weekly news as well, say "The Nation", "The Independent", "Time", or "The New Republic". Then I don't suppose it hurts to read a monthly review of the world's news, for it goes without saying that timeliness is the besetting sin of American journalism. Now, however, is the first time we have been offered a yearly paper. I purposely hope that the venture proves successful, for I can rely more safely upon what an able analyst says regarding an occurrence six months after it takes place than I can upon what the cub reporter says about it the morning after.

In talking about the author of "This Day's Madness" and "Miss Tiverton Goes Out", the discussion of anonymity quite naturally arose. Thomas Coward explained why the author prefers to hide behind the obscurity of no name. She has in the past published books under her own name and found the curiosity such a bother that she prefers to leave the personalities out of writing — and just write. Her father was a great friend of Henry James and she, of course, herself knew James. Her brother as a child was so beautiful that DuMaurier used him as the model for the head of Trilby with which the artist-author illustrated his story. "The author of 'Miss Tiverton Goes Out'", as you must say in referring to her, has completed her third anonymous novel, to be called "Home Made with Hands". It is heralded in advance as being very strange. An author who will not remain anonymous is Julia Peterkin, whose "Black April" follows her book of short stories, "Green Thursday", which cost her a few friendships among the South Carolina ladies. Mrs. Peterkin, a cousin of Maxwell Aley's, has riotous red hair, hunts, rides, and swims, acts as doctor, judge and jury on the plantation when it is necessary, and manages a 75,000 acre farm. She has a son at the University of Virginia. She is what I might call a *living* person. "Black April" contains the material she knows best, and the Negroes she writes of have never before been encountered in books. Tim Coward had an idea for a book on Swift and wanted Shane Leslie to do it, for he knew that Shane Leslie was related to the satirist. The day he called on him in England, Mr. Leslie was writing at a desk which had belonged to Swift, so there was no trouble in persuading him to do the book. Whether it will be fiction or biography, the publishers haven't heard. A dramatic version of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" has been accepted in England, and there are reports that Basil Dean will produce it there. I was amused to see the title of John Erskine's novel to follow "Galahad". I cannot give it away so far in advance, but it looks as if Adam were in for a ragging.

Charles E. McCarthy, whom I have called the publicity manager de luxe, has failed me. I find in the news notes of Famous Players that "Hundreds of spectators along the shores of the St. Lawrence applauded Wynn's daring as he stood in a box drifting down the river toward the American Falls." Ed Wynn has been making "Rubber Heels" at Niagara Falls, and it is true that he almost went over the edge, but if he found the St. Lawrence in that part of the country, I don't wonder he almost slipped. For Mr. McCarthy's

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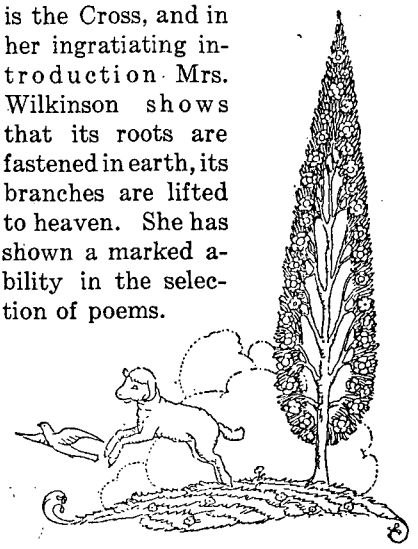
information, it was the Niagara River which almost carried Ed Wynn to his death. Frances Newman, who has had her hair bobbed for the first time in Paris and is now on a motor trip in Italy, where she hopes to get a tiny house and work on her next novel — full of conversation — has recently stated in print that you must belong to a good old family — like the Cabells — in order to write good novels. This was the cause of her annoyance with "Shadows Waiting". Although Eleanor Chilton will not argue the matter, I am only too glad to point out Miss Newman's error. Miss Chilton is one of the Carrolls of Virginia, and as Charles W. Ferguson, himself a southerner, has remarked in another part of this magazine, she had Senators in her family when that term meant something. All this, of course, is really guff — and Miss Chilton would be the first to protest if she knew this question was being brought up again. Julian Street's literary work at the moment consists in revising his address book against the nearby day when invitations to his son, "Pete" Street's, wedding must be sent out. He is marrying Narcissa Vanderlip, of whom all the Streets have long been very fond. Nevertheless, Mr. Street admits that revising an address book is a perfectly terrible job!

At no point are we the heir of all ages so much as in the fine group of modern anthologies on more or less religious themes. One of the best of these, in title, content, and design, is "The Radiant Tree", edited by Marguerite Wilkinson and decorated by George M. Richards. Mrs. Wilkinson has followed "Yule Fire" with a collection of poems of the passion and resurrection of Christ, taken from all periods in literature. The radiant tree is the Cross, and in her ingratiating introduction Mrs. Wilkinson shows that its roots are fastened in earth, its branches are lifted to heaven. She has shown a marked ability in the selection of poems.



From "The Radiant Tree"

Now that we know what Harvard men talk about in 1927, since Ethel Kelley's one act skit in the April BOOKMAN, it is amusing to find in the foreword to Susan Glaspell's book the following: "Here we have what young men talked about at Harvard in '93. Ruskin, Walter Pater, Browning, 'The Tragic Muse' were realities — so real that a life was one thing and not another thing because of them." Page Miss Kelley! She says her new book, "Home James", was christened by Deems Taylor, and appeared in England before its American publication. She used to be Ethel M. Kelley, but has dropped her middle initial. Those who have not seen her for some time will be glad to know that she is to appear again, after a year of uncertain health, on Lady's Day at the Players. There was a gentle little story afloat a few years ago about Don Marquis's young daughter and the Players Club. Of course, the club is closed to ladies, even very young and very pretty ones, at all times except April 15. But Don

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Marquis could not come there so long as his little girl was barred. She had to go about with him — everywhere. So an exception was made and every afternoon for many months she sat in her place of honor, having high conversation and high tea with many of the most distinguished gentlemen in New York City. One of the smallest books in the world has been written by Victor Bridges. This was one of the tiny volumes in the library of the Queen's Doll House. The author of "The Girl in Black" says he got as much kick out of writing the little vellum bound, 800 word volume as he gets out of writing a mystery thriller. Anice Page Cooper again took me to tea, at Alice Foote MacDougall's this time, where she expected to meet Boris Artzybasheff. I wanted to meet him, too, for I have a great fancy for his delicate art, and treasure among the children's stories he has illustrated "The Apple Tree", an Easter story written last year by Margery Williams Bianco. He did not appear at all, so Miss Cooper had a chance to recover from a three hour lunch with a Danish artist. She was too weak from excitement to convey much news of Garden City authors. They, however, need no boosting, for there are five of them on the best seller lists — Grace Richmond, Kathleen Norris, Julian Street, Booth Tarkington, and Edna Ferber. Mary Borden, in England, has had what is not an unusual experience for an English author, a libel case. One day a lordly creature strode into the offices of her publishers and said, "I am So-and-so [one of the characters in her latest book] and I have come to sue the author for using my name and defaming my character" — or something of the sort, whatever Englishmen say who think their characters have been defamed by novelists. The publishers, however, won the case. Grace Richmond is in Florida, working on her novel to follow "Cherry Square". Kathleen Norris has returned to New York from the ranch where she has been working on what they call her "major" novel (not serialized). Elizabeth Cobb Chapman, a protégée of THE BOOKMAN, will return soon from Florence with Frank Chapman, her husband, who is writing music, and Patricia Chapman, her child, who has never seen these shores. "Falling Seeds" is her first long piece of fiction. She has done some very amusing short stories for "Cosmopolitan-Hearst's". While she was in this office I felt that she would one day write novels, for like all creative authors she soon found that editorial detail irked her and that what she really wanted to do on a magazine was to write it all herself.

"As devastating as the inhuman Hun of George Creel" is the unfortunate simile our overzealous Gossiper used in this department not long ago. The editors are glad to publish Mr. Creel's protest, for they feel that it is certainly justified under the circumstances:

EDITOR, THE BOOKMAN,
NEW YORK CITY.
Dear Sir:

I resent deeply the allusion in attached clipping. It is my pride that as chairman of the Committee on Public Information, I never permitted a word of hate in printed or spoken word or motion picture. I refused at all times to utter or even countenance the various atrocity stories that came from Europe, and cancelled the tour of every speaker the moment he began to "horrorize". For this I was attacked times without number by Senators and Congressmen, but the policy remained unchanged.

It is not my purpose to ask any correction but merely to beg a favor that in the future you will be good enough to guard my name against these sneering references that are without base and truth.

Very truly,
GEORGE CREEL.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE name of EDUARD C. LINDEMAN appears on as many programs and prospectuses in New York City as the name of, say, Otto H. Kahn. He is on the editorial staff of "The New Republic", does double time teaching duty in the New School for Social Research and the New York School of Social Work, is field secretary for the American Country Life Association, director of research in the Workers Education Bureau, and has long been distinguished in connection with the current adult education movement. He is the author of "The Community", "Social Discovery", and more recently of "The Meaning of Adult Education". He contributed the leading and coordinating article to the recent Fascist number of "The Survey Graphic". CHARLES W. FERGUSON, assistant to John Farrar, has the distinction of being the only nascent writer who is not working on a novel. Apart from his frequent contributions to THE BOOKMAN, he has written for a list of magazines generally esteemed select. At present he works evenings and en route to and from the office on a set of intemperate essays. It is difficult to get tangible information on CHARLES NORMAN, save that he continues to live in Greenwich Village and write spirited poems on the metropolis. It must not be forgotten that a great deal of mystery and obscurity shrouds the life and doings of William Shakespeare.

STARK YOUNG is known as one of the ablest of contemporary dramatic critics as well as a savant of the theatre. Formerly dramatic critic of the New York "Times", he now devotes himself to critical writings and conducts the dramatic column of "The New Republic". His first novel, "Heaven Trees", was published in the autumn of 1926 by Scribner and his "The Three Fountains" is appearing serially in Italy and is soon to be issued there in book form. His "Encaustics" is being translated into French and his "Glamour" into Finnish. The essay which appears in this issue of THE BOOKMAN is a part of a book which George H. Doran Company is to publish under the title "The Theatre". Mr. Young has contributed to virtually all the leading periodicals. He lectures regularly to a fond and attentive audience at the New School for Social Research. As much as folk resent being identified as relatives of someone else, it is only fair to say that HELEN POTEAT STALLINGS is the wife of Laurence Stallings and the daughter of William Louis Poteat, who also contributes to this issue. But her friends know that she is full of verve on her own account.

DU BOSE HEYWARD, prime mover of "Angel" and "Porgy", has been working indefatigably on his new novel — a novel which those in the know predict will be a knockout. While this is being written Mr. Heyward is en route for points. In fact, he should be in England when these words appear. This is as good a place as any to dispel the idea which, because of "Porgy", seems to have currency in the land, that Mr. Heyward is colored. He is white, but he knows the Negro race as few of his white brethren do. LEW SARETT has been a woodsman, guide, and United States ranger in the northwest for several months out of each of the past nine years. He has been professor of argumentation and persuasion at the Northwestern University School of Speech since 1921. His books of verse include "Many, Many Moons", "The Box of God", and "Slow Smoke". His "Ode to Illinois" was read at the dedication of the War Memorial Stadium at the University of Illinois in 1924. He is advisory editor of "Poetry".

MARGARET KENNEDY is the envy of most young American women who aspire to write. She has probably inspired, with "The Constant Nymph", more unfinished novels than any person since Rabelais. As though she had not already had her share of the world's attention, her latest novel has been drama-

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tized and has been running successfully and with every evidence of longevity on the New York stage. She was married a year or so ago to a brilliant young English musician; we ordinary American folk may be indulged the speculation as to whether he was the prototype of Lewis Dodd. ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER is a Californian by birth. She lives in Berlin and is married to Herman George Scheffauer, the American writer. ARTHUR MASON was born in Ireland. At the age of seventeen he ran away to sea, became first mate on a sailing ship, then master. He came to the United States in 1893 and became a naturalized citizen in 1899. He was with the Submarine Boat Corporation during the late war. Besides a great array of stories and verse appearing in magazines, he has written "The Flying Bos'n" and "Ocean Echoes".

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is at present head of the department of philosophy at Vassar College. His interest in keeping pedagogy free from any more encumbrances than are unavoidable has identified him with the Science League of America; he is a member of the Honorary Board of Directors of that organization. He has just published "From Myth to Reason" (Scribner), which comes as a worthy successor to "American Thought from Puritanism to Pragmatism" and "Le Génie Américain", the series of lectures which he delivered at the Sorbonne. He is at work now upon an extensive historical work. JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE (Mrs. Clinton Scollard) is wintering, or was when this was written, in Winter Park, Florida, with Mr. Scollard. They report a happy mixture of work and play. At least Mrs. Scollard has worked enough to complete "The Third Book of American Verse" to go with the series of anthologies brought out by Houghton Mifflin. She organized a Poetry Society in Florida three years ago, which she reports now to be flourishing. She spends her summers in a Connecticut cottage over a hundred years old.

WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT is one of the outstanding leaders of denominational education in the south, having been president of Wake Forest College at Wake Forest, North Carolina, since 1905. He will become president emeritus after June, 1927. He is not a minister; he has been professor of biology in the college since 1883. His books include "Laboratory and Pulpit", "The New Peace", and "Can a Man be Christian Today?" JAMES HEARST lives on a farm in Cedar Falls, Iowa. He is young both as a person and as a poet, but has already published verse in "Poetry" and "The Midland". HUGH WALPOLE continues to lecture in the provinces, having recently taken a swing up into New England. REGINALD L. COOK, a Rhodes scholar, has further distinguished himself by winning the Oxford 440, and is running for Oxford against Cambridge. RADCLYFFE HALL is an English authoress of parts. Her last book, published by Doubleday, Page, was "Adam's Breed". It is rumored that a new novel from her pen will make its appearance very shortly.

FLOYD DELL now lives at Croton-on-Hudson, where he is hard at work on a novel. He has been lecturing this winter on literature and life. He says, "I debated in New York in favor of monogamy recently with an opponent who, judging by the plaudits of the young audience, seemed to have the best of the argument." His "Upton Sinclair" has just been issued by George H. Doran Company. JOHN V. A. WEAVER is singing spring songs up in Connecticut these days. He is married to Peggy Wood. SIMON PURE and LARRY BARRETTO are both too faithful and regular to get the praise they deserve.

IRVING BROWN knows the land whereof he speaks in his review of "Revolt in the Desert". He has spent considerable time in a mountain region of the Algerian Sahara and is going back there this summer to spend some time among his Beduin friends. Mr. Brown spends his months in civilized countries as professor of romance languages at Columbia University in the City of New York. ROBERT HILLYER has deserted Harvard, where he had a tremendous following, and now lives peacefully in Hartford, Connecticut. EDNA KENTON is to publish in May through Harcourt, Brace and Company "The Indians of North America: From the Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents" (two volumes). She has taken her material from the seventy three volumes of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents", the reports and materials which give a complete

(*Continued on page XXVI*)

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THE MONTH ON MURRAY HILL

The purpose of this section of THE BOOKMAN *is to acquaint readers with the publishing activities of George H. Doran Company and their authors.*

SPRING tonics come in varying forms and the Doran list for the season offers considerable exhilaration. I find it difficult, however, to know just which of the literary tonics to take first. There are many good ones, but another brief taste of "Revolt in the Desert" should not be out of order.

To me "Revolt in the Desert" is the most astounding book I have ever read — and to be for once enthusiastically trite — "truth stranger than fiction" must surely have been written in description of this book of Colonel Lawrence. No need to go into detail — reviews have appeared in every paper or magazine that has reviews, and in each case the writer has expressed amazement and intense pleasure. It is the story, as you already know, of the strange Englishman who placed himself at the head of Arab tribes and led a guerilla warfare that gave Allenby his chance to counter and ultimately defeat the Turks.

* * * *

TURNING from this contemporary legend (unless that is too much of a paradox), to the most basic reality, there is Dr. Victor Cox Pedersen's "The Woman A Man Marries", the premise of which, essentially, is that women are at fault for most of the immorality of the modern day. But aside from that, and whether you or I agree, there remains one outstanding feature of the book: Dr. Pedersen has done in a sane, orderly way a comprehensive analysis of sex relationships. There is no provocative "dirt". Quite the contrary — and in my humble opinion he has done a great service for those who have misunderstood or been vague in their understanding of the elemental passions and their relations to marriage. In the dedication of the volume is found the real key to the sincere purpose in the preparation of the book:

"This work is dedicated to those women who still recognize as their greatest and highest privileges: — the inspiration and creation of the home; the adornment of the humble and simple human relations; the alleviation of human ill and the increase of comfort and happiness; the service of mankind in its indomitable though difficult progress upward; and finally, and chiefly, the bearing and nurturing of children."

* * * *

I HAVE been wondering just which keys to hit on this typewriter to do justice to "Enter, A Messenger", Richard Blaker's new novel. There is much justice that should be done it, both comparatively and generally. "The Voice in the Wilderness", his first novel seemed to me to be a masterpiece for the sort of thing Blaker had attempted. Now in "Enter, A Messenger", there is all of the gliding quality of his first, an assurance that is new and delightful and a sense of continuity and cohesion of parts that even exceeds his first novel.

This new one is the story of John and Phyllis Staveley. John is the sort whose first act in the morning is to look out the window to see what's going on, and whatever it is — quietness, noise, a hurdy gurdy, a fight, rain, sun — he thrills to it; it's part of life and John loves life. Phyllis, though, loves life in terms of John. But always there's a messenger entering — a messenger of the life outside. She tries to avoid the interference, but fails. This is really a splendid novel and as subtly captivating as Con O'Leary's "Break O'Day" is brazenly compelling.

O'Leary is positively merciless with Curley Bogue; a rather mean trick, I think, for an author to be so heartless in his delineation of a character. Heartless, but powerful. If the author had made Curley Bogue anything but a vagabond (I wanted to say roué, but it's an Irish story) "Break O'Day" would have lost much of its meaning. As it is, though, the story rides along on the shoulders of a perfectly drawn character who walks through Ireland, into and out of more trouble than a Horatio Alger hero. Curley is no hero. He'd rather slide out the back door than fight his way out of the front — which

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is not intended as a derogatory remark. It's rather easier, I think, to draw a perfect character perfectly, than an imperfect character truthfully. O'Leary has done the latter.

* * * *

ON the stage now, for a moment or so, there's Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife" which came to Broadway and delighted that street. I saw the play before I read it, and I'll admit that it is the first time I've ever wanted to read a play after seeing it on the stage. If there's an objection to the Maugham's work it lies in the fact that there are too many good lines to grasp at one theatre sitting. And now that I have seen it and read it, I shall go back to the theatre, one day, and enjoy all that I missed the first time.

Going from wit to humor, or vica versa, consider Irvin S. Cobb's "Some United States". Agreed. It certainly is — or, rather, they certainly are. Some day, I hope, Cobb will write "Some More United States", and include those he has omitted from this new volume. Quoting from the book, Cobb found New Jersey "just behind those billboards". Under the Arizona heading stands the line: "The simple tourist — yes, isn't he?", while of Texas, Cobb observes that "It's a hundred and fifty miles to the front gate". Satire and humor constitute the aim of the book, but there's a common-sense basis for most of the satirical remarks, and residents of the states mentioned will find themselves pretty accurately — if humorously — analyzed.

* * * *

"CRAZY PAVEMENTS!" I wondered what the name implied until someone gave me an adequate definition. They are, it seems, pavements of a flagstone sort, with the blocks set more closely together although without thought to size or direction. And most crazy pavements are out in the neighborhood of Mayfair. Beverley Nichols, I think, has given the term a new meaning. Henceforward "Crazy Pavements" should bring to mind not strangely constructed streets, but a novel of unusual brilliance and sprightliness. The book is a vicious attack against decadent English nobility, but it carries as a super-structure, rather than an underlying motif, a love story that is really unusual. Brian Elme, aside from being a "gossip" reporter and having magnificent golden hair, has three requisites for the hero of the story: a talent for adapting himself to situations, a nature entirely too trusting, and what Elinor Glyn is pleased to call "It".

And if pavements are crazy, "Bill-The-Sheik" is mad — with sheer humor and delight. A. M. Williamson (Mrs. Alice M. Williamson) has written the story of a girl who starts out in search of a husband, and accompanying her is a whole company of suitors. She finds him — the husband, of course — but what a discovery! There's no fiendish villain to carry the fair lady off across the burning sands of the desert, but there's more fun than I have found in a novel for a long time. Not since her earlier novel "The Lightning Conductor".

Sanda Smith of St. Louis (which isn't the name of a new popular tune, but the name and description of the heroine) is alternately bored, charmed and thrilled, but when the first grain of sand slides inside her slipper and her sheik casts one lowering eye at her, she forgets all about being bored. She doesn't have a chance.

* * * *

MRS. BURNETT SMITH and "The Pendulum". Read it, and as the pendulum swings from the mother and father to the daughter and sons find the searching manner that the author has employed to write this fascinating novel. "All themes for novels are old." That's a cannon. But Mrs. Smith has found an entirely new manner of approach — a new conception — a new conclusion. It occurs to me that the story is about the most nicely balanced and certainly the sanest of the many efforts to portray the two-fold premise from which to reach an ultimate conclusion.

My enthusiasm for E. V. Lucas has no limit. Each time a new book is published my inclination is to devote these three pages to Mr. Lucas. Perhaps his manner of saying things just as I should like to be able to say them is in a large measure responsible for my admiration. "Events and Embroideries"

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is the latest, and I'll confess that I haven't read all of the essays included in this volume which has, by the way, a most unusual jacket. Lucas isn't one whose writings should be devoured. Tastes now and then are much better—even though you have a desire to keep on straight through to the end. A book that you would like to keep in your library always is the sort of thing that is really treasured. "Events and Embroideries" is such a book.

* * * *

"When I was young
And had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
And all the tunes that it would play
Was over the hills and far away!"

What a call, these teasing spring days, there is in a book like "A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence". It concerns a girl, to whom, like London to Lorelei, business was really nothing. So she bought her a fiddle, in the shape of a second hand car, and found gay adventure along the lovely roads of southern France. The book is friendly and impudent, and not too romantic.

Space grows short and there is much to be said. And of Langdon Mitchell's "Understanding America", and Doctor Samuel S. Drury's "Fathers and Sons" something ought to be said. Mitchell is widely known as a playwright. He is the son of S. Weir Mitchell, whose name stands high in America as an essayist, novelist and playwright. "Understanding America" is a volume which places Langdon Mitchell in a more auspicious place as an essayist. His subjects are varied. The essays are cheerfully argumentative — and best of all, they don't preach.

"Fathers and Sons!" It is an unusually fine thing to have so much said in so small a book. Dr. Drury, the author, is the headmaster of St. Paul's School. Behind him is a vast plain of experience and his message to fathers and sons is one that marks the author as an idealistic realist (if there can be such a classification). He denies the statement, so often made, that most boys dislike their fathers, and makes as his great plea that fathers take their boys' interests and activties more actively to heart.

LATER this month will appear another group of Doran books, including among the authors such names as Amundsen and Ellsworth, Howard Carter, Edward L. Bernays, Elliott Springs, Arnold Bennett, Compton Mackenzie and others. Astonishing — a list of names like that on one publication date, and some of them must wait until next month for comment.

Why Mr. Bernays' book hasn't been done a thousand times before I don't know, but it hasn't. Original in its conception, it should be one of the greatest books ever published for the youth of America. It is called "An Outline of Careers", which doesn't tell even the smallest portion of the real worth of the book. A title couldn't. Practically every avocation is listed, and leading figures in each division have written the truth, the requirements for the work which they know. Every year there must be thousands of young men just coming out of high school or college who haven't the slightest idea what sort of work to attempt. "An Outline of Careers" isn't an infallible guide, but it does tell the truth about any sort of work. It does give one the key to the right track. It is a preventative for floundering.

And Amundsen and Ellsworth tell the story of "The First Flight Over The Polar Basin". I had read the breathless story as the brief bulletins appeared in the newspapers. The whole inside story is told, now — each colorful detail — each dangerous expedient that succeeded, each plan that failed.

* * * *

WHAT more can be said of Arnold Bennett — what more would one wish to know — than that he has written a new book? Short stories, this time: "The Woman Who Stole Everything". We will have to discuss her next month. But now there is the man who found everything: Howard Carter, who tells the rest of the story of the actual uncovering of "The Tomb of King Tut Ankh Amen". This tale reads like romance. Not one line but must carry one back — how many years? — to the romantic buried history of Egypt.

That story has been waiting for centuries. Shall you mind if we hold it over until next month?

MURRAY HILL.

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RELIGIOUS BOOKS ON MURRAY HILL

NO more important religious book will be published during 1927 than PAUL, A STUDY IN SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY by Adolf Deissmann. All restraint hitherto manifest in these columns has been purposive: Superlatives have been reserved for the astonishing piece of work which Dr. Deissmann has done. The distinguishing thing about this life of St. Paul is that it is markedly interesting and honest. It is, in a sense, a modern biography of the Apostle, applying to him that same keen analysis that Strachey applied to Dr. Arnold. Paul the casuist of theological tradition gives way to Paul the man of his day. Yet there is in Dr. Deissmann's work no mark of the smart aleck, no lack of appreciation for the character he depicts. He is an uncompromising religionist; but he is first and foremost a scholar who knows intimately the scene of which he writes. His knowledge of the ancient ostraca and papyri, which has long distinguished him, he has used with telling effect in his explanation of St. Paul's life and influence. Add to this the fact that the author belongs to the literary as well as to the scholarly class and you have the reasons why the Deissmann book can well be called a classic in the field of religious biography. The volume appearing this month is a completely revised edition of the work published some years ago, so that there are already those in America acquainted with the author's method and approach. It should be noted that the appeal of this book is not confined to churchmen. It possesses such strength and breadth, such an array of information and intelligent comment, that, though its subject matter is essentially religious, it will be greatly enjoyed by all who delight in magnificent literary workmanship.

* * * *

OF unusual interest to students of child culture will be found GUIDING A GROWING LIFE by Dr. R. E. Gaines of the University of Richmond. This book comprises a series of lectures on religious education. It reveals an understanding of child nature which would have been impossible before the beginning of this century and is very unusual even among the most enlightened educators today. Dr. Gaines has levened his work with a fine sense of humor and he speaks unequivocally upon the primacy of the child in the program of the church and in the program of modern society. His view is liberal, his ideas interesting, and his writing very able indeed. His book is small, but it contains enough wisdom to keep the Church busy for several generations to come.

* * * *

THAT Christianity is vitally concerned with the making and spending of money is the idea which pervades the pages of CHRIST AND MONEY by Hugh Martin. Mr. Martin is prominently connected with the Student Christian Movement in England and has had much to do with the unusual work that body has done toward applying the principles of Jesus to the modern world. While not advocating any of the nostrums of those who would overthrow the present economic order, the author very frankly insists that many of our economic practises are little removed from the pagan and that our whole industrial life must be reordered on the principles of Jesus. He deals also with the question of the individual Christian and his money problems in the present-day world, and offers both suggestive principles and sound advice. His book will be heartily received by those who realize the preëminent importance of the relation between Christianity and practical affairs in everyday life.

* * * *

ANOTHER of the Faiths series is ready — CONGREGATIONALISM, by Principal W. B. Selbie. This is one of the volumes appearing under the general title of "The Faiths: Varieties of Christian Expression". Dr. L. P. Jacks is general editor of the series and has selected men particularly qualified in each great religious body to give the history and ideals of that body. "The Anglo-Catholic Faith", "The Faith and Practise of the Quakers", and "Modernism in the English Church" have already appeared. "The Faith of the Roman Church" by Father C. C. Martindale is soon to be issued.

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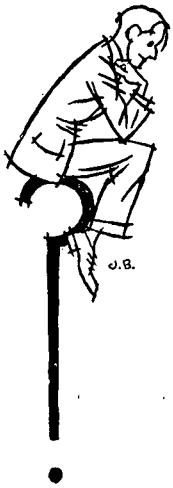

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From Forum to Forum, Mussolini; The Philadelphia Scandal, Thomas Raeburn White; Seductive Italy, D. H. Lawrence; Spiritual Healing, Dr. Frederick Allen; Could Verse Be Worse? John Haldane Blackie; essays and fiction by Herbert Ravenel Sass, Clemence Dane, Viola Paradise, Willa Cather.

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AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

IF "Great Southern Preaching" (Macmillan) is no more interesting than one would expect a volume of sermons to be, it at least has the virtue of being measurably more significant than the common run of them are. Charles M. Crowe, its editor, has been wily enough to make the thing representative; he has given us the variegated south, the south in its composite grandeur, the south of Dayton and of Bishop Mouzon. Therein lies its significance and message to the flatulent young men of Oregon and New York who know no more of the south than the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The south of course has its Heflin and its Norris, just as New York has its Uldine Utley, and southern exponents of conservatism have been a trifle more egregious than those in other sections no more enlightened. Whatever the case, the south is not monotonous and "Great Southern Preaching" is not tedious. It has the charm of variety, presents the breadth and depth of southern religious thinking, and it exhibits the prophetic vigor and strength that have characterized effective preaching since Nathan and his fellows dogged the kings of ancient time. Apart from its appeal to religious readers, it has a certain documentary value which will eminently repay examination. Twenty one sermons are included, ranging from the sublime to the mediocre, but all are important from one angle or another; the south need not be ashamed of those who have been chosen to reveal its religious mind.

I hardly see how any person whose eye, attracted by the advertisements, falls accidentally upon these lines could be interested in Baron Friedrich von Hügel's "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion" (Dutton). I feel as though I were addressing a banker on the parallelisms of early Hebrew folk songs. But, young man, young woman, if you have the virility or perseverance to read something really dignified and provocative, something grave and cosmic, read this second series of Baron von Hügel's essays and addresses. The Baron begins:

> The practically perennial mental and moral warfare which man wages for or against or around religion is quite evidently concentrated, for the present, and for us Western Europeans and North Americans, neither upon Theism (witness the deadness of Huxley and of Spencer), nor upon Catholicism (witness the intellectual emptiness of pure, militant Protestantism); but upon that very middle ground or level, hitherto common to all Historical Christians, from which they argued back to God and on to the Church — upon what we may shortly term Christianity.

If we may transiently eschew and disavow certain by no means devastating or annihilating desiderata (such as the manifest absence of perspicuity and the presence of Teutonic obtuseness and its attendant epiphenomena which tend subtly to obfuscate the vision) and if we may waive grandiloquently the insuperable abatis which the author grandiloquently erects in the path of the pertinacious reader: the necessity of wading assiduously through a catacomb of gibbering terms, all of which are more or less related and correlated and inextricably intertwined even when there is an ostensible absence of cohesiveness and unity; and if we can fully realize the philosophical import which pervades these pages, and indeed exudes from them, then we may say, in brief, that the work is good but not so clear.

"How Popes Are Chosen" should interest many Protestants, for most of them I have known are as ignorant of the mechanics and belief of Catholicism as Catholics are of Methodist hymnody. This book, written by P. H. Gallen and published by Stratford, comprises also a number of other essays among which are "Cursory Notes on Swearing" and "The Pussy Cat and the Baby Jesus". You see at once that the volume is varietal and that it promises much.

— *C. W. F.*

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view of the Indian, his hunting, warfare, mythology, folk lore, et cetera. The writings she uses were done in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and are all priceless in the delightful and authoritative view which they give of the Indian.

HENRY A. LAPPIN lives in Buffalo, but he has been going in for lecture work rather intensively of late. He has just returned from Chicago, where he has been lecturing on Irish literature. He finds the literary interest out there extraordinarily high — higher than in any other American city he has visited. He is professor of English literature at D'Youville College for Women at Buffalo. JOSEPH COLLINS is the doctor in "The Doctor Looks at Love and Life". His literary interests have had the upper hand for some time and he has recently assumed quite favorable editorial relationships.

LORINE PRUETTE has made exhaustive studies of group psychology and engages in personnel work. Appleton will publish in April her new book, "Saint in Ivory, The Story of Genevieve of Paris and Nanterre". This is a romantico-ironic account of the development of a legend during the turbulent fifth century. ROBERT A. LOVETT looks upon the advent of Robert Lovett, Jr. as the most important single news item in his busy Wall Street life.

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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

WHAT seems to us a rather unsuccessful defense of Bohemia has been produced in "Montmartre, Past and Present" (Brentano) by Jean Emile-Bayard. Its scheme comprises a series of interviews with artistic lights of Montmartre, past, nearly all of whom deplore the march of progress across the scene of their youthful inspiration. Naturally, in such a scheme, there is great repetition, sometimes tiresome redundancy, for the story of the actual beginnings of such founts of inspiration as the Chat Noir and the Lapin Agile requires only a few facts. And so often the recollections of great men which cover their madcap youth prove to be a bit thin and, we suspect, somewhat reticent. This is a book which must prove of greatest historical and sentimental value to those who knew the heyday of Montmartre. To others the long lists of names may mean little, save for an occasional poet, painter, or musician whose reputation has spread across the seas and survived the years. For most of us, the simple story of the rise and decline of this independent little colony would be more dramatic, and through this weighty volume runs a thread of anecdote which only Montmartre could spin.

If, to play on a variation of "The Man Without a Country", we were sentenced never to go abroad, we should begin immediately to collect all of E. V. Lucas's "Wanderer" series. The latest, "A Wanderer in Rome" (Doran), has all the charm and delightful revelation of the other books on Paris, Venice, London, etc. Harry Morley has done sixteen excellent color illustrations, but, in this case, we are particularly grateful for the excellent photographic reproductions of those art treasures which abound in the timeless city. That happy faculty of Mr. Lucas's of making two hundred and fifty pages seem all too short — just as a fortnight in Rome would seem all too short to the visitor — is evident in this volume. Yet he does not slight anything in Rome's glorious pasts which should be noted and described. It is his singular art to compress much fact and comment into one book and yet leave us with the impression that he has been merely jogging along, with a nod of the head to this painting or that statue, an explanatory gesture to a fresco here and an altarpiece there. He is, in truth, the perfect guide and companion.

It is a graphic, interesting travel narrative that Milton J. Goell offers us in "Tramping Through Palestine" (Kensington Press). Although the author writes in a discursive and jerky style and makes no attempt at literary finish, and although the entire book is sketchy and rambling in its effect, yet the enthusiasm which imbues the work makes it impressive; while the subject matter is such as to be intrinsically appealing to the American whose nearest approach to the Holy Land has been East New York. Mr. Goell had the pleasure of tramping throughout Palestine on foot; and, being capable of observing and of recording his observations, he has succeeded in painting an engrossing picture of a curious but fascinating land.

Apparently Europe is not the only or even the most satisfying land for the victim of wanderlust. That there is abundant romance in the beauty as well as the trials of tropical countries, in the remarkable hunting and adventures with natives, is proved by Cecil Gosling in "Travel and Adventures in Many Lands" (Dutton). A son of a diplomat who later entered this service himself, the author led the colorful life of a nomad from birth. His European reminiscences of a boyhood in many capitals grow pallid beside the glowing experiences in Central America, Africa, and South America. And how refreshing to learn that diplomats are not all carefully unemotional and coldly informational, for here is one who is humorous, adventurous, and who writes with simplicity and warmth.

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(*Continued from page XII*)

Some day some enterprising publisher will hire a Bolshevik with a sense of humor to write a book on the disillusioned Reds who come to Soviet Russia, see and write books about it. The latest person to break the frequently ruptured seal of silence is Morris Gordin in "Utopia in Chains" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Gordin held several positions in the lower ranks of the Soviet Bureaucracy and saw some of the petty corruption going on. His accounts of Odessa's little Tammany Hall and its dirty work are interesting. His tales of Communist Party politics are not so.

Major General Henry T. Allen's "The Rhineland Occupation" (Bobbs-Merrill) is an actual historic document of value added to the political literature of the post-Treaty period of the Great War. It covers not only the American, but also the Allied occupation of the territory of the defeated people; and in a clear, forceful, and unbiased way deals with human and political reactions as well as the more purely military technique of the occupation. The appendix devoted to "Black Troops" in the Rhineland is of especial interest, and there are a number of good illustrations.

"Lanes of Memory" (Knopf) is a curious compilation. In it George S. Hellman describes some of the pictures, the books, the manuscripts, and the prominent persons with whom he has come in contact, chiefly as a professional collector, but also as an alumnus of Columbia University, a player of bridge, a director of the American Army University at Beaune and a few other things. Mr. Hellman describes what he has seen; and often enough that is interesting and entertaining.

The new series of biographies entitled "Masters of Music" (Harper), edited by Sir Landon Ronald, continues with volumes on Brahms by Jeffrey Pulver, on Bizet by D. C. Parker, and on Sullivan by Henry Saxe Wyndham. Bizet and Sullivan were indeed no less masters of their genre than the towering Johannes. Each book is excellent and easy reading; in the case of Brahms and of Bizet it meets the genuine need of a short biography that shall be informing; and in the case of Sullivan it is the first extended biography. The books are equipped with valuable lists of works, chronological tables, and bibliographies.

Tutored by Mr. Belloc's desire to keep his own judgment unchallenged ("The Outline of History" having been pronounced by him anti-Catholic and therefore undesirable), the Catholic press was moved to disregard the existence of Mr. Wells. Hence H. G. Wells's tardy defense, "Mr. Belloc Objects to 'The Outline of History'" (Doran). It will please Mr. Wells's admirers, and it will not offend Mr. Belloc's friends. There are artistic reasons, it appears, why Mr. Belloc cannot see straight; conversely, the author, being non-artistic, does nothing else but. It must be observed, however, that the defense is rational, though possibly unnecessary. There are five articles to combat five attacks. In the end the reader has had a glimpse of two individuals from one point of view. That is amusing.

Perhaps William F. Giese in his "Victor Hugo, The Man and the Poet" (Dial) is attempting to introduce a third popular form of critical biography. His method is not the Boswell technique, a process of fervent identification, nor yet the penetrating detached tolerance of the Strachey school (the "low down" series). He has written this book, one must believe, out of sheer irritation. It is a splenetic outburst, without understanding or humor, without even the color of a vivid rage such as Hugo himself might have expended. Giese is a classicist, an intellectual, a conservative, a man of puritanical constraints and solemn religion. Hugo is a rampageous romanticist, emotionally rich but unstable, unfettered by conscience or convention, erotic and fanciful rather than pious and philosophical. Each has his value, but when one undertakes to give a public account of the other the interest lies only in the vigorous expression of this ancient conflict.

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Waterloo is a logical point of departure for a modern history, and in William Stearns Davis's "Europe Since Waterloo" (Century) we have a world history from Napoleon to Hindenburg in the same readable narrative fashion which makes its author's historical novels so enjoyable. Yet while he defines his history as "non-technical", it is written by the professor of history at the University of Minnesota rather than by the author of "The Beauty of the Purple". Part I, "The Triumph of Nationalism", and Part II, "Armed Peace", tell the story of the nineteenth century politically and socially in a dramatic, interesting way, grouping movements and events about the personalities of outstanding leaders. Part III, "Armageddon: The World War" may well be taken with a corrective pinch of salt in the shape of John Carter's "Man is War".

Douglas Woodruff is one of those young Oxonians who have lightly taken all knowledge for their playground. In "Plato's American Republic" (Dutton), one of the usually interesting and sometimes valuable "To-day and To-morrow Series", he sports both with Plato and with the errors of American ways in a manner as diverting as it is often incisive. The arraignments of our life herein are suggested to Socrates by an American lecture tour. They are playful and unoriginal, but usually sound; and the conclusion is reached that unless drastic educational changes are adopted the nation is doomed to unhappiness and disaster.

"A fundamental axiom often left out of upbringing is scrupulosity regarding property", remarks the author of "Fathers and Sons" (Doran). Here we touch the heart of the matter. It is precisely the neglect of a parent to instil into his child a strict consideration of the rights of other persons, both material and social, that leaves youth without anchorage in the sea of life's temptations. Samuel S. Drury, who as headmaster of St. Paul's School has had opportunities to observe numerous boys of good parentage, realizes that fathers, from timidity and from carelessness, leave most of the training to the mothers. In the few cases where the father

(*Continued on page XXX*)

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(*Continued from page XXIX*)
has taken the rôle of comrade and sympathetic friend of his boy, an enthusiastic affection has grown out of the relationship. The average boy needs precisely that tactful guidance that a wise father, and no one else, can give him. It seems banal to say it, but it is certainly true that all fathers should read and ponder this book.

In a former delicate ragout, "Four Novelists of the Old Régime", John Garber Palache was sufficiently caviar. But in "Gautier and the Romantics" (Viking) he *et al.* are so enticing that you also may see grave sense in Gérard de Nerval's stunt of parading "a lobster by a string in front of the Palais-Royal. 'Why is a pet lobster any more absurd than a cat, dog, gazelle, lion or any other creature? . . . Lobsters are quiet and serious; they neither bark nor bite, and they know the deepest secrets of the sea'"! Or — as Gautier did in 1832 — you may find yourself presenting yourself for military inspection "in grey trousers, yellow waistcoat set with blue flowers, a green dress-coat, with gold buttons, a rose-coloured necktie, a soft collar, a policeman's cap", etc., to match. In short, if you love literary gossip, here's your meat.

It is manifestly impossible, within the limits of a single volume, to do more than sketch the important men and women of the eighteenth century England. A period which saw the industrial revolution and the beginnings of prison reform, the American War of Independence and the establishment of British rule in India, is presented in A. S. Turberville's "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century" (Oxford) principally by means of brief biographical sketches of some of its outstanding figures. The book is valuable as giving a comprehensive, bird's eye view of the period. It is profusely illustrated, and contains lists of books for reference.

If the poem by Lucy Larcom, "What Shall We Wrap the Baby In?" were the sole content of the charming anthology "The Cradle Book of Verse" (Doran), it would be well worth the buying and treasuring. But this gem is only one of the chain of beautiful little poems Louise Hovde has collected in a volume that all mothers will love. The appeal of babyhood is, however, almost universal, as is demonstrated by the "dropping into poetry" of such unsentimental thinkers as George Meredith and Agnes Repplier, each of whom has made a contribution to the lore of infancy. Even D. H. Lawrence once went out of his way to show a moment's sympathy with "A Baby Asleep After Pain", which he put into his inimitable phrasing. There are some quaint "Folk Lullabies" and a fine collection of poems on the theme of "The Christ Child", verses on "Asleep" appropriately closing the book.

The late A. Clutton-Brock's "Essays on Literature and Life" (Dutton) are concerned more with literature than with life, but are concerned sufficiently with both to relieve them of any accusation of being merely academic. The author is a critic of distinction, and the essays included in this volume give proof at once of a vigorous and inquiring mind and of an ingratiating fluency and clarity of expression. While Mr. Clutton-Brock deals with often treated subjects — "Percy Bysshe Shelley", "The Problem of Wordsworth", "The Poetry of Blake", "Puritanism and Art", and the like — he succeeds in finding some uncharted spots even in familiar territory, and in expressing himself with individuality even on themes that no longer can lay claim to freshness.

"The Letters of George Eliot" (Dial) gives rise to wonder that they had so much time in those days! According to the introduction (by R. Brimley Johnson) these epistles recapture the outlook and fighting spirit of Victorian non-conformity. For us they recapture, rather, the headachy, dyspeptic woman of the era — despite the iron frame and will that was George Eliot's. These letters deal, in sonorous and lengthy periods, with an overworked personal Duty, an overworked personal Deity. They give small hint (after all, they were meticulously edited by Mr. Cross) of that vivid cross sec-

(*Continued on page XXXII*)

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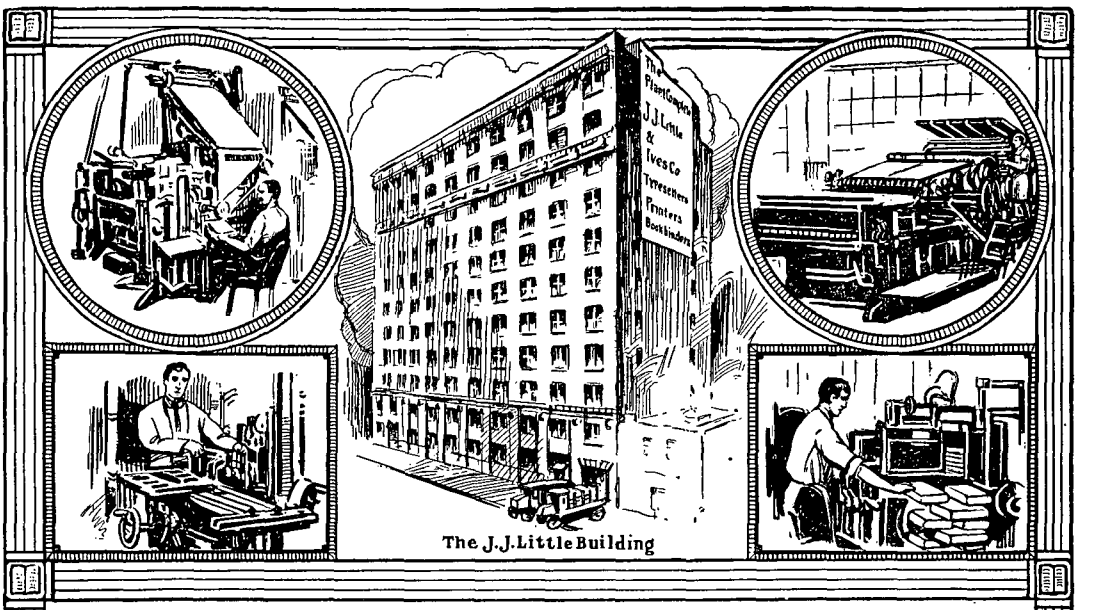

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(*Continued from page XXX*)
tion of life that was experienced by Marian Evans. Letters, being the easiest form of self expression, run the constant danger of proving, in the final analysis, the least interesting.

Like most of the periodic anthologies of current verse, and like the compiler's previous collections, Thomas Moult's version of "The Best Poems of 1926" (Harcourt, Brace) contains a small amount of genuine poetry amid a large mass of indifferent work and dross. A. G. Prys-Jones, Wilson Macdonald, George Sterling, Alfred Noyes, and one or two others have contributed lyrics which, if not precisely outstanding, will at least repay attention by any lover of poetry; but there is a considerable amount of work which, if printed in the form of prose, could never by any possibility be mistaken for poetry.

In the United States the criminal is in his heyday. Public opinion is trained by the movies to regard crime as a purely relative matter and the criminal an injured innocent, the law only reluctantly resorting to severer repressive measures under the spur of necessity. "Famous Criminals and Their Trials" (Doran), compiled by S. T. Felstead and Lady Muir from the papers of Sir Richard Muir, the famous British criminal lawyer, covers a wide range of "the crimes of Clapham" (to quote Kipling) and every type of murderous and felonious activity in picturesque detail. While one thrills to the tales of Crippen the poisoner, the Brixton taxicab murder, the Tichborne case, the French butcher of Soho, and others more, one cannot but reflect that we might with profit take a page from more conservative British criminal procedure, which refuses to allow sentimentality to make impotent the action of its code.

While Robert Frothingham has not achieved an unmitigated success in the adventure of compiling his "Songs of Adventure" (Houghton Mifflin), he has given us an anthology that is not only stimulating but valuable. Along with a number of pieces whose merit both as poetry and as adventure is to be questioned, Mr. Frothingham has presented a fair assortment of stirring verses by authors both prominent and obscure; his taste is so catholic as to include writers as dissimilar as Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Berton Braley, Alfred Tennyson and Gelett Burgess. In this, as in so many other anthologies, one would quarrel with the author for his omissions did one not know how stringent are the laws of copyright — nothing less rigid than copyright barriers, for example, could justify the neglect of so accomplished a writer of adventurous lyrics as John Masefield.

It is fitting that England, Ireland, America, India, and the Transvaal should unite in studying the prophecies of William Blake; that perhaps no writer in this English world should of late have been so frequently the butt of extended scholarship as well as of illusive rhapsody. D. J. Sloss, principal of University College, Rangoon, and J. P. R. Wallis, professor of English language and literature in Transvaal College, Pretoria claim "the first sustained endeavour to interpret Blake's symbolic writings on the basis of a scientific analysis of the available material, the evidence of all the conclusions being carefully set forth". Their work "The Prophetic Writings of William Blake", in two volumes (Oxford), "edited with a general introduction, glossarial index of symbols, commentary, and appendices", in its painstaking reprints and detailed elucidations of "The Four Zoas" and minor neglected "books" especially, contributes fundamentally to cultural scholarship.

When Havelock Ellis's "The New Spirit" (Houghton Mifflin) first appeared thirty six years ago, it was "about the best abused and best praised book" of its time. Underrated, overrated, sensational, small Blake and reflective Nietzsche in one, the uncorruptible, the unaging Havelock still contributes, and ever more vitally so, his quickening to "pulse of life" and to our new age of science, women, and democracy — essentially as mortally "decadent" as "the yellow nineties" in which Havelock Ellis first appeared. With its three included introductions this remains a minor classic substantial enough to tow along its various embellishments.

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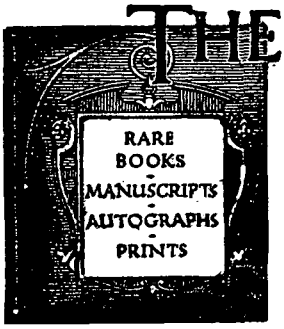

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

AMONG the collectors the latest sensation of the season of 1926–27 was the sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York of a document signed by Button Gwinnett and five other Signers of the Declaration of Independence. The price paid by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for this single page folio, dated Philadelphia, July 12, 1776 — $51,000 — was the highest ever paid for an autograph. Those who predicted that the limit had been reached when $28,500 was paid for another Button Gwinnett document earlier in the season gasped with astonishment at this new "record price". But this document was of surpassing interest because it was signed by Gwinnett as a member of the Naval Committee of Congress and furnishes the first documentary evidence ever given of his active participation in the work of the Congress — The signatures of Gwinnett and Middleton are among the most difficult to obtain by those who are trying to secure sets of autographs of all the Signers. The owner of this Button Gwinnett letter read an article in a periodical which told of the high prices paid for Gwinnett's signature. Remembering that a document of this sort was among his father's papers, he hunted for it and found it between the leaves of a French periodical, among the contents of a box which had been recently moved to the house from an old barn on the estate of Mr. Clay at Mamaroneck, New York. The price realized for the document would buy another pretty little estate in Westchester County.

What happened in this case is likely to happen again. The world has by this time been told frequently enough so that everybody knows that any paper signed by Button Gwinnett is valuable. Probably among other collections of old papers which have been untouched for years a new Button Gwinnett signature will come to light next season. What will it bring? Probably not $50,000, for the circumstances in the recent sale were exceptional. But it will be worth good money, for the number of those who are collecting "Signers" has increased within the last decade, and there are still not enough Thomas Lynches and Button Gwinnetts to go around among the private buyers.

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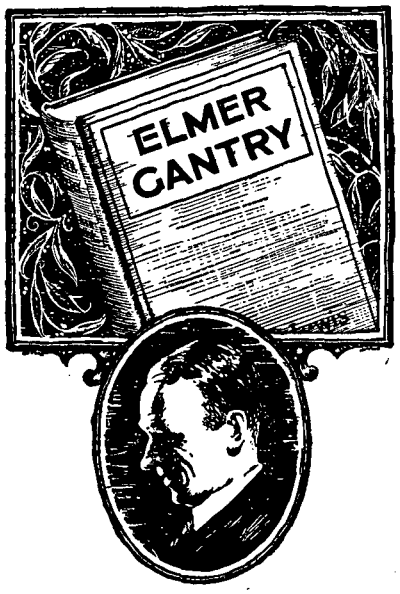

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